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The English Dramatists

THOMAS MIDDLETON

VOLUME THE FOURTH

THE WORKS

OF

THOMAS MIDDLETON

EDITED BY

A. H. BULLEN, B.A.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES

VOLUME THE FOURTH

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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

Three hundred and fifty copies of this Edition have been printed and the type distributed. *No more will be published.*

THE ROARING GIRL.

THE ROARING GIRL.

THE ROARING GIRL.

See here the Presidesse o'th pilfring Trade
Mercuryes second; Venus's onely Mayd
Doublet and breeches in a Uniform dresse
The Female Humurrist a Kickshaw messe
Heres no attraction that your fancy greets
But if her FEATURES please not read her FEATS..

The Roaring Girle. Or Moll Cut-Purse. As it hath lately beene Acted on the Fortune-stage by the Prince his Players. Written by T. Middleton and T. Dekkar. Printed at London for Thomas Archer, and are to be sold at his shop in Popes head-pallace, neere the Royall Exchange. 1611, 4to.

The *Roaring Girl* was Mary Frith, whose career is the subject of an amusing prose-tract (published in 1662), entitled *The Life and Death of Mrs. Mary Frith. Commonly called Mal Cutpurse. Exactly Collected and now Published for the Delight and Recreation of all Merry disposed Persons.* London, 12mo. Prefixed to this tract is Moll's portrait, which is here reproduced on the opposite page for the reader's satisfaction. The narrative is highly flavoured, but appears to have been based to some extent on authentic information. Moll "was born 1589[1] in Barbican, at the upper end of Aldersgate Street." She came of honest parentage, her father being a shoemaker—"a fair and square conditioned man, that loved a good fellow next to himself, which made his issue be so sociable." Particular care was bestowed on her education, for her boisterous and masculine spirit caused her parents much solicitude. "A very Tomrig or Rumpscuttle she was, and delighted and sported only in boys' play and pastime, not minding or companying with the girls: many a bang and blow this hoyting procured her, but she was not so to be tamed or taken off from her rude inclinations; she could not endure their sedentary life of sewing or stitching; a sampler was as grievous as a winding-sheet; her needle, bodkin, and thimble she could not think on quietly, wishing them changed into sword

[1] Probably 1584–5 would be nearer the mark. See what follows on p. 4.

and dagger for a bout at cudgels." When she had grown to be a "lusty and sturdy wench," she was put out to service; but household work of any kind was distasteful to her, and "above all she had a natural abhorrence to the tending of children, to whom she ever had an averseness in her mind equal to the sterility and barrenness in her womb, never being made a mother, to our best information." Abandoning service, she assumed masculine attire, and "to her dying day she would not leave it off." She subsequently became notorious as a bully, whore, bawd, pickpurse, fortune-teller, receiver, and forger. Chamberlain in a letter to Carleton (dated 11th February 1611–2), tells how she did penance at Paul's Cross. She wept bitterly on that occasion, and seemed very penitent, but it was afterwards suspected that "she was maudlin-drunk, being discovered to have tippled off three quarts of sack before she came to her penance." At a later date she enjoyed the friendship of the notorious Captain Hind and of one Richard Hannam, a worthy who "constantly wore a watchmaker's and jeweller's shop in his pocket, and could at any time command a thousand pounds." She waylaid at various times parties of Parliamentarians; and it is related (in Smith's *Lives of Highwaymen*) that she once robbed General Fairfax on Hounslow Heath, shot him through the arm, and killed two horses on which his servants were riding; whereupon she was pursued by some Parliamentarian officers (who were quartered at Hounslow), apprehended at Turnham Green, and sent to Newgate, finally procuring her release by paying Fairfax two thousand pounds. On her expeditions she was often accompanied by a dog, which she had very skilfully trained to evil courses. She kept in her service a gang of thieves. Her constant practice of smoking is supposed to have conduced to her longevity, for she suffered from a dropsy which eventually despatched her in her "threescore and fourteenth year." The writer of the memoir shows Herodotus' disregard for dates. If Moll died in or before 1661 at the age of seventy-four, she could not have been born so late as 1589. In Dodsley's *Old Plays*, xii. 398, ed. 1780, the writer of a note signed *N.* states, on the authority of "a MS. in the British Museum" (a somewhat vague reference), that she died at her house in Fleet Street on 26th July, was buried

in the church of Saint Bridget's, and left by will twenty pounds that the Conduit might run with wine at the return of Charles II.

I am not at all sure that Sir Toby refers to the Roaring Girl when he speaks of "Mistress Mall's picture" (*Twelfth Night*, i. 3). Mary Frith was too young to have come into notoriety when *Twelfth Night* was written; but the allusion may have been introduced at a later date. In his Shakespeare *Glossary* Dyce suggests—"After all, can it be that '*Mistress Mall's picture*' means merely a *lady's picture?* So we still say 'Master Tom,' or 'Master Jack,' to designate no particular individual, but of young gentlemen generally."

In August 1610, there was entered on the Stationers' Registers "A Booke called the Madde Prancks of Merry Mall of the Bankside, with her Walks in Man's Apparel and to what Purpose. Written by John Day." It is not known to have been printed.

Dyce and others have collected several early references to mad Moll. I need not give them all: two will suffice. The first is from Freeman's Epigrams, *Rubbe and a Great Cast*, 1614:—

"Epigram 90.

Of Moll Cutpurse disguised going.

"They say Mol's honest, and it may bee so,
But yet it is a shrewd presumption no:
To touch but pitch, 'tis knowne it will defile;
Moll weares the breech, what may she be the while?
Sure shee that doth the shadow so much grace,
What will shee when the substance comes in place?"

The second is from Field's *Amends for Ladies*, 1618 (where she figures in one scene):—

"Hence, lewd impudent!
I know not what to term thee, man or woman,
For Nature, shaming to acknowledge thee
For either, hath produc'd thee to the world
Without a sex: some say thou art a woman,
Others, a man; and many, thou art both
Woman and man; but I think rather, neither;
Or man and horse, as the old Centaurs were feign'd" (ii. 1).

[redacted]

The Roaring Girle.

OR

Moll Cut-Purse.

As it hath lately beene Acted on the Fortune-stage by *the Prince his Players.*

Written by *T. Middleton* and *T. Dekkar.*

My cafe is alter'd, I muſt worke for my liuing.

Printed at *London* for *Thomas Archer*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop in Popes head-pallace, neere the Royall Exchange. 1611.

TO THE COMIC PLAY-READERS, VENERY AND LAUGHTER.

THE fashion of play-making I can properly compare to nothing so naturally as the alteration in apparel; for in the time of the great crop-doublet, your huge bombasted plays, quilted with mighty words to lean purpose, was only then in fashion:[1] and as the doublet fell, neater inventions began to set up. Now, in the time of spruceness, our plays follow the niceness of our garments; single plots, quaint conceits, lecherous jests, drest up in hanging sleeves: and those are fit for the times and the termers.[2] Such a kind of light-colour summer stuff, mingled with divers colours, you shall find this published comedy; good to keep you in an afternoon from dice at home in your chambers: and for venery, you shall find enough for sixpence,[3] but well couched and you mark it; for Venus, being a woman, passes through the play in doublet and breeches; a brave disguise and a safe one, if the statute untie not her codpiece point.

---

[1] See note, vol. iii. p. 11.

[2] See note 1, vol. iii. p. 7.

[3] The ordinary price of a play. I have seen many old plays which are marked in MS. on the back of the last leaf "*Price £0 0s. 6d.*"

ook I make no question but is fit for many of ompanies, as well as the person itself, and may owed both gallery-room at the playhouse, and er-room at your lodging. Worse things, I must confess, the world has taxed her for than has been of her; but 'tis the excellency of a writer to things better than he finds 'em; though some e fellow, that cares not what he writes against yet keeps a mystical bawdyhouse himself, and ins drunkards, to make use of their pockets and is private bottle-ale at midnight,—though such a ould have ript up the most nasty vice that ever lched forth, and presented it to a modest assembly, rather wish in such discoveries, where reputation eding, a slackness of truth than fulness of slander.

THOMAS MIDDLETON.

PROLOGUE.

A PLAY expected long makes the audience look
For wonders; that each scene should be a book,
Compos'd to all perfection: each one comes
And brings a play in's head with him; up he sums
What he would of a roaring girl have writ;
If that he finds not here, he mews[1] at it.
Only we [do] entreat you think our scene
Cannot speak high, the subject being but mean;
A roaring girl, whose notes till now ne'er were,
Shall fill with laughter our vast theatre.[2] 10
That's all which I dare promise: tragic passion,
And such grave stuff, is this day out of fashion.
I see Attention sets wide ope her gates
Of hearing, and with covetous listening waits,
To know what girl this roaring girl should be,
For of that tribe are many. One is she

---

[1] Cf. Day's *Parliament of Bees* (ed. Bullen), p. 7:—
"If then they *mew*, reply not you, but bring
Their names to me."

[2] The Fortune in Golding Lane, Cripplegate; built by Henslowe and Allen in 1599–1600, and burnt down in 1621. It was a square building, measuring eighty feet each way outside and fifty-five feet inside. It was rebuilt, probably of brick, in 1623.

oars at midnight in deep tavern-bowls,
eats the watch, and constables controls ;
er roars i' th' daytime, swears, stabs, gives braves,
ls her soul to the lust of fools and slaves : 20
hese are suburb-roarers. Then there's beside[1]
city-roaring girl, whose pride,
ng, and riding, shakes her husband's state,
aves him roaring through an iron grate.[2]
of these roaring girls is ours ; she flies
vings more lofty ; thus her character lies—
hat need characters, when to give a guess
er than the person to express ?
ould you know who 'tis ? would you hear her
ame ?
all'd mad Moll ; her life our acts proclaim. 30

[1] Old ed. "besides."

[2] The prison-grating.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR ALEXANDER WENGRAVE.
SEBASTIAN WENGRAVE, *his son.*
SIR GUY FITZALLARD.
SIR DAVY DAPPER.
JACK DAPPER, *his son.*
SIR ADAM APPLETON.
SIR THOMAS LONG.
SIR BEAUTEOUS GANYMEDE.
LORD NOLAND.
GOSHAWK.
LAXTON.
GREENWIT.
GALLIPOT, *an apothecary.*
TILTYARD, *a feather-seller.*
OPENWORK, *a sempster.*
NEATFOOT, *Sir A. Wengrave's man.*
GULL, *page to Jack Dapper.*
TRAPDOOR.
TEARCAT.
Coachman.
Porter.
Tailor.
CURTLEAX, *a sergeant.*
HANGER, *his yeoman.*
Gentlemen, Cutpurses, &c.

MOLL, *the Roaring Girl.*
MARY FITZALLARD, *daughter to Sir Guy.*
MISTRESS GALLIPOT.
MISTRESS TILTYARD.
MISTRESS OPENWORK.

Scene, LONDON.

THE ROARING GIRL.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Room in Sir ALEXANDER WENGRAVE'S *House.*

Enter MARY FITZALLARD *disguised like a sempster, with a case for bands, and* NEATFOOT *with her, a napkin on his shoulder, and a trencher*[1] *in his hand, as from table.*

Neat. The young gentleman, our young master, sir Alexander's son, is it into his ears, sweet damsel, emblem of fragility, you desire to have a message transported, or to be transcendent?

---

[1] "At this time pewter was not introduced into common use. Our ancestors were content with wooden trenchers, and these were even to be found at the tables of our nobility and persons of good fashion. Among the orders for household servants, devised by John Haryngton, 1566, and renewed by his son, 1592, it is directed, 'That no man waite at the table without *a trencher* in his hand, except it be uppon good cause, on paine of 1*d.*' (*Nugæ Antiquæ*, vol. ii. p. 267, ed. 1779). See also the *Northumberland Household-Book*, p. 354. *Trenchers* are still used in some colleges and inns-of-court, particularly in Lincoln's-Inn."—*Reed.*

this your most white hand.

Mary. Thanks, sir.

Neat. And withal certify him, that
for him, now his belly is replenished,
modicum than any lay upon his tr
Hath he notion of your name, I beseec

Mary. One, sir, of whom he bespak

Neat. Falling bands? it shall so b
you please to venture your modesty in
a curl-pated company of rude serving-m
as they can set before you, you shall b
and ingeniously[2] welcome.

Mary. I have dined[3] indeed already

Neat. Or will you vouchsafe to kiss
of rich Orleans in the buttery amon
women?

Mary. Not now, in truth, sir.

---

[1] See note, vol. iii. p. 128. "In Evelyn's *Disco*
p. 108, is the head of Charles I. crowned, in the ga
ing *a falling band;* 'which new mode,' says M
the cumbersome ruff: but neither did the bishops
so soon, the Lord Keeper Finch being, I think, th

[2] *Ingenious* is frequently found for *ingenuous*
The Maid's Tragedy, iii. 1:—

"Amintor, thou hast an *ingenious*
And shouldst be virtuous."

[3] Old ed. "dyed."

Neat. Our young master shall then have a feeling of your being here; presently it shall so be given him.

Mary. I humbly thank you, sir. But that my bosom

[*Exit* NEATFOOT.

Is full of bitter sorrows, I could smile 30
To see this formal ape play antic tricks;
But in my breast a poison'd arrow sticks,
And smiles cannot become me. Love woven slightly,
Such as thy false heart makes, wears out as lightly;
But love being truly bred i' th' soul, like mine,
Bleeds even to death at the least wound it takes,—
The more we quench this [fire], the less it slakes:
O me!

Enter SEBASTIAN WENGRAVE *with* NEATFOOT.

Seb. A sempster speak with me, sayest thou?

Neat. Yes, sir; she's there, *viva voce* to deliver her auricular confession. 41

Seb. With me, sweetheart? what is't?

Mary. I have brought home your bands, sir.

Seb. Bands?—Neatfoot.

Neat. Sir?

Seb. Prithee, look in; for all the gentlemen are upon rising.

Neat. Yes, sir; a most methodical attendance shall be given.

Seb. And dost hear? if my father call for me, say I am busy with a sempster. 51

Neat. Yes, sir; he shall know it that you are busied with a needle-woman.

Seb. In's ear, good Neatfoot.
Neat. It shall be so given him. [*Exit.*
Seb. Bands? you're mistaken, sweetheart, I bespake none:
When, where, I prithee? what bands? let me see them.
Mary. Yes, sir; a bond[1] fast seal'd with solemn oaths,
Subscrib'd unto, as I thought, with your soul;
Deliver'd as your deed in sight of heaven: 60
Is this bond cancellèd? have you forgot me?
Seb. Ha! life of my life, sir Guy Fitzallard's daughter?
What has transform'd my love to this strange shape?
Stay; make all sure [*shuts the door*]; so: now speak and be brief,
Because the wolf's at door that lies in wait
To prey upon us both. Albeit mine eyes
Are blest by thine, yet this so strange disguise
Holds me with fear and wonder.
Mary. Mine's a loath'd sight;
Why from it are you banish'd else so long?
Seb. I must cut short my speech: in broken language
Thus much, sweet Moll; I must thy company shun; 71
I court another Moll: my thoughts must run
As a horse runs that's blind round in a mill,
Out every step, yet keeping one path still.
Mary. Umph! must you shun my company? in one knot
Have both our hands by th' hands of heaven been tied,
Now to be broke? I thought me once your bride;

---

[1] The forms *bond* and *band* were used indifferently.

Our fathers did agree on the time when:
And must another bedfellow fill my room?
Seb. Sweet maid, let's lose no time; 'tis in heaven's book 80
Set down, that I must have thee; an oath we took
To keep our vows: but when the knight your father
Was from mine parted, storms began to sit
Upon my covetous father's brow[s], which fell
From them on me. He reckon'd up what gold
This marriage would draw from him; at which he swore,
To lose so much blood could not grieve him more:
He then dissuades me from thee, call'd thee not fair,
And ask'd what is she but a beggar's heir?
He scorn'd thy dowry of five thousand marks. 90
If such a sum of money could be found,
And I would match with that, he'd not undo it,
Provided his bags might add nothing to it;
But vow'd, if I took thee, nay, more, did swear it,
Save birth, from him I nothing should inherit.
Mary. What follows then? my shipwreck?
Seb. Dearest, no:
Though wildly in a labyrinth I go,
My end is to meet thee: with a side-wind
Must I now sail, else I no haven can find,
But both must sink for ever. There's a wench 100
Call'd Moll, mad Moll, or merry Moll; a creature
So strange in quality, a whole city takes
Note of her name and person: all that affection
I owe to thee, on her in counterfeit passion
I spend, to mad my father: he believes

I doat upon this Roaring Girl, and grieves
As it becomes a father for a son
That could be so bewitch'd: yet I'll go on
This crooked way, sigh still for her, feign dreams
In which I'll talk only of her: these streams 110
Shall, I hope, force my father to consent
That here I anchor, rather than be rent
Upon a rock so dangerous. Art thou pleas'd,
Because thou seest we're waylaid, that I take
A path that's safe, though it be far about?
Mary. My prayers with heaven guide thee!
Seb. Then I will on:
My father is at hand; kiss, and begone!
Hours shall be watch'd for meetings: I must now,
As men for fear, to a strange idol bow.
Mary. Farewell!
Seb. I'll guide thee forth: when next we meet, 120
A story of Moll shall make our mirth more sweet.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir ALEXANDER WENGRAVE, Sir DAVY DAPPER, Sir ADAM APPLETON, GOSHAWK, LAXTON, *and* Gentlemen.

All. Thanks, good sir Alexander, for our bounteous cheer!
S. Alex. Fie, fie, in giving thanks you pay too dear.
S. Davy. When bounty spreads the table, faith, 'twere sin,
At going off if thanks should not step in.

S. Alex. No more of thanks, no more. Ay, marry, sir.
Th' inner room was too close: how do you like
This parlour, gentlemen?
All. O, passing well!
S. Adam. What a sweet breath the air casts here, so cool!
Gos. I like the prospect best.
Lax. See how 'tis furnish'd! 130
S. Davy. A very fair sweet room.
S. Alex. Sir Davy Dapper,
The furniture that doth adorn this room
Cost many a fair grey groat ere it came here;
But good things are most cheap when they're most dear.
Nay, when you look into my galleries,
How bravely they're trimm'd up, you all shall swear
You're highly pleas'd to see what's set down there:
Stories of men and women, mix'd together
Fair ones with foul, like sunshine in wet weather;
Within one square a thousand heads are laid, 140
So close that all of heads the room seems made;
As many faces there, fill'd with blithe looks,
Shew like the promising titles of new books
Writ merrily, the readers being their own eyes,
Which seem to move and to give plaudities;
And here and there, whilst with obsequious ears
Throng'd heaps do listen, a cut-purse thrusts and leers
With hawk's eyes for his prey; I need not shew him;
By a hanging, villanous look yourselves may know him,
The face is drawn so rarely: then, sir, below 150

The very floor, as 'twere, waves to and fro,
And, like a floating island, seems to move
Upon a sea bound in with shores above.
All. These sights are excellent!
S. Alex. I'll shew you all:
Since we are met, make our parting comical.

Re-enter SEBASTIAN WENGRAVE *with* GREENWIT.

Seb. This gentleman, my friend, will take his leave, sir.
S. Alex. Ha! take his leave, Sebastian, who?
Seb. This gentleman.
S. Alex. Your love, sir, has already given me some time,
And if you please to trust my age with more,
It shall pay double interest: good sir, stay. 160
Green. I have been too bold.
S. Alex. Not so, sir: a merry day
'Mongst friends being spent, is better than gold sav'd.—
Some wine, some wine! Where be these knaves I keep?

Re-enter NEATFOOT *with several* Servants.

Neat. At your worshipful elbow, sir.
S. Alex. You're kissing my maids, drinking, or fast asleep.
Neat. Your worship has given it us right.
S. Alex. You varlets, stir!
Chairs, stools, and cushions!—
[Servants *bring in wine, and place chairs, &c.*

Prithee, sir Davy Dapper,
Make that chair thine.
S. Davy. 'Tis but an easy gift;
And yet I thank you for it, sir: I'll take it.
S. Alex. A chair for old sir Adam Appleton! 170
Neat. A back friend to your worship.
S. Adam. Marry, good Neatfoot,
I thank thee for't; back friends sometimes are good.
S. Alex. Pray, make that stool your perch, good master Goshawk.
Gos. I stoop to your lure, sir.
S. Alex. Son Sebastian,
Take master Greenwit to you.
Seb. Sit, dear friend.
S. Alex. Nay, master Laxton—furnish master Laxton
With what he wants, a stone,—a stool, I would say,
A stool.
Lax. I had rather stand, sir.
S. Alex. I know you had, good master Laxton: so, so. [*Exeunt* NEATFOOT *and* Servants.
Now here's a mess of friends; and, gentlemen, 181
Because time's glass shall not be running long,
I'll quicken it with a pretty tale.
S. Davy. Good tales do well
In these bad days, where vice does so excel.
S. Adam. Begin, Sir Alexander.
S. Alex. Last day I met
An aged man, upon whose head was scor'd
A debt of just so many years as these
Which I owe to my grave: the man you all know.

All. His name, I pray you, sir.
S. Alex. Nay, you shall pardon me:
But when he saw me, with a sigh that brake, 190
Or seem'd to break, his heart-strings, thus he spake:
O my good knight, says he (and then his eyes
Were richer even by that which made them poor,
They'd spent so many tears they had no more),
O sir, says he, you know it! for you ha' seen
Blessings to rain upon mine house and me:
Fortune, who slaves men, was my slave; her wheel
Hath spun me golden threads; for, I thank heaven,
I ne'er had but one cause to curse my stars.
I ask'd him then what that one cause might be. 200
All. So, sir.
S. Alex. He paus'd: and as we often see
A sea so much becalm'd, there can be found
No wrinkle on his brow, his waves being drown'd
In their own rage; but when th' imperious wind[s]
Use strange invisible tyranny to shake
Both heaven's and earth's foundation at their noise,
The seas, swelling with wrath to part that fray,
Rise up, and are more wild, more mad than they:
Even so this good old man was by my question
Stirr'd up to roughness; you might see his gall 210
Flow even in's eyes; then grew he fantastical.
S. Davy. Fantastical? ha, ha!
S. Alex. Yes; and talk['d] oddly.
S. Adam. Pray, sir, proceed:
How did this old man end?
S. Alex. Marry, sir, thus:

He left his wild fit to read o'er his cards;
Yet then, though age cast snow on all his hairs,
He joy'd, because, says he, the god of gold
Has been to me no niggard; that disease,
Of which all old men sicken, avarice, 219
Never infected me——

Lax. He means not himself, I'm sure. [*Aside.*

S. Alex. For, like a lamp
Fed with continual oil, I spend and throw
My light to all that need it, yet have still
Enough to serve myself: O but, quoth he,
Though heaven's dew fall thus on this aged tree,
I have a son that,[1] like a wedge, doth cleave
My very heart-root!

S. Davy. Had he such a son?

Seb. Now I do smell a fox strongly. [*Aside.*

S. Alex. Let's see: no, master Greenwit is not yet
So mellow in years as he; but as like Sebastian, 230
Just like my son Sebastian, such another.

Seb. How finely, like a fencer,
My father fetches his by-blows to hit me!
But if I beat you not at your own weapon
Of subtilty—— [*Aside.*

S. Alex. This son, saith he, that should be
The column and main arch unto my house,
The crutch unto my age, becomes a whirlwind
Shaking the firm foundation.

S. Adam. 'Tis some prodigal.

---

[1] Old ed. "thats."

t, old Adam Bell![1] [*Aside.*
city-monster neither, no prodigal, 240
ary, civil, and, though wifeless,
husband; and such a traveller,
e tongues in his head than some have

I have but two in mine.
paring and so wary?
could vex his father so?
O, a woman!
flesh-fly, that can vex any man.
. A scurvy woman,
the passionate old man swore he doated;
re, saith he, nature hath brought forth
k the sex of woman. It is a thing
ows not how to name: her birth began 250
was all made: 'tis woman more than man,
ore than woman; and, which to none can hap,
un gives her two shadows to one shape;
more, let this strange thing walk, stand, or sit,
lazing star draws more eyes after it.
Davy. A monster! 'tis some monster!
Alex. She's a varlet.
Now is my cue to bristle. [*Aside.*

Seb. 'Tis false!
S. Alex. Ha, boy?
Seb. 'Tis false! 260
S. Alex. What's false? I say she's naught.
Seb. I say, that tongue
That dares speak so, but yours, sticks in the throat
Of a rank villain: set yourself aside——
S. Alex. So, sir, what then?
Seb. Any here else had lied.—
I think I shall fit you. [*Aside.*
S. Alex. Lie?
Seb. Yes.
S. Davy. Doth this concern him?
S. Alex. Ah, sirrah-boy,
Is your blood heated? boils it? are you stung?
I'll pierce you deeper yet.—O my dear friends,
I am that wretched father! this that son,
That sees his ruin, yet headlong on doth run. 270
S. Adam. Will you love such a poison?
S. Davy. Fie, fie.
Seb. You're all mad.
S. Alex. Thou'rt sick at heart, yet feel'st it not: of all these,
What gentleman but thou, knowing his disease
Mortal, would shun the cure!—O master Greenwit,
Would you to such an idol bow?
Green. Not I, sir.
S. Alex. Here's master Laxton; has he mind to a woman
As thou hast?

Lax. No, not I, sir.
S. Alex. Sir, I know it.
Lax. Their good parts are so rare, their bad so common,
I will have nought to do with any woman.
S. Davy. 'Tis well done, master Laxton.
S. Alex. O thou cruel boy, 280
Thou would'st with lust an old man's life destroy!
Because thou see'st I'm half-way in my grave,
Thou shovel'st dust upon me: would thou might'st have
Thy wish, most wicked, most unnatural!
S. Davy. Why, sir, 'tis thought sir Guy Fitzallard's daughter
Shall wed your son Sebastian.
S. Alex. Sir Davy Dapper,
I have upon my knees woo'd this fond[1] boy
To take that virtuous maiden.
Seb. Hark you; a word, sir.
You on your knees have curs'd that virtuous maiden,
And me for loving her; yet do you now 290
Thus baffle[2] me to my face: wear not your knees
In such entreats; give me Fitzallard's daughter.
S. Alex. I'll give thee rats-bane rather.
Seb. Well, then, you know
What dish I mean to feed upon.

---

[1] Foolish.
[2] Mock, insult. "*Baffle* was originally a punishment of infamy, inflicted on recreant knights, one part of which was hanging them up by the heels. In French *baffouer* or *baffoler*."—*Nares.*

S. Alex. Hark, gentlemen! he swears
To have this cut-purse drab, to spite my gall.
All. Master Sebastian——
Seb. I am deaf to you all.
I'm so bewitch'd, so bound to my desires,
Tears, prayers, threats, nothing can quench out those fires
That burn within me. [*Exit.*
S. Alex. Her blood shall quench it, then.— [*Aside.*
Lose him not; O dissuade him, gentlemen! 301
S. Davy. He shall be wean'd, I warrant you.
S. Alex. Before his eyes
Lay down his shame, my grief, his miseries.
All. No more, no more; away!
[*Exeunt all but* Sir ALEX. WENGRAVE.
S. Alex. I wash a negro,
Losing both pains and cost: but take thy flight,
I'll be most near thee when I'm least in sight.
Wild buck, I'll hunt thee breathless: thou shalt run on,
But I will turn thee when I'm not thought upon.—

Enter TRAPDOOR *with a letter.*

Now, sirrah, what are you? leave your ape's tricks, and speak. 310
Trap. A letter from my captain to your worship.
S. Alex. O, O, now I remember; 'tis to prefer thee into my service.
Trap. To be a shifter under your worship's nose of a clean trencher, when there's a good bit upon't.

S. Alex. Troth, honest fellow—Hum—ha—let me see—
This knave shall be the axe to hew that down
At which I stumble; has a face that promiseth
Much of a villain: I will grind his wit,
And, if the edge prove fine, make use of it. [*Aside.*
Come hither, sirrah: canst thou be secret, ha? 321

Trap. As two crafty attorneys plotting the undoing of their clients.

S. Alex. Did'st never, as thou'st walk'd about this town,
Hear of a wench call'd Moll, mad, merry Moll?

Trap. Moll Cutpurse, sir?

S. Alex. The same; dost thou know her, then?

Trap. As well as I know 'twill rain upon Simon and Jude's day next: I will sift all the taverns i' th' city, and drink half pots with all the water-men[1] a' th' Bank-side, but, if you will, sir, I'll find her out. 331

S. Alex. That task is easy; do't then: hold thy hand up.
What's this? is't burnt?[2]

Trap. No, sir, no; a little singed with making fire-works.

S. Alex. There's money, spend it; that being spent, fetch more. [*Gives money.*

Trap. O sir, that all the poor soldiers in England

---

[1] "Taylor the water-poet asserts, that at this time, between Windsor and Gravesend, there were not fewer than forty thousand water-men."—*Reed.*

[2] Criminals were branded in the hand.

had such a leader! For fetching, no water-spaniel is like me.

S. Alex. This wench we speak of strays so from her kind,
Nature repents she made her: 'tis a mermaid 340
Has tol'd my son to shipwreck.

Trap. I'll cut her comb for you.

S. Alex. I'll tell out gold for thee, then. Hunt her forth,
Cast out a line hung full of silver hooks
To catch her to thy company: deep spendings
May draw her that's most chaste to a man's bosom.

Trap. The gingling of golden bells, and a good fool with a hobbyhorse, will draw all the whores i' th' town to dance in a morris.

S. Alex. Or rather, for that's best (they say sometimes
She goes in breeches), follow her as her man. 351

Trap. And when her breeches are off, she shall follow me.

S. Alex. Beat all thy brains to serve her.

Trap. Zounds, sir, as country wenches beat cream till butter comes.

S. Alex. Play thou the subtle spider; weave fine nets
To ensnare her very life.

Trap. Her life?

S. Alex. Yes; suck
Her heart-blood, if thou canst: twist thou but cords
To catch her, I'll find law to hang her up.

Trap. Spoke like a worshipful bencher! 360

S. Alex. Trace all her steps: at this she-fox's den

Watch what lambs enter; let me play the shepherd
To save their throats from bleeding, and cut hers.
Trap. This is the goll[1] shall do't.
S. Alex. Be firm, and gain me
Ever thine own: this done, I entertain thee.
How is thy name?
Trap. My name, sir, is Ralph Trapdoor, honest Ralph.
S. Alex. Trapdoor, be like thy name, a dangerous step
For her to venture on; but unto me——
Trap. As fast as your sole to your boot or shoe, sir. 370
S. Alex. Hence, then; be little seen here as thou canst;
I'll still be at thine elbow.
Trap. The trapdoor's set.
Moll, if you budge, you're gone: this me shall crown;
A roaring boy the roaring girl puts down.
S. Alex. God-a-mercy, lose no time. [*Exeunt*

[1] A cant term for hand.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Three Shops open in a rank: the first an Apothecary's Shop, the next a Feather-shop, the third a Sempster's Shop; MISTRESS GALLIPOT *in the first,* MISTRESS TILTYARD *in the next,* OPENWORK *and* MISTRESS OPENWORK *in the third.*

Enter LAXTON, GOSHAWK, *and* GREENWIT.

Mis. Open. Gentlemen, what is't you lack? what is't you buy? see fine bands and ruffs, fine lawns, fine cambrics: what is't you lack, gentlemen? what is't you buy?

Lax. Yonder's the shop.

Gos. Is that she?

Lax. Peace.

Green. She that minces tobacco?[1]

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[1] "When this play was written tobacco was sold by apothecaries:

'Or in th' Apothicaryes shop bee seene
To wrap Druggs, or to dry Tobacco in.'

Certain Elegies, with [*Fitz Geffrey's*] *Satyrs and Epigrams,* 1620, sig. G 4."—*Dyce.*

ner nusband turns bank
up again.

Lax. And, indeed, t
lifting up of the man's h
t'other will bud as fast, l

Gos. Come, thou'rt
grope that.

Lax. And you grope
chance lie i' th' ditch wh

Gos. Go, thou'rt a mys

Lax. I will not deny l
ounce of pure smoke.

Gos. May take up an
'Tis the closest striker![2] l
forty foot deep; no man's
smockster, go to work so
that I'm as apparently see
and were it not for a gift c
to betray my friend when h
yonder he is too!—and b
access to her, I should ap
as a farmer's son the firs
nothing at court but woo t

for a month together, and some broken waiting-women for ever after. I find those imperfections in my venery, that were't not for flattery and falsehood, I should want discourse and impudence; and he that wants impudence among women is worthy to be kicked out at bed's feet. He shall not see me yet. [*Aside.*

Green. Troth, this is finely shred. 42

Lax. O, women are the best mincers.

Mis. G. 'Thad been a good phrase for a cook's wife, sir.

Lax. But 'twill serve generally, like the front of a new almanac, as thus:—calculated for the meridian of cooks' wives, but generally for all English women.

Mis. G. Nay, you shall ha't, sir; I have filled it for you. [*She puts it to the fire.*

Lax. The pipe's in a good hand, and I wish mine always so. 52

Green. But not to be used a' that fashion.

Lax. O, pardon me, sir, I understand no French. I pray, be covered. Jack, a pipe of rich smoke!

Gos. Rich smoke? that's sixpence a pipe, is't?

Green. To me, sweet lady.

Mis. G. Be not forgetful; respect my credit; seem strange: art and wit makes a fool of suspicion; pray, be wary. 60

Lax. Push! I warrant you.—Come, how is't, gallants?

Green. Pure and excellent.

Lax. I thought 'twas good, you were grown so silent: you are like those that love not to talk at victuals, though they make a worse noise i' th' nose than a common

fiddler's 'prentice, and discourse a whole supper with snuffling.—I must speak a word with you anon.

Mis. G. Make your way wisely, then.

Gos. O, what else, sir? he's perfection itself; full of manners, but not an acre of ground belonging to 'em. 70

Green. Ay, and full of form; has ne'er a good stool in's chamber.

Gos. But above all, religious; he preyeth daily upon elder brothers.

Green. And valiant above measure; has run three streets from a sergeant.

Lax. Puh, puh. [*He blows tobacco in their faces.*

Green. O, puh!

Gos. Ho, ho!

Lax. So, so. 80

Mis. G. What's the matter now, sir?

Lax. I protest I'm in extreme want of money; if you can supply me now with any means, you do me the greatest pleasure, next to the bounty of your love, as ever poor gentleman tasted.

Mis. G. What's the sum would pleasure ye, sir? though you deserve nothing less at my hands.

Lax. Why, 'tis but for want of opportunity, thou knowest.—I put her off with opportunity still: by this light, I hate her, but for means to keep me in fashion with gallants; for what I take from her, I spend upon other wenches; bear her in hand[1] still: she has wit enough to rob her husband, and I ways enough to

[1] "Bear in hand" = keep in expectation.

consume the money. [*Aside.*]—Why, how now? what, the chincough?[1] 95

Gos. Thou hast the cowardliest trick to come before a man's face, and strangle him ere he be aware! I could find in my heart to make a quarrel in earnest.

Lax. Pox, and thou dost—thou knowest I never use to fight with my friends—thou'lt but lose thy labour in't. —Jack Dapper! 101

Enter JACK DAPPER *and* GULL.

Green. Monsieur Dapper, I dive down to your ankles.

J. Dap. Save ye, gentlemen, all three in a peculiar salute.

Gos. He were ill to make a lawyer; he despatches three at once.

Lax. So, well said.—But is this[2] of the same tobacco, mistress Gallipot?

Mis. G. The same you had at first, sir.

Lax. I wish it no better: this will serve to drink[3] at my chamber. 111

Gos. Shall we taste a pipe on't?

Lax. Not of this by my troth, gentlemen, I have sworn before you.

Gos. What, not Jack Dapper?

Lax. Pardon me, sweet Jack; I'm sorry I made such

---

[1] Whooping-cough.

[2] "She gives him money, and he pretends that he receives only tobacco from Mrs. Gallipot."—*Collier.*

[3] "Drink tobacco" = smoke. The expression is very common.

a rash oath, but foolish oaths must stand: where art going, Jack?

J. Dap. Faith to buy one feather.

Lax. One feather? the fool's peculiar still. [*Aside.*

J. Dap. Gull.

Gull. Master? 122

J. Dap. Here's three halfpence[1] for your ordinary, boy; meet me an hour hence in Paul's.

Gull. How? three single halfpence? life, this will scarce serve a man in sauce, a halp'orth of mustard, a halp'orth of oil, and a halp'orth of vinegar,—what's left then for the pickle herring? This shows like small beer i' th' morning after a great surfeit of wine o'ernight: he could spend his three pound last night in a supper amongst girls and brave bawdyhouse boys: I thought his pockets cackled not for nothing: these are the eggs of three pound, I'll go sup 'em up presently. 133

[*Aside, and exit.*

Lax. Eight, nine, ten angels: good wench, i'faith, and one that loves darkness well; she puts out a candle with the best tricks of any drugster's wife in England: but that which mads her, I rail upon opportunity still, and take no notice on't. The other night she would needs lead me into a room with a candle in her hand to show me a naked picture, where no sooner entered, but the

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[1] In Middleton's *Father Hubburd's Tales* mention is made of a *three halfpenny ordinary*:—"And being almost upon dinner-time we hied us and took our repast at thrifty mother Walker's, where we found a whole nest of pinching batchelors, crowded together upon forms and benches in that most worshipful three halfpenny ordinary."

candle was sent of an errand: now, I not intending to understand her, but, like a puny[1] at the inns of venery, called for another light innocently; thus reward I all her cunning with simple mistaking. I know she cozens her husband to keep me, and I'll keep her honest as long as I can, to make the poor man some part of amends. An honest mind of a whoremaster! how think you amongst you? What, a fresh pipe? draw in a third man? 149

Gos. No, you're a hoarder, you engross by the ounces.
[*At the feather-shop.*

J. Dap. Pooh, I like it not.

Mis. T. What feather is't you'd have, sir?
These are most worn and most in fashion:
Amongst the beaver-gallants, the stone riders,
The private stage's audience, the twelvepenny-stool gentlemen,[2]
I can inform you 'tis the general feather.

J. Dap. And therefore I mislike it: tell me of general!
Now, a continual Simon and Jude's rain
Beat all your feathers as flat down as pancakes!
Show me—a—spangled feather.

Mis. T. O, to go a-feasting with;
You'd have it for a hench-boy,[3] you shall. 160
[*At the sempster's shop.*

Open. Mass, I had quite forgot!

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[1] *Puny* was a term for an Oxford freshman or a newly-entered student at the Inns-of-Court.

[2] See note 2, vol. iii. p. 347. Sixpence was the ordinary price for the use of a stool.

[3] Page.

His honour's footman was here last night, wife;
Ha' you done with my lord's shirt?
Mis. O. What's that to you, sir?
I was this morning at his honour's lodging,
Ere such a snake as you crept out of your shell.
Open. O, 'twas well done, good wife!
Mis. O. I hold it better, sir,
Than if you had done't yourself.
Open. Nay, so say I:
But is the countess's smock almost done, mouse?[1]
Mis. O. Here lies the cambric, sir; but wants, I fear me.
Open. I'll resolve you of that presently. 170
Mis. O. Heyday! O audacious groom!
Dare you presume to noble women's linen?
Keep you your yard to measure shepherds' holland:
I must confine you, I see that.
[*At the tobacco-shop.*
Gos. What say you to this gear?
Lax. I dare the arrant'st critic in tobacco
To lay one fault upon't.

Enter MOLL *in a frieze jerkin and a black saveguard.*[2]

Gos. Life, yonder's Moll!
Lax. Moll! which Moll?
Gos. Honest Moll. 180

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[1] A term of endearment.
[2] An outer petticoat worn over the other clothes to protect them from the dirt; the ordinary riding-dress of women.

Lax. Prithee, let's call her.—Moll!

Gos.[1] Moll, Moll!

Green. Pist, Moll!

Moll. How now? what's the matter?

Gos. A pipe of good tobacco, Moll?

Moll. I cannot stay.

Gos. Nay, Moll, pooh, prithee, hark; but one word, i'faith.

Moll. Well, what is't?

Green. Prithee, come hither, sirrah. 190

Lax. Heart, I would give but too much money to be nibbling with that wench! life, sh'as the spirit of four great parishes, and a voice that will drown all the city! Methinks a brave captain might get all his soldiers upon her, and ne'er be beholding to a company of Mile End[2] milksops, if he could come on and come off quick enough: such a Moll were a marrow-bone before an Italian; he would cry *buona roba* till his ribs were nothing but bone. I'll lay hard siege to her: money is that aquafortis that eats into many a maidenhead; where the walls are flesh and blood, I'll ever pierce through with a golden augre. [*Aside.*

Gos. Now, thy judgment, Moll? is't not good? 203

Moll. Yes, faith, 'tis very good tobacco.—How do you sell an ounce?—Farewell.—God b'i' you, mistress Gallipot.

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[1] *Gos.* Moll, Moll! } One speech in old ed. with the prefix "*All.*"
Green. Pist, Moll! }

[2] The city trained-bands were exercised at Mile End. Among the ballads mentioned in Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas* (iii. 3) is *The Landing of the Spaniards at Bow, with the Bloody Battle at Mile End.*

Gos. Why, Moll, Moll!

Moll. I cannot stay now, i'faith: I am going to buy a shag-ruff; the shop will be shut in presently.

Gos. 'Tis the maddest fantasticalest girl! I never knew so much flesh and so much nimbleness put together. 212

Lax. She slips from one company to another, like a fat eel between a Dutchman's fingers.—I'll watch my time for her. [*Aside.*

Mis. G. Some will not stick to say she is a man. And some, both man and woman.

Lax. That were excellent: she might first cuckold the husband, and then make him do as much for the wife. [*At the feather-shop.*

Moll. Save you; how does mistress Tiltyard? 221

J. Dap. Moll!

Moll. Jack Dapper!

J. Dap. How dost, Moll?

Moll. I'll tell thee by and by; I go but to th' next shop.

J. Dap. Thou shalt find me here this hour about a feather.

Moll. Nay, and a feather hold you in play a whole hour, a goose will last you all the days of your life.—Let me see a good shag-ruff. [*At the sempster's shop.*

Open. Mistress Mary, that shalt thou, i'faith, and the best in the shop. 233

Mis. O. How now? greetings! love-terms, with a pox, between you! have I found out one of your haunts? I send you for hollands, and you're i' th' low countries

with a mischief. I'm served with good ware by th' shift; that makes it lie dead so long upon my hands: I were as good shut up shop, for when I open it I take nothing.

Open. Nay, and you fall a-ringing once, the devil cannot stop you.—I'll out of the belfrey as fast as I can, Moll. [*Retires.*

Miss. O. Get you from my shop! 243

Moll. I come to buy.

Mis. O. I'll sell ye nothing; I warn ye my house and shop.

Moll. You, goody Openwork, you that prick out a poor living,
And sews many a bawdy skin-coat together;
Thou private pandress between shirt and smock;
I wish thee for a minute but a man, 250
Thou shouldst ne'er use more shapes; but as thou art,
I pity my revenge. Now my spleen's up,
I would not mock it willingly.—

Enter a Fellow, *with a long rapier by his side.*

Ha! be thankful;
Now I forgive thee.

Mis. O. Marry, hang thee, I never asked forgiveness in my life.

Moll. You, goodman swine's face!

Fel. What, will you murder me?

Moll. You remember, slave, how you abused me t'other night in a tavern. 260

Fel. Not I, by this light!

Moll. No, but by candle-light you did: you have tricks

ave your oaths; reservations have you? and I have
rved somewhat for you [*strikes him*]. As you like
, call for more; you know the sign again.

l. Pox on't, had I brought any company along with
o have borne witness on't, 'twould ne'er have grieved
but to be struck and nobody by, 'tis my ill fortune
Why, tread upon a worm, they say 'twill turn tail;
ndeed a gentleman should have more manners. 270
[*Aside, and exit.*

ax. Gallantly performed, i'faith, Moll, and manfully!
e thee for ever for't: base rogue, had he offered
the least counter-buff, by this hand, I was prepared
im!

oll. You prepared for him? why should you be
ared for him? was he any more than a man?

ax. No, nor so much by a yard and a handful,
don measure.

Moll. What to do there? 290

Lax. Nothing but be merry and lie together: I'll hire a coach with four horses.

Moll. I thought 'twould be a beastly journey. You may leave out one well; three horses will serve, if I play the jade myself.

Lax. Nay, push, thou'rt such another kicking wench! Prithee, be kind, and let's meet.

Moll. 'Tis hard but we shall meet, sir.

Lax. Nay, but appoint the place then; there's ten angels in fair gold, Moll: you see I do not trifle with you; do but say thou wilt meet me, and I'll have a coach ready for thee. 302

Moll. Why, here's my hand, I'll meet you, sir.

Lax. O good gold! [*Aside.*]—The place, sweet Moll?

Moll. It shall be your appointment.

Lax. Somewhat near Holborn, Moll.

Moll. In Gray's-Inn-Fields then.

Lax. A match.

Moll. I'll meet you there. 310

Lax. The hour?

Moll. Three.

Lax. That will be time enough to sup at Brainford.

Open. I am of such a nature, sir, I cannot endure the house when she scolds: sh'as a tongue will be heard further in a still morning than Saint Antling's bell.[1]

[1] See note 1, vol. i. p. 313 "At St. Antholin's church there used to be a lecture early in the morning, which was much frequented by the Puritans of the times."—*Reed.*

rails upon me for foreign wenching, that I being a
man must needs keep a whore i' th' suburbs, and
to impoverish the liberties. When we fall out, I
ble you still to make all whole with my wife. 320
os. No trouble at all; 'tis a pleasure to me to join
gs together.
pen. Go thy ways, I do this but to try thy honesty,
hawk. [*Aside.*] [*At the feather-shop.*
Dap. How likest thou this, Moll?
oll. O, singularly; you're fitted now for a bunch.—
looks for all the world, with those spangled feathers,
a nobleman's bed-post. The purity of your wench
ld I fain try; she seems like Kent[1] unconquered,
I believe, as many wiles are in her. O, the
nts of these times are shallow lechers! they put
their courtship home enough to a wench: 'tis im-
sible to know what woman is throughly honest,

Mis. O. O spittle[1] dealing! I came to him a gentlewoman born: I'll show you mine arms when you please, sir.

Gos. I had rather see your legs, and begin that way. [*Aside.*

Mis. O. 'Tis well known he took me from a lady's service, where I was well beloved of the steward: I had my Latin tongue, and a spice of the French, before I came to him; and now doth he keep a suburbian whore under my nostrils? 352

Gos. There's ways enough to cry quit with him: hark in thine ear. [*Whispers her.*

Mis. O. There's a friend worth a million!

Moll. I'll try one spear against your chastity, mistress Tiltyard, though it prove too short by the burgh.[2] [*Aside.*

Enter TRAPDOOR.

Trap. Mass, here she is: I'm bound already to serve her, though it be but a sluttish trick. [*Aside.*]—Bless my hopeful young mistress with long life and great limbs; send her the upper hand of all bailiffs and their hungry adherents! 362

Moll. How now? what art thou?

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[1] *Spittle* or *spital* = hospital (originally for lazars; afterwards for maimed whores).

[2] "The *burre* is a broad ring of iron behind the handle [of a tilting lance], which burre is brought into the sufflue or rest, when the tilter is ready to run against his enemy, or prepareth himself to combate or encounter his adverse party."—R. Holme's *Acad. of Armoury*, cited by Nares, *Gloss.* in v.

Trap. A poor ebbing gentleman, that would gladly wait for the young flood of your service.

Moll. My service? what should move you to offer your service to me, sir?

Trap. The love I bear to your heroic spirit and masculine womanhood.

Moll. So, sir! put case we should retain you to us, what parts are there in you for a gentlewoman's service?

Trap. Of two kinds, right worshipful; moveable and immoveable—moveable to run of errands, and immoveable to stand when you have occasion to use me. 374

Moll. What strength have you?

Trap. Strength, mistress Moll? I have gone up into a steeple, and stayed the great bell as't has been ringing; stopt a windmill going——

Moll. And never struck down yourself?

Trap. Stood as upright as I do at this present. 380

[MOLL *trips up his heels.*

Moll. Come, I pardon you for this; it shall be no disgrace to you: I have struck up the heels of the high German's[1] size ere now. What, not stand?

Trap. I am of that nature, where I love, I'll be at my mistress' foot to do her service.

Moll. Why, well said; but say your mistress should

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[1] Nares quotes from Dekker's *Owle's Almanacke*, 1618, p. 6:—'Since the *German fencer* cudgelled most of our English fencers now about five months past.' Cf. Samuel Rowley's *Noble Souldier*, ii. 1:—"Shall I be that *German fencer* and beat all the knocking boys before me?" (*Old Plays*, ed. Bullen, i. 286.) See also Gifford's *Shirley*, iii. 407.

receive injury, have you the spirit of fighting in you? durst you second her?

Trap. Life, I have kept a bridge myself, and drove seven at a time before me! 390

Moll. Ay?

Trap. But they were all Lincolnshire bullocks, by my troth. [*Aside.*

Moll. Well, meet me in Gray's Inn Fields between three and four this afternoon, and, upon better consideration, we'll retain you.

Trap. I humbly thank your good mistresship.—I'll crack your neck for this kindness. [*Aside, and exit.*

Lax. Remember three. [MOLL *meets* LAXTON, *and*

Moll. Nay, if I fail you, hang me. 400

Lax. Good wench, i'faith!

Moll. Who's this? [*then* OPENWORK.

Open. 'Tis I, Moll.

Moll. Prithee, tend thy shop and prevent bastards.

Open. We'll have a pint of the same wine,[1] i'faith, Moll. [*Exit with* MOLL.] [*Bell rings.*

Gos. Hark, the bell rings! come, gentlemen. Jack Dapper, where shall's all munch?

J. Dap. I am for Parker's ordinary.

Lax. He's a good guest to'm, he deserves his board; he draws all the gentlemen in a term-time thither. We'll be your followers, Jack; lead the way.—Look you, by my faith, the fool has feathered his nest well. 412

[*Exeunt* JACK DAPPER, LAXTON, GOSHAWK, *and* GREENWIT.

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[1] Bastard.—See note 2, vol. iii. p. 272.

Enter GALLIPOT, TILTYARD, *and* Servants, *with water-spaniels and a duck.*

Tilt. Come, shut up your shops. Where's master Openwork?

Mis. G. Nay, ask not me, master Tiltyard.

Tilt. Where's his water-dog? puh—pist—hur—hur—pist!

Gal. Come, wenches, come; we're going all to Hogsdon.[1]

Mis. G. To Hogsdon, husband?

Gal. Ay, to Hogsdon, pigsnie.[2] 420

Mis. G. I'm not ready, husband.

Gal. Faith, that's well—hum—pist—pist.—

[*Spits in the dog's mouth.*

Come, mistress Openwork, you are so long!

Mis. O. I have no joy of my life, master Gallipot.

Gal. Push,[3] let your boy lead his water-spaniel along, and we'll show you the bravest sport at Parlous Pond.[4]—

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[1] Hogsdon (Hoxton) was a favourite resort of holiday-makers; the apprentices went there with their sweethearts to eat plum-cakes and custards (as we learn from Glapthorne, Shirley, Jasper Mayne, &c.)

[2] Diminutive of *pig*. A common term of endearment.

[3] Pish.

[4] "This, I imagine, is the same place now called *Peerless Pool*. It is situated near the Old-street Road, and was formerly a spring that, overflowing its banks, caused a very dangerous pond, which, from the number of persons who lost their lives there, obtained the name of *Perilous Pool*. To prevent these accidents, it was in a manner filled up until the year 1743, when it was enclosed, and converted into a bathing-place."—*Reed.*

Hey, Trug, hey, Trug, hey, Trug![1] here's the best duck in England, except my wife; hey, hey, hey! fetch, fetch, fetch!—
Come let's away: 430
Of all the year this is the sportful'st day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter SEBASTIAN WENGRAVE.

Seb. If a man have a free will, where should the use
More perfect shine than in his will to love?
All creatures have their liberty in that.

Enter behind Sir ALEXANDER WENGRAVE *listening.*

Though else kept under servile yoke and fear;
The very bond-slave has his freedom there.
Amongst a world of creatures voic'd and silent,
Must my desires wear fetters?—Yea, are you
So near? then I must break with my heart's truth,
Meet grief at a back way.—Well: why, suppose
The two-leav'd[2] tongues of slander or of truth 10

[1] "I suppose *Trug* is the name of the spaniel whom he is sending into the water to hunt ducks; or else that he means to say *trudge, trudge.*" —*Steevens.* The first explanation seems the more probable.

[2] "Old ed. '*two leaud tongues.*' The last editor of Dodsley's *Old Plays* printed 'two lewd tongues,'—*leaud* being, as he thinks, the old spelling of *lewd.* Qy. '*two* loud?'"—*Dyce.* The reading of the old ed. is intelligible.

nounce Moll loathsome; if before my love
appear fair, what injury have I?
ve the thing I like: in all things else
e own eye guides me, and I find 'em prosper.
! what should ail it now? I know that man
er truly loves,—if he gainsay't he lies,—
t winks and marries with his father's eyes:
keep mine own wide open.

Enter MOLL *and a* Porter *with a viol on his back.*

. *Alex.* Here's brave wilfulness!
nade match! here she comes; they met a' purpose.
[*Aside.*
Por. Must I carry this great fiddle to your chamber,
ress Mary? 21
Moll. Fiddle, goodman hog-rubber? Some of these
ers bear so much for others, they have no time to

That makes the best part of all creatures honest:
No otherwise I wish it.

Moll. Sir, I am so poor to requite you, you must look for nothing but thanks of me: I have no humour to marry; I love to lie a' both sides a' th' bed myself: and again, a' th' other side, a wife, you know, ought to be obedient, but I fear me I am too headstrong to obey; therefore I'll ne'er go about it. I love you so well, sir, for your good will, I'd be loath you should repent your bargain after; and therefore we'll ne'er come together at first. I have the head now of myself, and am man enough for a woman: marriage is but a chopping and changing, where a maiden loses one head, and has a worse i' th' place. 47

S. Alex. The most comfortablest answer from a roaring girl
That ever mine ears drunk in! [*Aside.*

Seb. This were enough
Now to affright a fool for ever from thee,
When 'tis the music that I love thee for.

S. Alex. There's a boy spoils all again! [*Aside.*

Moll. Believe it, sir, I am not of that disdainful temper but I could love you faithfully.

S. Alex. A pox on you for that word! I like you not now.
You're a cunning roarer, I see that already. [*Aside.*

Moll. But sleep upon this once more, sir; you may chance shift a mind to-morrow: be not too hasty to wrong yourself; never while you live, sir, take a wife running; many have run out at heels that have done't.

see, sir, I speak against myself; and if every woman
d deal with their suitor so honestly, poor younger
ners would not be so often gulled with old cozening
ws, that turn o'er all their wealth in trust to some
man, and make the poor gentleman work hard for a
ion. Fare you well, sir. 66

b. Nay, prithee, one word more.

Alex. How do I wrong this girl! she puts him off still. [*Aside.*

oll. Think upon this in cold blood, sir: you make
uch haste as if you were a-going upon a sturgeon
ge. Take deliberation, sir; never choose a wife as
u were going to Virginia.[1]

b. And[2] so we parted: my too-cursed fate!

Alex. She is but cunning, gives him longer time in't. [*Aside.*

Enter Tailor.

Moll. What fiddling's here! would not the old pattern have served your turn?

Tai. You change the fashion: you say you'll have the great Dutch slop,[1] mistress Mary.

Moll. Why, sir, I say so still.

Tai. Your breeches, then, will take up a yard more.

Moll. Well, pray, look it be put in then. 90

Tai. It shall stand round and full, I warrant you.

Moll. Pray, make 'em easy enough.

Tai. I know my fault now, t'other was somewhat stiff between the legs; I'll make these open enough, I warrant you.

S. Alex. Here's good gear towards![2] I have brought up my son to marry a Dutch slop and a French doublet; a codpiece daughter! [*Aside.*

Tai. So, I have gone as far as I can go.

Moll. Why, then, farewell. 100

Tai. If you go presently to your chamber, mistress Mary, pray, send me the measure of your thigh by some honest body.

Moll. Well, sir, I'll send it by a porter presently. [*Exit.*

Tai. So you had need, it is a lusty one; both of them would make any porter's back ache in England. [*Exit.*

Seb. I have examin'd the best part of man,
Reason and judgment; and in love, they tell me,
They leave me uncontroll'd: he that is sway'd
By an unfeeling blood, past heat of love, 110

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[1] Wide loose breeches.

[2] "Good gear towards" = fine business at hand.

spring-time must needs err; his watch ne'er goes right
t sets his dial by a rusty clock.
. *Alex.* [*coming forward.*] So; and which is that rusty clock, sir, you?
b. The clock at Ludgate, sir; it ne'er goes true.
. *Alex.* But thou go'st falser; not thy father's cares
keep thee right: when that insensible work
ys the workman's art, lets off the hour,
stops again when time is satisfied:
thou runn'st on; and judgment, thy main wheel,
s by all stops, as if the work would break, 120
un with long pains for a minute's ruin:
h like a suffering man brought up with care,
ast bequeath'd to shame and a short prayer.
b. I taste you bitterer than I can deserve, sir.
. *Alex.* What has bewitch['d] thee, son? what devil

S. Alex. What sayst thou? marriage? in what place? the Sessions-house?
And who shall give the bride, prithee? an indictment?
Seb. Sir, now ye take part with the world to wrong her. 140
S. Alex. Why, wouldst thou fain marry to be pointed at?
Alas, the number's great! do not o'erburden't.
Why, as good marry a beacon on a hill,
Which all the country fix their eyes upon,
As her thy folly doats on. If thou long'st
To have the story of thy infamous fortunes
Serve for discourse in ordinaries and taverns,
Thou'rt in the way; or to confound thy name,
Keep on, thou canst not miss it; or to strike
Thy wretched father to untimely coldness, 150
Keep the left hand still, it will bring thee to't.
Yet, if no tears wrung from thy father's eyes,
Nor sighs that fly in sparkles from his sorrows,
Had power to alter what is wilful in thee,
Methinks her very name should fright thee from her,
And never trouble me.
Seb. Why, is the name of Moll so fatal, sir?
S. Alex. Many one, sir, where suspect is enter'd;
For, seek all London from one end to t'other,
More whores of that name than of any ten other. 160
Seb. What's that to her? let those blush for themselves:
Can any guilt in others condemn her?
I've vow'd to love her: let all storms oppose me

That ever beat against the breast of man,
Nothing but death's black tempest shall divide us.
S. Alex. O, folly that can doat on nought but shame!
Seb. Put case, a wanton itch runs through one name
More than another; is that name the worse,
Where honesty sits possest in't? it should rather
Appear more excellent, and deserve more praise, 170
When through foul mists a brightness it can raise.
Why, there are of the devils honest gentlemen
And well descended, keep an open house,
And some a' th' good man's[1] that are arrant knaves.
He hates unworthily that by rote contemns,
For the name neither saves nor yet condemns;
And for her honesty, I've made such proof on't
In several forms, so nearly watch'd her ways,
I will maintain that strict against an army,
Excepting you, my father. Here's her worst, 180
She's a bold spirit that mingles with mankind,
But nothing else comes near it: and oftentimes
Through her apparel somewhat shames her birth;
But she is loose in nothing but in mirth:
Would all Molls were no worse!
S. Alex. This way I toil in vain, and give but aim
To infamy and ruin: he will fall;
My blessing cannot stay him: all my joys
Stand at the brink of a devouring flood,

[1] "This seems to be an allusion to the proverbial saying, 'God's a good man:' see *Much ado about Nothing*, act iii. sc. 5, Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), vol. vii. p. 104, and Steevens's note."—*Dyce.*
[2] For the expression "give aim," see note 1, vol. iii. p. 258.

And will be wilfully swallow'd, wilfully. 190
But why so vain let all these tears be lost?
I'll pursue her to shame, and so all's crost.
[*Aside, and exit.*

Seb. He's gone with some strange purpose, whose effect
Will hurt me little if he shoot so wide,
To think I love so blindly: I but feed
His heart to this match, to draw on the other,
Wherein my joy sits with a full wish crown'd,
Only his mood excepted, which must change
By opposite policies, courses indirect;
Plain dealing in this world takes no effect. 200
This mad girl I'll acquaint with my intent,
Get her assistance, make my fortunes known:
'Twixt lovers' hearts she's a fit instrument,
And has the art to help them to their own.
By her advice, for in that craft she's wise,
My love and I may meet, spite of all spies. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Gray's Inn Fields.

Enter LAXTON *and* Coachman.

ax. Coachman.

oach. Here, sir.

ax. There's a tester[1] more; prithee drive thy coach e hither end of Marybone-park, a fit place for Moll et in.

Lax. May we safely take the upper hand of any coached velvet cap, or tuftaffety jacket? for they keep a vild[1] swaggering in coaches now-a-days; the highways are stopt with them.

Coach. My life for yours, and baffle[2] 'em too, sir: why, they are the same jades, believe it, sir, that have drawn all your famous whores to Ware.

Lax. Nay, then they know their business; they need no more instructions. 21

Coach. They're so used to such journeys, sir, I never use whip to 'em; for if they catch but the scent of a wench once, they run like devils.

[*Exit* Coachman *with his whip.*

Lax. Fine Cerberus! that rogue will have the start of a thousand ones; for whilst others trot a' foot, he'll ride prancing to hell upon a coach-horse. Stay, 'tis now about the hour of her appointment, but yet I see her not. [*The clock strikes three.*] Hark! what's this? one, two, three: three by the clock at Savoy; this is the hour, and Gray's Inn Fields the place, she swore she'd meet me. Ha! yonder's two Inns-a'-court men with one wench, but that's not she; they walk toward Islington out of my way. I see none yet drest like her; I must look for a shag-ruff, a frieze jerken, a short sword, and a safe-guard,[3] or I get none. Why, Moll, prithee, make haste, or the coachman will curse us anon. 37

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[1] Vile.
[2] Pass contemptuously. See note 2, p. 26.
[3] See note 2, p. 38.

Enter MOLL, *dressed as a man.*

Moll. O, here's my gentleman! If they would keep their days as well with their mercers as their hours with their harlots, no bankrout[1] would give seven score pound for a sergeant's place; for would you know a catchpoll rightly derived, the corruption of a citizen is the generation of a sergeant. How his eye hawks for venery! [*Aside.*]—Come, are you ready, sir?

Lax. Ready? for what, sir?

Moll. Do you ask that now, sir?
Why was this meeting 'pointed?

Lax. I thought you mistook me, sir: you seem to be some young barrister;
I have no suit in law, all my land's sold;
I praise heaven for't, 't has rid me of much trouble. 50

Moll. Then I must wake you, sir; where stands the coach?

Lax. Who's this? Moll, honest Moll?

Moll. So young, and purblind?
You're an old wanton in your eyes, I see that.

Lax. Thou'rt admirably suited for the Three Pigeons[2] at Brainford. I'll swear I knew thee not.

Moll. I'll swear you did not; but you shall know me now.

Lax. No, not here; we shall be spied, i'faith; the coach is better: come. 59

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[1] Old form of *bankrupt.*

[2] An inn of which frequent mention is made. Lowin the actor kept it at a later date.

Moll. Stay. [*Puts off her cloak.*
Lax. What, wilt thou untruss a point,[1] Moll?
Moll. Yes; here's the point [*Draws her sword.*
That I untruss; 't has but one tag, 'twill serve though
To tie up a rogue's tongue.
Lax. How!
Moll. There's the gold
With which you hir'd your hackney, here's her pace;
She racks hard, and perhaps your bones will feel it:
Ten angels of mine own I've put to thine;
Win 'em and wear 'em.
Lax. Hold, Moll! mistress Mary——
Moll. Draw, or I'll serve an execution on thee,
Shall lay thee up till doomsday. 70
Lax. Draw upon a woman! why, what dost mean, Moll?
Moll. To teach thy base thoughts manners: thou'rt one of those
That thinks each woman thy fond flexible whore;
If she but cast a liberal eye upon thee,
Turn back her head, she's thine; or amongst company
By chance drink first to thee, then she's quite gone,
There is no means to help her: nay, for a need,
Wilt swear unto thy credulous fellow-lechers,
That thou art more in favour with a lady 80
At first sight than her monkey all her lifetime.
How many of our sex, by such as thou,
Have their good thoughts paid with a blasted name

[1] "Untruss a point" = untie the tags of the breeches.

er deserv'd loosely, or did trip
f whoredom beyond cup and lip!
e stain of conscience and of soul,
d women fall into the hands
silent than a bragging nothing;
no mercy in't. What durst move you, sir,
me whorish? a name which I'd tear out 90
high German's[1] throat, if it lay leiger[2] there
ch privy slanders against me.
defy all men, their worst hates
best flatteries, all their golden witchcrafts,
ch they entangle the poor spirits of fools,
d needle-women and trade-fallen wives;
must needs bite, or themselves be bitten;
gry things as these may soon be took
orm fasten'd on a golden hook:
the lecher's food, his prey; he watches 100
elling wedlocks[3] and poor shifting sisters;
est fish he takes. But why, good fisherman,
ught meat for you, that never yet
ing rod cast towards me? 'cause, you'll say,
to sport, I'm often merry, jest:
h no kindred in the world but lust,
take all her friends then! but howe'er
the baser world censure my life,

I'll send 'em word by thee, and write so much
Upon thy breast, 'cause thou shalt bear't in mind, 110
Tell them 'twere base to yield where I have conquer'd;
I scorn to prostitute myself to a man,
I that can prostitute a man to me;
And so I greet thee.

Lax. Hear me——

Moll. Would the spirits
Of all my sland[er]ers were clasp'd in thine,
That I might vex an army at one time! [*They fight.*

Lax. I do repent me; hold!

Moll. You'll die the better Christian then.

Lax. I do confess I have wronged thee, Moll.

Moll. Confession is but poor amends for wrong, 120
Unless a rope would follow.

Lax. I ask thee pardon.

Moll. I'm your hir'd whore, sir!

Lax. I yield both purse and body.

Moll. Both are mine,
And now at my disposing.

Lax. Spare my life!

Moll. I scorn to strike thee basely.

Lax. Spoke like a noble girl, i'faith!—Heart, I think I fight with a familiar, or the ghost of a fencer. Sh'as wounded me gallantly. Call you this a lecherous viage?[1] here's blood would have served me this seven year in broken heads and cut fingers; and it now runs all out

[1] Voyage, journey.

her. Pox a' the Three Pigeons! I would the coach
here now to carry me to the chirurgeon's. 132
[*Aside, and exit.*

oll. If I could meet my enemies one by one
thus,
ght make pretty shift with 'em in time,
make 'em know that she has wit and spirit,
scorn
ive beholding to her body for meat;
or apparel, like your common dame,
makes shame get her clothes to cover shame.
is that mind that kneels unto her body, 140
a husband stood in awe on's wife:
spirit shall be mistress of this house
ong as I have time in't.—O,

Enter TRAPDOOR.

I'll fit her mistress-ship with a piece of service:
I'm hir'd to rid the town of one mad girl.
[MOLL *jostles him.*
What a pox ails you, sir?

Moll. He begins like a gentleman.

Trap. Heart, is the field so narrow, or your eye-sight——
Life, he comes back again!

Moll. Was this spoke to me, sir?

Trap. I cannot tell, sir. 160

Moll. Go, you're a coxcomb!

Trap. Coxcomb?

Moll. You're a slave!

Trap. I hope there's law for you, sir.

Moll. Yea, do you see, sir? [*Turns his hat.*

Trap. Heart, this is no good dealing! pray, let me know what house you're of.

Moll. One of the Temple, sir. [*Fillips him.*

Trap. Mass, so methinks.

Moll. And yet sometime I lie about Chick Lane. 170

Trap. I like you the worse because you shift your lodging so often: I'll not meddle with you for that trick, sir.

Moll. A good shift; but it shall not serve your turn.

Trap. You'll give me leave to pass about my business, sir?

Moll. Your business? I'll make you wait on me
Before I ha' done, and glad to serve me too.

Trap. How, sir? serve you? not if there were no more men in England. 180

oll. But if there were no more women in England, pe you'd wait upon your mistress then?

rap. Mistress?

oll. O, you're a tried spirit at a push, sir?

rap. What would your worship have me do?

oll. You a fighter!

rap. No, I praise heaven, I had better grace and manners.

oll. As how, I pray, sir?

rap. Life, 'thad been a beastly part of me to have n my weapons upon my mistress; all the world d a' cried shame of me for that. 192

oll. Why, but you knew me not.

rap. Do not say so, mistress; I knew you by your straddle, as well as if I had been in your belly.

oll. Well, we shall try you further; i' th' mean time ive you entertainment

SCENE II.

GALLIPOT'S *Shop.*

Enter MISTRESS GALLIPOT *as from supper*, GALLIPOT *following her.*

Gal. What, Pru! nay, sweet Prudence!

Mis. G. What a pruing keep you! I think the baby would have a teat, it kyes[1] so. Pray, be not so fond of me, leave your city humours; I'm vexed at you, to see how like a calf you come bleating after me.

Gal. Nay, honey Pru, how does your rising up before all the table show, and flinging from my friends so uncivilly! fie, Pru, fie! come.

Mis. G. Then up and ride, i'faith!

Gal. Up and ride? nay, my pretty Pru, that's far from my thought, duck: why, mouse, thy mind is nibbling at something; what is't? what lies upon thy stomach?

Mis. G. Such an ass as you: hoyda, you're best turn midwife, or physician! you're a 'pothecary already, but I'm none of your drugs.

Gal. Thou art a sweet drug, sweetest Pru, and the more thou art pounded, the more precious.

Mis. G. Must you be prying into a woman's secrets, say ye?

Gal. Woman's secrets? 20

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[1] "*i.e.* cries. She imitates the jargon talked by nurses to infants."—*Steevens.*

is. G. What! I cannot have a qualm come upon
out your teeth waters till your nose hang over it!
al. It is my love, dear wife.
is. G. Your love? your love is all words; give me
s: I cannot abide a man that's too fond over me,—
ookish! Thou dost not know how to handle a
an in her kind.
al. No, Pru? why, I hope I have handled——
is. G. Handle a fool's head of your own,—fie, fie!
al. Ha, ha, 'tis such a wasp! it does me good now
ve her s[t]ing me, little rogue! 31
is. G. Now, fie, how you vex me! I cannot abide
apron husbands;[1] such cotqueans![2] you overdo
things, they become you scurvily.
al. Upon my life she breeds: heaven knows how I
strained myself to please her night and day. I
ler why we citizens should get children so fretful and

grass, should bring love-letters amongst her herbs to his wife? pretty trick! fine conveyance! had jealousy a thousand eyes, a silly woman with scurvy-grass blinds them all. 50

Laxton, with bays
Crown I thy wit for this, it deserves praise:
This makes me affect thee more, this proves thee wise:
'Lack, what poor shift is love forc'd to devise!—
To th' point. [*Reads letter.*] *O sweet creature*—a sweet beginning!—*pardon my long absence, for thou shalt shortly be possessed with my presence: though Demopho[o]n was false to Phyllis, I will be to thee as Pan-da-rus was to Cres-sida;*[1] *though Æneas made an ass of Dido, I will die to thee ere I do so. O sweetest creature, make much of me! for no man beneath the silver moon shall make more of a woman than I do of thee: furnish me therefore with thirty pounds; you must do it of necessity for me; I languish till I see some comfort come from thee. Protesting not to die in thy debt, but rather to live, so as hitherto I have and will,*

Thy true Laxton ever. 65

Alas, poor gentleman! troth, I pity him.
How shall I raise this money? thirty pound!
'Tis thirty sure, a 3 before an o;
I know his threes too well. My childbed linen,
Shall I pawn that for him? then if my mark 70
Be known, I am undone; it may be thought
My husband's bankrout.[2] Which way shall I turn?

---

[1] "So in old ed., to mark the difficulty with which such hard names were read by mistress Gallipot."—*Dyce.* [2] Old form of *bankrupt.*

Laxton, what with my own fears and thy wants,
I'm like a needle 'twixt two adamants.

Re-enter GALLIPOT *hastily.*

Gal. Nay, nay, wife, the women are all up—Ha! how? reading a' letters? I smell a goose, a couple of capons, and a gammon of bacon, from her mother out of the country. I hold my life—steal, steal——

[*Aside.*

Mis. G. O, beshrew your heart!

Gal. What letter's that? I'll see't. 80

[MIS. G. *tears the letter.*

Mis. G. O, would thou had'st no eyes to see the downfal
Of me and [of] thyself! I am for ever,
For ever I'm undone!

Gal. What ails my Pru?
What paper's that thou tear'st?

Mis. G. Would I could tear
My very heart in pieces! for my soul
Lies on the rack of shame, that tortures me
Beyond a woman's suffering.

Gal. What means this?

Mis. G. Had you no other vengeance to throw down,
But even in height of all my joys——

Gal. Dear woman——

Mis. G. When the full sea of pleasure and content 90
Seem'd to flow over me?

Gal. As thou desir'st

To keep me out of Bedlam, tell what troubles thee!
Is not thy child at nurse fallen sick, or dead?
Mis. G. O, no!
Gal. Heavens bless me! are my barns and houses
Yonder at Hockley-hole consum'd with fire?
I can build more, sweet Pru.
Mis. G. 'Tis worse, 'tis worse!
Gal. My factor broke? or is the Jonas sunk?
Mis. G. Would all we had were swallow'd in the waves,
Rather than both should be the scorn of slaves!
Gal. I'm at my wit's end.
Mis. G. O my dear husband!
Where once I thought myself a fixed star,
Plac'd only in the heaven of thine arms,
I fear now I shall prove a wanderer.
O Laxton, Laxton! is it then my fate
To be by thee o'erthrown?
Gal. Defend me, wisdom,
From falling into frenzy! On my knees,
Sweet Pru, speak; what's that Laxton, who so heavy
Lies on thy bosom?
Mis. G. I shall sure run mad!
Gal. I shall run mad for company then. Speak to me;
I'm Gallipot thy husband—Pru—why, Pru
Art sick in conscience for some villanous deed
Thou wert about to act? didst mean to rob me?
Tush, I forgive thee: hast thou on my bed
Thrust my soft pillow under another's head?

ink at all faults, Pru: 'las, that's no more
what some neighbours near thee have done
before!
t honey Pru, what's that Laxton?
s. G. O!
l. Out with him!
s. G. O, he's born to be my undoer! 120
hand, which thou call'st thine, to him was given,
im was I made sure[1] i' th' sight of heaven.
l. I never heard this thunder.
s. G. Yes, yes, before
to thee contracted, to him I swore:
last I saw him,[2] twelve months three times told
moon hath drawn through her light silver bow;
'er the seas he went, and it was said,
umour lies, that he in France was dead:
e's alive, O he's alive! he sent

Mis. G. So black a day, poor wretch, went o'er thee never!

Gal. If thou should'st wrestle with him at the law,
Thou'rt sure to fall. No odd slight? no prevention?
I'll tell him thou'rt with child.

Mis. G. Umh!

Gal. Or give out
One of my men was ta'en a-bed with thee.

Mis. G. Umh, umh!

Gal. Before I lose thee, my dear Pru,
I'll drive it to that push.

Mis. G. Worse and worse still; 140
You embrace a mischief, to prevent an ill.

Gal. I'll buy thee of him, stop his mouth with gold:
Think'st thou 'twill do?

Mis. G. O me! heavens grant it would!
Yet now my senses are set more in tune.
He writ, as I remember, in his letter,
That he in riding up and down had spent,
Ere he could find me, thirty pounds: send that;
Stand not on thirty with him.

Gal. Forty, Pru!
Say thou the word, 'tis done: we venture lives
For wealth, but must do more to keep our wives. 150
Thirty or forty, Pru?

Mis. G. Thirty, good sweet;
Of an ill bargain let's save what we can:
I'll pay it him with my tears; he was a man,
When first I knew him, of a meek spirit,
All goodness is not yet dried up, I hope.

al. He shall have thirty pound, let that stop all:
's sweets taste best when we have drunk down gall.

er TILTYARD, MISTRESS TILTYARD, GOSHAWK, *and* MISTRESS OPENWORK.

s-so, our friends! come, come, smooth your cheek:
a storm the face of heaven looks sleek. 159
It. Did I not tell you these turtles were together?
is. T. How dost thou, sirrah?[1] why, sister Gallipot——
is. O. Lord, how she's chang'd!
ss. Is your wife ill, sir?
al. Yes, indeed, la, sir, very ill, very ill, never worse.
is. T. How her head burns! feel how her pulses work!
is. O. Sister, lie down a little; that always does me

rubbers in a false alley: thou wilt not believe me that his bowls run with a wrong bias.

Mis. O. It cannot sink into me that he feeds upon stale mutton[1] abroad, having better and fresher at home. 181

Gos. What if I bring thee where thou shalt see him stand at rack and manger?

Mis. O. I'll saddle him in's kind, and spur him till he kick again.

Gos. Shall thou and I ride our journey then?

Mis. O. Here's my hand.

Gos. No more.—Come, master Tiltyard, shall we leap into the stirrups with our women, and amble home?

Tilt. Yes, yes.—Come, wife. 190

Mis. T. In troth, sister, I hope you will do well for all this.

Mis. G. I hope I shall. Farewell, good sister. Sweet master Goshawk.

Gal. Welcome, brother; most kindly welcome, sir,

All. Thanks, sir, for our good cheer.

[*Exeunt all but* GALLIPOT *and* MIS. GALLIPOT.

Gal. It shall be so: because a crafty knave
Shall not outreach me, nor walk by my door
With my wife arm in arm, as 'twere his whore.
I'll give him a golden coxcomb, thirty pound. 200
Tush, Pru, what's thirty pound? sweet duck, look cheerly.

Mis. G. Thou'rt worthy of my heart, thou buy'st it dearly.

[1] A cant term for a whore.

This wrt done

Enter LAXTON *muffled.*

Lax. Uds light, the tide's against me; a pox of your 'pothecaryship! O for some glister to set him going! 'Tis one of Hercules' labours to tread one of these city hens, because their cocks are still crowing over them. There's no turning tail here, I must on. [*Aside.*

Mis. G. O husband, see he comes!

Gal. Let me deal with him.

Lax. Bless you, sir.

Gal. Be you blest too, sir, if you come in peace. 210

Lax. Have you any good pudding[1] tobacco, sir?

Mis. G. O, pick no quarrels, gentle sir! my husband
Is not a man of weapon, as you are;
He knows all, I have open'd all before him,
Concerning you.

Lax. Zounds, has she shown my letters? [*Aside.*

Mis. G. Suppose my case were yours, what would you do?
At such a pinch, such batteries, such assaults
Of father, mother, kindred, to dissolve
The knot you tied, and to be bound to him;
How could you shift this storm off?

Lax. If I know, hang me! 220

Mis. G. Besides a story of your death was read
Each minute to me.

Lax. What a pox means this riddling? [*Aside.*

Gal. Be wise, sir; let not you and I be tost

---

[1] See note 2, vol. iii. p. 324.

On lawyers' pens; they have sharp nibs, and draw
Men's very heart-blood from them. What need you, sir,
To beat the drum of my wife's infamy,
And call your friends together, sir, to prove
Your precontract, when sh'as confest it?
Lax. Umh, sir,
Has she confest it?
Gal. Sh'as, 'faith, to me, sir,
Upon your letter sending.
Mis. G. I have, I have. 230
Lax. If I let this iron cool, call me slave. [*Aside.*
Do you hear, you dame Prudence? think'st thou, vile woman,
I'll take these blows and wink?
Mis. Gal. Upon my knees. [*Kneeling.*
Lax. Out, impudence.
Gal. Good sir——
Lax. You goatish slaves!
No wild[1] fowl to cut up but mine?
Gal. Alas, sir,
You make her flesh to tremble; fright her not:
She shall do reason, and what's fit.
Lax. I'll have thee,
Wert thou more common than an hospital,
And more diseas'd.
Gal. But one word, good sir!
Lax. So, sir.

---

[1] "To cut up wild fowl" was a cant expression, the meaning of which is sufficiently obvious.

Gal. I married her, have lien with her, and got 240
wo children on her body: think but on that:
ave you so beggarly an appetite,
hen I upon a dainty dish have fed
o dine upon my scraps, my leavings? ha, sir?
o I come near you now, sir?
Lax. Be-lady,[1] you touch me!
Gal. Would not you scorn to wear my clothes, sir?
Lax. Right, sir.
Gal. Then, pray, sir, wear not her; for she's a garment
o fitting for my body, I am loath
nother should put it on: you'll undo both.
our letter, as she said, complain'd you had spent, 250
n quest of her, some thirty pound; I'll pay it:
hall that, sir, stop this gap up 'twixt you two?

Lax. Rarely: that wile,
By which the serpent did the first woman beguile, 260
Did ever since all women's bosoms fill;
You're apple-eaters all, deceivers still. [*Exeunt.*

main point of T. M. idea of woman

SCENE III.

Holborn.

Enter Sir ALEXANDER WENGRAVE, Sir DAVY DAPPER, *and* SIR ADAM APPLETON *on one side, and* TRAPDOOR *on the other.*

S. Alex. Out with your tale, sir Davy, to sir Adam: A knave is in mine eye deep in my debt.

S. Davy. Nay, if he be a knave, sir, hold him fast.

[SIR D. DAPPER *and* SIR A. APPLETON *talk apart.*

S. Alex. Speak softly; what egg is there hatching now?

Trap. A duck's egg, sir, a duck that has eaten a frog; I have cracked the shell, and some villany or other will peep out presently: the duck that sits is the bouncing ramp,[1] that roaring girl my mistress; the drake that must tread is your son Sebastian. 10

S. Alex. Be quick.

Trap. As the tongue of an oyster-wench.

S. Alex. And see thy news be true.

---

[1] "*i.e.* ramping, rampant creature: 'although she were a lustie *bounsing rampe*, somewhat like Gallemella,' &c.—G. Harvey's *Pierces Supererogation*, 1593, p. 145."—*Dyce.* Cf. *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, iii. 1: "Nay fie on thee, thou *ramp*, thou rig, with all that take thy part."

Trap. As a barber's every Saturday night. Mad
ll——
S. Alex. Ah——
Trap. Must be let in, without knocking, at your back
e.
S. Alex. So.
Trap. Your chamber will be made bawdy. 20
S. Alex. Good.
Trap. She comes in a shirt of mail.
S. Alex. How? shirt of mail?
Trap. Yes, sir, or a male shirt; that's to say, in man's
arel.
S. Alex. To my son?
Trap. Close to your son: your son and her moon
be in conjunction, if all almanacks lie not; her
ck saveguard[1] is turned into a deep slop,[2] the holes
her upper body to button-holes, her waistcoat to a

S. Alex. Away; ply it, watch her.

Trap. As the devil doth for the death of a bawd; I'll watch her, do you catch her.

S. Alex. She's fast: here weave thou the nets. Hark.

Trap. They are made.

S. Alex. I told them thou didst owe me money: hold it up; maintain't.

Trap. Stiffly, as a puritan does contention.—Pox, I owe thee not the value of a halfpenny halter. 50

S. Alex. Thou shalt be hang'd in it ere thou 'scape so:
Varlet, I'll make thee look th[o]rough a grate![1]

Trap. I'll do't presently, through a tavern grate: drawer! pish. [*Exit.*

S. Adam. Has the knave vex'd you, sir?

S. Alex. Ask'd him my money,
He swears my son receiv'd it. O, that boy
Will ne'er leave heaping sorrows on my heart,
Till he has broke it quite!

S. Adam. Is he still wild?

S. Alex. As is a Russian bear.

S. Adam. But he has left
His old haunt with that baggage?

S. Alex. Worse still and worse; 60
He lays on me his shame, I on him my curse.

---

[1] The prison-grating, through which the poor prisoners let down their boxes or baskets to receive money or food from the charitable. Cf. stage-direction in Rowley's *A Woman never Vext*:—"Old Foster, and above at the *grate* a box hanging down."

S. Davy. My son, Jack Dapper, then shall run with him
All in one pasture.
S. Adam. Proves your son bad too, sir?
S. Davy. As villany can make him: your Sebastian
Doats but on one drab, mine on a thousand;
A noise[1] of fiddlers, tobacco, wine, and a whore,
A mercer that will let him take up more,
Dice, and a water-spaniel with a duck,—O
Bring him a-bed with these: when his purse gingles,
Roaring boys[2] follow at's tail, fencers and ningles,[3] 70
Beasts Adam ne'er gave name to; these horse-leeches suck
My son; he being drawn dry, they all live on smoke.
S. Alex. Tobacco?
S. Davy. Right: but I have in my brain
A windmill going that shall grind to dust
The follies of my son, and make him wise,
Or a stark fool. Pray lend me your advice.
S. Alex. } That shall you, good sir Davy.
S. Adam. }
S. Davy. Here's the springe
I ha' set to catch this woodcock[4] in: an action
In a false name, unknown to him, is enter'd
I' the Counter to arrest Jack Dapper. 80

---

[1] A company of musicians. The reader will remember how the drawer at the Boar's Head sent for "Sneak's *noise*" to play before Falstaff.

[2] See p. 6. [3] Or *ingles*. See note 2, vol. i. p. 90.

[4] "Springes to catch woodcocks" (*Hamlet*, i. 4 l. 115), *i.e.* devices to delude the simple, was a proverbial expression.

S. Alex.
S. Adam. } Ha, ha, he!
S. Davy. Think you the Counter cannot break him?
S. Adam. Break him?
Yes, and break's heart too, if he lie there long.
S. Davy. I'll make him sing a counter-tenor sure.
S. Adam. No way to tame him like it; there he shall learn
What money is indeed, and how to spend it.
S. Davy. He's bridled there.
S. Alex. Ay, yet knows not how to mend it.
Bedlam cures not more madmen in a year
Than one of the Counters does; men pay more dear
There for their wit than anywhere: a Counter! 90
Why, 'tis an university,[1] who not sees?
As scholars there, so here men take degrees,
And follow the same studies all alike.
Scholars learn first logic and rhetoric;
So does a prisoner: with fine honey'd speech
At's first coming in he doth persuade, beseech
He may be lodg'd with one that is not itchy,
To lie in a clean chamber, in sheets not lousy;
But when he has no money, then does he try,
By subtle logic and quaint sophistry, 100
To make the keepers trust him.
S. Adam. Say they do.
S. Alex. Then he's a graduate.
S. Davy. Say they trust him not.

---

[1] See note 2, vol. i. p. 152.

S. Alex. Then is he held a freshman and a sot,
And never shall commence ;[1] but being still barr'd,
Be expuls'd from the Master's side[2] to th' Twopenny ward,
Or else i' th' Hole beg place.[3]
S. Adam. When then, I pray,
Proceeds a prisoner?
S. Alex. When, money being the theme,
He can dispute with his hard creditors' hearts,
And get out clear, he's then a master of arts.
Sir Davy, send your son to Wood Street college, 110
A gentleman can no where get more knowledge.
S. Davy. There gallants study hard.
S. Alex. True, to get money.
S. Davy. 'Lies[4] by th' heels, i'faith : thanks, thanks ; I ha' sent
For a couple of bears shall paw him.
S. Adam. Who comes yonder?
S. Davy. They look like puttocks ;[5] these should be they.

Enter CURTLEAX *and* HANGER.

S. Alex. I know 'em,
They are officers ; sir, we'll leave you.

---

[1] A Cambridge term (take his Master's degree).
[2] *Master's Side*, &c. See note 3, vol. i. p. 192.
[3] Old ed. "plac't."—Perhaps we should read "be placed."
[4] *'Lies* = a lies, he lies.
[5] Kites.

S. Davy. My good knights,
Leave me; you see I'm haunted now with sprites.[1]

S. Alex. } Fare you well, sir. [*Exeunt.*
S. Adam. }

Cur. This old muzzle-chops should be he by the fellow's description.—Save you, sir. 120

S. Davy. Come hither, you mad varlets; did not my man tell you I watched here for you?

Cur. One in a blue coat,[2] sir, told us that in this place an old gentleman would watch for us; a thing contrary to our oath, for we are to watch for every wicked member in a city.

S. Davy. You'll watch then for ten thousand: what's thy name, honesty?

Cur. Sergeant Curtleax I, sir.

S. Davy. An excellent name for a sergeant, Curtleax: 130
Sergeants indeed are weapons of the law;
When prodigal ruffians far in debt are grown,
Should not you cut them, citizens were o'erthrown.
Thou dwell'st hereby in Holborn, Curtleax?

Cur. That's my circuit, sir; I conjure most in that circle.

S. Davy. And what young toward whelp is this?

Han. Of the same litter; his yeoman, sir; my name's Hanger.

S. Davy. Yeoman Hanger: 140

---

[1] Old ed. "spirits."
[2] "Blue coat"—the livery of serving-men.

e pair of shears[1] sure cut out both your coats;
ı have two names most dangerous to men's throats;
ı two are villanous loads on gentlemen's backs;
ır ware this Hanger and this Curtleax!

Cur. We are as other men are, sir; I cannot see but who makes a show of honesty and religion, if his claws fasten to his liking, he draws blood: all that live in world are but great fish and little fish, and feed upon another;[2] some eat up whole men, a sergeant cares for the shoulder of a man. They call us knaves and s; but many times he that sets us on worries more bs one year than we do in seven. 152

S. Davy. Spoke like a noble Cerberus! is the action ered?

Han. His name is entered in the book of unbelievers.

S. Davy. What book's that?

Cur. Ay, ay, sir, that gull, as well as I know my yeoman.

S. Davy. And you know his father too, sir Davy Dapper?

Cur. As damned a usurer as ever was among Jews: if he were sure his father's skin would yield him any money, he would, when he dies, flea[1] it off, and sell it to cover drums for children at Bartholomew fair. 171

S. Davy. What toads are these to spit poison on a man to his face! [*Aside.*]—Do you see, my honest rascals? yonder Greyhound is the dog he hunts with; out of that tavern Jack Dapper will sally: sa, sa; give the counter; on, set upon him!

Both. We'll charge him upo' th' back, sir.

S. Davy. Take no bail; put mace[2] enough into his caudle; double your files, traverse your ground.

Both. Brave, sir. 180

S. Davy. Cry arm, arm, arm!

Both. Thus, sir.

S. Davy. There, boy, there, boy! away: look to your prey, my true English wolves; and so I vanish. [*Exit.*

Cur. Some warden of the sergeants begat this old fellow, upon my life: stand close.

Han. Shall the ambuscado lie in one place?

Cur. No; nook thou yonder. [*They retire.*

---

[1] I have kept the old form of "flay."

[2] Sergeants carried maces. We have had the same pun in *A Mad World, my Masters*, vol. iii. p. 300.

Enter MOLL *and* TRAPDOOR.

Moll. Ralph.

Trap. What says my brave captain male and female? 190

Moll. This Holborn is such a wrangling street!

Trap. That's because lawyers walks to and fro in't.

Moll. Here's such jostling, as if every one we met were drunk and reeled.

Trap. Stand, mistress! do you not smell carrion?

Moll. Carrion? no; yet I spy ravens.

Trap. Some poor, wind-shaken gallant will anon fall into sore labour, and these men-midwives[1] must bring him to bed i' the Counter: there all those that are great with child with debts lie in. 200

Moll. Stand up.

Trap. Like your new Maypole.

Han. Whist, whew!

Cur. Hump, no.

Moll. Peeping? it shall go hard, huntsmen, but I'll spoil your game. They look for all the world like two infected malt-men coming muffled up in their cloaks in a frosty morning to London.

Trap. A course, captain; a bear comes to the stake.

---

[1] "So in *The Whore of Babylon*, 1607, by Dekker, 'Doe not you know, mistresse, what Serieants are? . ... why they are certaine *men mid-wiues, that neuer bring people to bed*, but when they are sore in labour, that no body els can deliuer them.' Sig. D."—*Dyce.*

Enter JACK DAPPER *and* GULL.

Moll. It should be so, for the dogs struggle to be let loose. 211

Han. Whew!

Cur. Hemp.

Moll. Hark, Trapdoor, follow your leader.

J. Dap. Gull.

Gull. Master?

J. Dap. Didst ever see such an ass as I am, boy?

Gull. No, by my troth, sir; to lose all your money, yet have false dice of your own; why, 'tis as I saw a great fellow used t'other day; he had a fair sword and buckler, and yet a butcher dry beat him with a cudgel. 222

Trap.[1] Honest servant, fly!

Moll. Fly, master Dapper! you'll be arrested else.

J. Dap. Run, Gull, and draw.

Gull. Run, master; Gull follows you.

[*Exeunt* DAPPER *and* GULL.

Cur. [MOLL *holding him.*] I know you well enough; you're but a whore to hang upon any man!

Moll. Whores, then, are like sergeants; so now hang you.—Draw, rogue, but strike not: for a broken pate they'll keep their beds, and recover twenty marks damages. 232

Cur. You shall pay for this rescue.—Run down Shoe Lane and meet him.

---

[1] Old ed. "*Both.* Honest Serieant fly, flie Maister Dapper," &c.

- ...y gentleman be in sci
Send but for Moll, she'll b

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A Room in Sir ALEXANDER WENGRAVE'S *House.*

Enter Sir ALEXANDER WENGRAVE.

S. Alex. Unhappy in the follies of a son,
Led against judgment, sense, obedience,
And all the powers of nobleness and wit!

Enter TRAPDOOR.

O wretched father!—Now, Trapdoor, will she come?
Trap. In man's apparel, sir; I'm in her heart now,
And share in all her secrets.
S. Alex. Peace, peace, peace!
Here, take my German watch,[1] hang't up in sight,
That I may see her hang in English for't.
Trap. I warrant you for that now, next sessions rids her, sir. This watch will bring her in better than a hundred constables. [*Hangs up the watch.*
S. Alex. Good Trapdoor, sayst thou so? thou cheer'st
my heart 12

[1] See note a, vol. iii. p. 317.

After a storm of sorrow. My gold chain too;
Here, take a hundred marks in yellow links.

Trap. That will do well to bring the watch to light, sir;
And worth a thousand of your headborough's lanterns.

S. Alex. Place that a' the court-cupboard;[1] let it lie
Full in the view of her thief-whorish eye.

Trap. She cannot miss it, sir; I see't so plain,
That I could steal't myself. [*Places the chain.*

S. Alex. Perhaps thou shalt too, 20
That or something as weighty: what she leaves
Thou shalt come closely in and filch away,
And all the weight upon her back I'll lay.

Trap. You cannot assure that, sir.

S. Alex. No? what lets it?

Trap. Being a stout girl, perhaps she'll desire pressing; Then all the weight must lie upon her belly.

S. Alex. Belly or back, I care not, so I've one.

Trap. You're of my mind for that, sir.

S. Alex. Hang up my ruff-band with the diamond at it;
It may be she'll like that best. 30

Trap. It's well for her, that she must have her choice; he thinks nothing too good for her. [*Aside.*]—If you hold on this mind a little longer, it shall be the first work I do to turn thief myself; ['t]would do a man good to be hanged when he is so well provided for.

[*Hangs up the ruff-band.*

---

[1] A moveable side-board on which plate was displayed. We also find the term *cupboard of plate.*

S. Alex. So, well said; all hangs well: would she hung so too!
The sight would please me more than all their glisterings.
O that my mysteries[1] to such straits should run,
That I must rob myself to bless my son! [*Exeunt.*

Enter SEBASTIAN WENGRAVE, MARY FITZALLARD *disguised as a page, and* MOLL *in her male dress.*

Seb. Thou'st done me a kind office, without touch
Either of sin or shame; our loves are honest. 41
Moll. I'd scorn to make such shift to bring you together else.
Seb. Now have I time and opportunity
Without all fear to bid thee welcome, love!
[*Kisses* MARY.
Mary. Never with more desire and harder venture!
Moll. How strange this shows, one man to kiss another!
Seb. I'd kiss such men to choose, Moll;
Methinks a woman's lip tastes well in a doublet.
Moll. Many an old madam has the better fortune then, 50
Whose breaths grew stale before the fashion came:
If that will help 'em, as you think 'twill do,
They'll learn in time to pluck on the hose too.
Seb. The older they wax, Moll, troth I speak seriously,
As some have a conceit their drink tastes better

[1] Devices. Dyce suggests *miseries.*

In an outlandish cup than in our own,
So methinks every kiss she gives me now
In this strange form is worth a pair of two.
Here we are safe, and furthest from the eye
Of all suspicion; this is my father's chamber, 60
Upon which floor he never steps till night:
Here he mistrusts me not, nor I his coming;
At mine own chamber he still pries unto me,
My freedom is not there at mine own finding,
Still check'd and curb'd; here he shall miss his purpose.

Moll. And what's your business, now you have your mind, sir?
At your great suit I promis'd you to come:
I pitied her for name's sake, that a Moll
Should be so crost in love, when there's so many
That owes nine lays[1] a-piece, and not so little. 70
My tailor fitted her; how like you his work?

Seb. So well, no art can mend it, for this purpose:
But to thy wit and help we're chief in debt,
And must live still beholding.

Moll. Any honest pity
I'm willing to bestow upon poor ringdoves.

Seb. I'll offer no worse play.

Moll. Nay, and you should, sir,
I should draw first, and prove the quicker man.

Seb. Hold, there shall need no weapon at this meeting;
But 'cause thou shalt not loose thy fury idle,

---

[1] Wagers.

Here take this viol, run upon the guts, 80
And end thy quarrel singing.

[*Takes down and gives her a viol.*

Moll. Like a swan above bridge;[1]
For look you here's the bridge,[2] and here am I.

Seb. Hold on, sweet Moll!

Mary. I've heard her much commended, sir, for one That was ne'er taught.

Moll. I'm much beholding to 'em.
Well, since you'll needs put us together, sir,
I'll play my part as well as I can: it shall ne'er
Be said I came into a gentleman's chamber,
And let his instrument hang by the walls.

Seb. Why, well said, Moll, i'faith; it had been a shame for that gentleman then that would have let it hung still, and ne'er offered thee it. 92

Moll. There it should have been still then for Moll;
For though the world judge impudently of me,
I never came into that chamber yet
Where I took down the instrument myself.

Seb. Pish, let 'em prate abroad; thou'rt here where thou art known and loved; there be a thousand close dames that will call the viol an unmannerly instrument for a woman, and therefore talk broadly of thee, when you shall have them sit wider to a worse quality. 101

Moll. Push,

---

[1] It is hardly necessary to say that the Thames abounded with swans at this date. In 1632 John Witherings published *The Orders, Lawes, and Ancient Customes of Swanns.*

[2] Of the viol-de-gambo.

I ever fall asleep and think not of 'em, sir;
And thus I dream.

Seb. Prithee, let's hear thy dream, Moll.

Moll [*sings.*]

I dream there is a mistress,
And she lays out the money;
She goes unto her sisters,
She never comes at any.

Re-enter Sir ALEXANDER *behind.*

She says she went to th' Burse[1] *for patterns;*
You shall find her at Saint Kathern's, 110
And comes home with never a penny.

Seb. That's a free mistress, faith!

S. Alex. Ay, ay, ay,
Like her that sings it; one of thine own choosing.
[*Aside.*

Moll. But shall I dream again? [*Sings.*]

Here comes a wench will brave ye;
Her courage was so great,
She lay with one of the navy,
Her husband lying i' the Fleet.
Yet oft with him she cavell'd; 120
I wonder what she ails;
Her husband's ship lay gravell'd,
When her's could hoise up sails:
Yet she began, like all my foes,

[1] The New Exchange in the Strand.

To call whore first ; for so do those—
A pox of all false tails !

Seb. Marry, amen, say I !

S. Alex. So say I too. [*Aside.*

Moll. Hang up the viol now, sir : all this while I was in a dream ; one shall lie rudely then ;
But being awake, I keep my legs together. 130
A watch ? what's a' clock here ?

S. Alex. Now, now she's trapt ! [*Aside.*

Moll. Between one and two ; nay, then I care not. A watch and a musician are cousin-germans in one thing, they must both keep time well, or there's no goodness in 'em ; the one else deserves to be dashed against a wall, and t'other to have his brains knocked out with a fiddle-case.

What ! a loose chain and a dangling diamond ?
Here were a brave booty for an evening thief now :
There's many a younger brother would be glad 140
To look twice in at a window for't,
And wriggle in and out, like an eel in a sand-bag.
O, if men's secret youthful faults should judge 'em,
'Twould be the general'st execution
That e'er was seen in England !
There would be but few left to sing the ballads,
There would be so much work : most of our brokers
Would be chosen for hangmen ; a good day for them ;
They might renew their wardrobes of free cost then.

Seb. This is the roaring wench must do us good. 150

Mary. No poison, sir, but serves us for some use ;
Which is confirm'd in her.

Seb. Peace, peace—
'Foot, I did hear him sure, where'er he be.
Moll. Who did you hear?
Seb. My father;
'Twas like a sigh[1] of his: I must be wary.
S. Alex. No? wilt not be? am I alone so wretched
That nothing takes? I'll put him to his plunge[2] for't.
[*Aside.*
Seb. Life! here he comes.—Sir, I beseech you take it;
Your way of teaching does so much content me, 161
I'll make it four pound; here's forty shillings, sir—
I think I name it right—help me, good Moll—
Forty in hand. [*Offering money.*
Moll. Sir, you shall pardon me:
I've more of the meanest scholar I can teach;
This pays me more than you have offer'd yet.
Seb. At the next quarter,
When I receive the means my father 'lows me,
You shall have t'other forty.
S. Alex. This were well now,
Were't to a man whose sorrows had blind eyes: 170
But mine behold his follies and untruths
With two clear glasses. [*Aside—then coming forward.*
How now?
Seb. Sir?
S. Alex. What's he there?
Seb. You're come in good time, sir; I've a suit to you;
I'd crave your present kindness.

---

[1] Old ed. "sight"—a not uncommon form.
[2] Difficulty, straits. See Halliwell's *Nares.*

S. Alex. What's he there.

Seb. A gentleman, a musician, sir; one of excellent fingering.

S. Alex. Ay, I think so;—I wonder how they 'scap'd her. [*Aside.*

Seb. Has the most delicate stroke, sir.

S. Alex. A stroke indeed!—I feel it at my heart. [*Aside.*

Seb. Puts down all your famous musicians. 180

S. Alex. Ay, a whore may put down a hundred of 'em. [*Aside.*

Seb. Forty shillings is the agreement, sir, between us: Now, sir, my present means mounts but to half on't.

S. Alex. And he stands upon the whole?

Seb. Ay, indeed does he, sir.

S. Alex. And will do still; he'll ne'er be in other tale.

Seb. Therefore I'd stop his mouth, sir, and[1] I could.

S. Alex. Hum, true; there is no other way indeed;—
His folly hardens; shame must needs succeed.— [*Aside.*

Now, sir, I understand you profess music.

Moll. I'm a poor servant to that liberal science, sir. 190

S. Alex. Where is't you teach?

Moll. Right against Clifford's Inn.

S. Alex. Hum, that's a fit place for't: you've many scholars?

Moll. And some of worth, whom I may call my masters.

---

[1] If.

S. Alex. Ay, true, a company of whoremasters.
[*Aside.*
You teach to sing, too?
Moll. Marry, do I, sir.
S. Alex. I think you'll find an apt scholar of my son,
Especially for prick-song.
Moll. I've much hope of him.
S. Alex. I'm sorry for't, I have the less for that.
[*Aside.*
You can play any lesson?
Moll. At first sight, sir.
S. Alex. There's a thing call'd the Witch; can you play that? 200
Moll. I would be sorry any one should mend me in't.
S. Alex. Ay, I believe thee; thou'st so bewitch'd my son,
No care will mend the work that thou hast done.
I have bethought myself, since my art fails,
I'll make her policy the art to trap her.
Here are four angels mark'd with holes in them
Fit for his crack'd companions: gold he'll give her;
These will I make induction to her ruin,
And rid shame from my house, grief from my heart.
[*Aside.*
Here, son, in what you take content and pleasure, 210
Want shall not curb you; pay the gentleman
His latter half in gold. [*Gives money.*
Seb. I thank you, sir.

S. Alex. O may the operation on't end three;
In her life, shame in him, and grief in me!
[*Aside, and exit.*

Seb. Faith, thou shalt have 'em; 'tis my father's gift:
Never was man beguil'd with better shift.

Moll. He that can take me for a male musician,
I can't choose but make him my instrument,
And play upon him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before GALLIPOT'S *Shop.*

Enter MISTRESS GALLIPOT *and* MISTRESS OPENWORK.

Mis. G. Is, then, that bird of yours, master Goshawk, so wild?

Mis. O. A Goshawk? a puttock;[1] all for prey: he angles for fish, but he loves flesh better.

Mis. G. Is't possible his smooth face should have wrinkles in't, and we not see them?

Mis. O. Possible? why, have not many handsome legs in silk stockings villanous splay feet, for all their great roses?[2]

Mis. G. Troth, sirrah, thou sayst true. 10

Mis. O. Didst never see an archer, as thou'st walked by Bunhill,[3] look a-squint when he drew his bow?

---

[1] Kite.
[2] Knots of ribbons worn on the shoe.
[3] Where archery matches and artillery practice were held. On 2nd

Mis. G. Yes, when his arrows have flint[1] toward Islington, his eyes have shot clean contrary towards Pimlico.[2]

Mis. O. For all the world so does master Goshawk double with me.

Mis. G. O, fie upon him: if he double once, he's not for me.

Mis. O. Because Goshawk goes in a shag-ruff[3] band, with a face sticking up in't which shows like an agate set in a cramp ring,[4] he thinks I'm in love with him. 22

Mis. G. 'Las, I think he takes his mark amiss in thee!

Mis. O. He has, by often beating into me, made me believe that my husband kept a whore.

Mis. G. Very good.

Mis. O. Swore to me that my husband this very morning went in a boat, with a tilt over it, to the Three Pigeons at Brainford, and his punk with him under his tilt. 30

Mis. G. That were wholesome.

Mis. O. I believed it; fell a-swearing at him, cursing

September 1623, Middleton received twenty marks "for his services at the shooting on Bunhill, and at the Conduit Head before the Lord Mayor and Aldermen" (*Remembrancia*, p. 305).

[1] Flown.

[2] A part of Hoxton.

[3] We have had the term "shag-ruff" once or twice before in this play. Cf. Rowland's *Knave of Hearts*,—"Rose hat-band with the *shagged-ragged-ruff*."

[4] *Cramp rings* were rings which had been consecrated on Good Friday and were supposed to preserve the wearer against cramp. See Brand's *Popular Antiquities*.

of harlots; made me ready to hoise up sail and be there as soon as he.

Mis. G. So, so.

Mis. O. And for that voyage Goshawk comes hither incontinently:[1] but, sirrah, this water-spaniel dives after no duck but me; his hope is having me at Brainford, to make me cry quack.

Mis. G. Art sure of it? 40

Mis. O. Sure of it? my poor innocent Openwork came in as I was poking my ruff:[2] presently hit I him i' the teeth with the Three Pigeons; he forswore all; I up and opened all; and now stands he in a shop hard by, like a musket on a rest,[3] to hit Goshawk i' the eye, when he comes to fetch me to the boat.

Mis. G. Such another lame gelding offered to carry me through thick and thin,—Laxton, sirrah,—but I am rid of him now.

Mis. O. Happy is the woman can be rid of 'em all! 'las, what are your whisking gallants to our husbands, weigh 'em rightly, man for man? 52

Mis. G. Troth, mere shallow things.

Mis. O. Idle, simple things, running heads; and yet let 'em run over us never so fast, we shopkeepers, when all's done, are sure to have 'em in our pursenets[4] at

---

[1] Immediately.

[2] See note 3, vol. i. p. 64.

[3] "A support for the ancient musket. It consisted of a pole of tough wood with an iron spike at the end to fix it in the ground, and a semi-circular piece of iron at the top to rest the musket on. The soldier carried it by strings fastened over the shoulder."—*Halliwell.*

[4] Nets of which the ends are drawn together by a string.

length; and when they are in, lord, what simple animals they are! then they hang the head——

Mis. G. Then they droop——

Mis. O. Then they write letters—— 60

Mis. G. Then they cog[1]——

Mis. O. Then deal they underhand with us, and we must ingle[1] with our husbands a-bed; and we must swear they are our cousins, and able to do us a pleasure at court.

Mis. G. And yet, when we have done our best, all's but put into a riven dish; we are but frumped[2] at and libelled upon.

Mis. O. O, if it were the good Lord's will there were a law made, no citizen should trust any of 'em all! 70

Enter GOSHAWK.

Mis. G. Hush, sirrah! Goshawk flutters.

Gos. How now? are you ready?

Mis. O. Nay, are you ready? a little thing, you see, makes us ready.

Gos. Us? why, must she make one i' the voyage?

Mis. O. O, by any means! do I know how my husband will handle me? 77

Gos. 'Foot, how shall I find water to keep these two mills going? [*Aside.*]—Well, since you'll needs be clapped under hatches, if I sail not with you both till all split,[3] hang me up at the mainyard and duck me.—

---

[1] *Cog, ingle* = wheedle.

[2] Mocked.

[3] *Make all split* was a common phrase. Bottom says, "I could play

It's but liquoring them both soundly, and then you shall see their cork heels[1] fly up high, like two swans when their tails are above water, and their long necks under water diving to catch gudgeons. [*Aside.*]—Come, come, oars stand ready; the tide's with us; on with those false faces; blow winds and thou shalt take thy husband casting out his net to catch fresh salmon at Brainford. 88

Mis. G. I believe you'll eat of a cod's head of your own dressing before you reach half way thither. [*Aside.*]

[*She and* MISTRESS OPENWORK *mask themselves.*

Gos. So, so, follow close; pin as you go.

Enter LAXTON *muffled.*

Lax. Do you hear?

Mis. G. Yes, I thank my ears.

Lax. I must have a bout with your 'pothecaryship.

Mis. G. At what weapon?

Lax. I must speak with you.

Mis. G. No.

Lax. No? you shall.

Mis. G. Shall? away, souced sturgeon! half fish, half flesh. 100

Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to *make all split.*" It appears to have been originally a sailor's phrase, as shown from a passage (quoted in Dyce's *Shakespeare Glossary*) of Greene's *Never too Late*:—"He set down this period with such a sigh that, *as the mariners say*, a man would have thought *all would have split again.*"

[1] There are frequent allusions in the dramatists to the high cork-heels worn by women. Cf. Marston's *Dutch Courtesan*, iii. 1—"Dost not wear high *cork-shoes*, choppines?"

Lax. Faith, gib,[1] are you spitting? I'll cut your tail, puss-cat, for this.

Mis. G. 'Las, poor Laxton, I think thy tail's cut already! your worst.

Lax. If I do not—— [*Exit.*

Gos. Come, ha' you done?

Enter OPENWORK.

'Sfoot, Rosamond, your husband!

Open. How now? sweet master Goshawk! none more welcome;
I've wanted your embracements: when friends meet,
The music of the spheres sounds not more sweet 110
Than does their conference. Who's this? Rosamond?
Wife? how now, sister?

Gos. Silence, if you love me!

Open. Why mask'd?

Mis. O. Does a mask grieve you, sir?

Open. It does.

Mis. O. Then you're best get you a mumming.

Gos. 'Sfoot, you'll spoil all!

Mis. G. May not we cover our bare faces with masks,
As well as you cover your bald heads with hats?

Open. No masks; why, they're thieves to beauty, that rob eyes
Of admiration in which true love lies.
Why are masks worn? why good? or why desir'd?
Unless by their gay covers wits are fir'd 120

[1] A term of abuse for a scold: literally a tom-cat.

To read the vildest[1] looks: many bad faces,
Because rich gems are treasur'd up in cases,
Pass by their privilege current; but as caves
Damn misers' gold, so masks are beauties' graves.
Men ne'er meet women with such muffled eyes,
But they curse her that first did masks devise,
And swear it was some beldam. Come, off with't.

Mis. O. I will not.

Open. Good faces mask'd are jewels kept by sprites;[2]
Hide none but bad ones, for they poison men's sights; 130
Show, then, as shopkeepers do their broider'd stuff,
By owl-light; fine wares can't be open enough.
Prithee, sweet Rose, come, strike this sail.

Mis. O. Sail?

Open. Ha!
Yes, wife, strike sail, for storms are in thine eyes.

Mis. O. They're here, sir, in my brows, if any rise.

Open. Ha, brows?—What says she, friend? pray, tell me why
Your two flags[3] were advanc'd; the comedy,
Come, what's the comedy?

Mis. G.[4] *Westward ho.*[5]

Open. How?

Mis. O. 'Tis *Westward ho,* she says.

Gos. Are you both mad?

---

[1] Vilest.
[2] Old ed. "spirits."
[3] Flags were placed at the tops of theatres.
[4] Old ed. "*Mist. Open.*"
[5] By Webster and Dekker; printed in 1607 (but written before 1605). "Westward ho!" was a cry of the watermen.

Mis. O. Is't market-day at Brainford, and your ware
Not sent up yet?
Open. What market-day? what ware? 141
Mis. O. A pie with three pigeons in't: 'tis drawn,
And stays your cutting up.
Gos. As you regard my credit——
Open. Art mad?
Mis. O. Yes, lecherous goat, baboon!
Open. Baboon? then toss me in a blanket.
Mis. O. Do I it well?
Mis. G. Rarely.
Gos. Belike, sir, she's not well; best leave her.
Open. No; 150
I'll stand the storm now, how fierce soe'er it blow.
Mis. O. Did I for this lose all my friends, refuse
Rich hopes and golden fortunes, to be made
A stale[1] to a common whore?
Open. This does amaze me.
Mis. O. O God, O God! feed at reversion now?
A strumpet's leaving?
Open. Rosamond!
Gos. I sweat; would I lay in Cold Harbour![2]
[*Aside.*

---

[1] "Our old writers use the term in the sense of a substitute for another in wickedness, especially in adultery, or sometimes as a cover for another's guilt—

> 'You have another mistress, go to her,
> I will not be her stale.'
> *The Shepheards Holyday*, sig. G. 1."—*Halliwell.*

[2] See note 2, vol. ii. p. 277.

Mis. O. Thou'st struck ten thousand daggers through my heart!

Open. Not I, by heaven, sweet wife! 160

Mis. O. Go, devil, go; that which thou swear'st by damns thee!

Gos. 'S heart, will you undo me?

Mis. O. Why stay you here? the star by which you sail
Shines yonder above Chelsea; you lose your shore;
If this moon light you, seek out your light whore.

Open. Ha!

Mis. G. Push, your western pug![1]

Gos. Zounds, now hell roars!

Mis. O. With whom you tilted in a pair of oars
This very morning.

Open. Oars?

Mis. O. At Brainford, sir.

Open. Rack not my patience.—Master Goshawk,
Some slave has buzz'd this into her, has he not? 170
I run a tilt in Brainford with a woman?
'Tis a lie!
What old bawd tells thee this? 's death, 'tis a lie!

Mis. O. 'Tis one [who] to thy face shall justify
All that I speak.

Open. Ud'soul, do but name that rascal!

Mis. O. No, sir, I will not.

---

[1] "'I doubt the sand-eyde asse will kicke like a *Westerne Pugge*, if I rubbe him on the gall.'—Greene's *Theeves falling out*, &c., sig. C., ed. 1637. 'In so much that [during the plague] euen the *Westerne Pugs* receiuing mony here, have tyed it in a bag at the end of their barge, and so trailed it through the Thames,' &c.—Dekker's *Wonderfull Yeare*, 1603, sig. F. 3."—*Dyce*.

Gos. Keep thee there, girl, then! [*Aside.*
Open.[1] Sister, know you this varlet?
Mis. G. Yes.
Open. Swear true;
Is there a rogue so low damn'd? a second Judas?—
A common hangman, cutting a man's throat,
Does it to his face,—bite me behind my back? 180
A cur dog? swear if you know this hell-hound.
Mis. G. In truth, I do.
Open. His name?
Mis. G. Not for the world;
To have you to stab him.
Gos. O brave girls, worth gold![2] [*Aside.*
Open. A word, honest master Goshawk.
[*Drawing his sword.*
Gos. What do you mean, sir.
Open. Keep off, and if the devil can give a name
To this new fury, holla it through my ear,
Or wrap it up in some hid character.
I'll ride to Oxford and watch out mine eyes,
But I will hear the Brazen Head[3] speak, or else
Show me but one hair of his head or beard, 190
That I may sample it. If the fiend I meet
In mine own house, I'll kill him; [in] the street,

---

[1] Old ed. "*Mist. Open.*"

[2] "A girl worth gold" was a proverbial expression: it is the after-title of Heywood's *Fair Maid of the West.*

[3] In the prose-tract of the *Famous Historie of Fryer Bacon* it is related how "Friar Bacon made a Brazen Head to speak, by which he would have walled England about with brass." See Dyce's *Greene*, pp. 179–180 (1 vol. ed.)

Or at the church-door,—there, 'cause he seeks t' untie
The knot God fastens, he deserves most to die.
Mis. O. My husband titles him!
Open. Master Goshawk, pray, sir,
Swear to me that you know him, or know him not,
Who makes me at Brainford to take up a petticoat
Besides my wife's.
Gos. By heaven, that man I know not!
Mis. O. Come, come, you lie!
Gos. Will you not have all out?
By heaven, I know no man beneath the moon 200
Should do you wrong, but if I had his name,
I'd print it in text letters.
Mis. O. Print thine own then:
Didst not thou swear to me he kept his whore!
Mis. G. And that in sinful Brainford they'd commit
That which our lips did water at, sir,—ha?
Mis. O. Thou spider that hast woven thy cunning web
In mine own house t' ensnare me! hast not thou
Suck'd nourishment even underneath this roof,
And turn'd it all to poison, spitting it
On thy friend's face, my husband, (he as 'twere sleeping),
Only to leave him ugly to mine eyes, 211
That they might glance on thee?
Mis. G. Speak, are these lies?
Gos. Mine own shame me confounds!
Open.[1] No more; he's stung.
Who'd think that in one body there could dwell

[1] Old ed. "*Mist. Open.*"

Deformity and beauty, heaven and hell?
Goodness I see is but outside; we all set
In rings of gold stones that be counterfeit:
I thought you none.
Gos. Pardon me!
Open. Truth I do:
This blemish grows in nature, not in you;
For man's creation stick[s] even moles in scorn 220
On fairest cheeks.—Wife, nothing's perfect born.
Mis. O. I thought you had been born perfect.
Open. What's this whole world but a gilt rotten pill?
For at the heart lies the old core still.
I'll tell you, master Goshawk, ay, in your eye
I have seen wanton fire; and then, to try
The soundness of my judgment, I told you
I kept a whore, made you believe 'twas true,
Only to feel how your pulse beat; but find
The world can hardly yield a perfect friend. 230
Come, come, a trick of youth, and 'tis forgiven;
This rub put by, our love shall run more even.
Mis. O. You'll deal upon men's wives no more?
Gos. No; you teach me
A trick for that.
Mis. O. Troth, do not; they'll o'erreach thee.
Open. Make my house yours, sir, still.
Gos. No.
Open. I say you shall:
Seeing thus besieg'd it holds out, 'twill never fall.

Enter GALLIPOT, *followed by* GREENWIT *disguised as a Sumner*;[1] *and* LAXTON *muffled aloof off.*[2]

Open.
Gos., &c.[3] } How now?

Gal. With me, sir?

Green. You, sir. I have gone snuffling[4] up and down by your door this hour, to watch for you. 240

Mis. G. What's the matter, husband?

Green. I have caught a cold in my head, sir, by sitting up late in the Rose tavern; but I hope you understand my speech.

Gal. So, sir.

Green. I cite you by the name of Hippocrates Gallipot, and you by the name of Prudence Gallipot, to appear upon *Crastino*,—do you see?—*Crastino sancti Dunstani*, this Easter term, in Bow Church.

Gal. Where, sir? what says he? 250

Green. Bow, Bow Church, to answer to a libel of precontract on the part and behalf of the said Prudence and another: you're best, sir, take a copy of the citation, 'tis but twelvepence.

Open.
Gos., &c. } A citation!

Gal. You pocky-nosed rascal, what slave fees you to this!

---

[1] See note 1, vol. iii. p. 76.

[2] We have had the expression "aloof off" in *Michaelmas Term*, i. 1 and iii. 1.

[3] Old ed. "*Omnes.*"

[4] Old ed. "snaffling."

Lax. [*coming forward.*] Slave? I ha' nothing to do with you; do you hear, sir?

Gos. Laxton, is't not? What fagary[1] is this? 260

Gal. Trust me, I thought, sir, this storm long ago
Had been full laid, when, if you be remember'd,
I paid you the last fifteen pound, besides
The thirty you had first; for then you swore——

Lax. Tush, tush, sir, oaths,—
Truth, yet I'm loath to vex you—tell you what,
Make up the money. I had an hundred pound,
And take your bellyful of her.

Gal. An hundred pound?

Mis. G. What, a hundred pound? he gets none: what, a hundred pound? 270

Gal. Sweet Pru, be calm; the gentleman offers thus:
If I will make the moneys that are past
A hundred pound, he will discharge all courts,
And give his bond never to vex us more.

Mis. G. A hundred pound? 'Las, take, sir, but threescore!
Do you seek my undoing?

Lax. I'll not 'bate one sixpence.—
I'll maul you, puss, for spitting.

Mis. G. Do thy worst.—
Will fourscore stop thy mouth?

Lax. No.

Mis. G. You're a slave;

---

[1] Vagary.

Thou cheat, I'll now tear money from thy throat.—
Husband, lay hold on yonder tawny coat.[1] 280

Green. Nay, gentlemen, seeing your women are so hot, I must lose my hair[2] in their company, I see.

[*Takes off his false hair.*

Mis. O. His hair sheds off, and yet he speaks not so much in the nose as he did before.

Gos. He has had the better chirurgeon.—Master Greenwit, is your wit so raw as to play no better a part than a sumner's?

Gal. I pray, who plays *A knack to know an honest man*,[3] in this company?

Mis. G. Dear husband, pardon me, I did dissemble,
Told thee I was his precontracted wife, 291
When letters came from him for thirty pound:
I had no shift but that.

Gal. A very clean shift,
But able to make me lousy: on.

Mis. G. Husband, I pluck'd,
When he had tempted me to think well of him,
Gelt feathers[4] from thy wings, to make him fly
More lofty.

Gal. A' the top of you, wife: on.

Mis. G. He having wasted them, comes now for more,

---

[1] Apparitors [and bishops' retainers] wore tawny coats.

[2] A reference to the effects of *lues venerea*.

[3] The name of an anonymous comedy.

[4] "*i.e.* golden feathers. But I am by no means confident that I have restored the right reading. Old ed. 'Get *fethers*.'"—*Dyce*.

Using me as a ruffian doth his whore,
Whose sin keeps him in breath. By heaven, I vow, 300
Thy bed he ne'er wronged more than he does now!

Gal. My bed? ha, ha! like enough; a shopboard will serve
To have a cuckold's coat cut out upon:
Of that we'll talk hereafter.—You're a villain.

Lax. Hear me but speak, sir, you shall find me none.

Open. } Pray, sir, be patient, and hear him.
Gos., &c. }

Gal. I'm muzzl'd for biting, sir; use me how you will.

Lax. The first hour that your wife was in my eye,
Myself with other gentlemen sitting by
In your shop tasting smoke, and speech being us'd, 310
That men who've fairest wives are most abus'd,
And hardly scape[1] the horn, your wife maintain'd
That only such spots in city dames were stain'd
Justly but by men's slanders: for her own part,
She vow'd that you had so much of her heart,
No man, by all his wit, by any wile
Never so fine-spun, should yourself beguile
Of what in her was yours.

Gal. Yet, Pru, 'tis well.—
Play out your game at Irish,[2] sir: who wins?

Mis. O. The trial is when she comes to bearing.[3] 320

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[1] Old ed. "scapt."

[2] A game resembling backgammon. It is described in the *Complete Gamester*, 1674.

[3] "'*Bear* as fast as you can . . . when you *come to bearing*, have a

Lax. I scorn'd one woman thus should brave all men,
And, which more vex'd me, a she-citizen;
Therefore I laid siege to her: out she held,
Gave many a brave repulse, and me compell'd
With shame to sound retreat to my hot lust:
Then, seeing all base desires rak'd up in dust,
And that to tempt her modest ears, I swore
Ne'er to presume again: she said, her eye
Would ever give me welcome honestly;
And, since I was a gentleman, if't run low, 330
She would my state relieve, not to o'erthrow
Your own and hers: did so; then seeing I wrought
Upon her meekness, me she set at nought;
And yet to try if I could turn that tide,
You see what stream I strove with; but, sir, I swear
By heaven, and by those hopes men lay up there,
I neither have nor had a base intent
To wrong your bed! what's done, is merriment:
Your gold I pay back with this interest,
When I'd most power to do't, I wrong'd you least. 340

Gal. If this no gullery be, sir——

Open. } No, no, on my life!
Gos. &c. }

Gal. Then, sir, I am beholden—not to you, wife,—
But, master Laxton, to your want of doing
Ill, which it seems you have not.—Gentlemen,
Tarry and dine here all.

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care,' &c.—*The Compleat Gamester*, pp. 155–6, ed. 1674."—*Dyce.* Cf. *Northward Ho*, iv. 1:—"Did I not tell you, old man, that she'd win at any game *when she came to bearing?*"

holding out: who most bra

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter JACK DAPPER, MOLL, Sir BEAUTEOUS GANYMEDE, *and* Sir THOMAS LONG.

J. Dap. But, prithee, master captain Jack, be plain and perspicuous with me; was it your Meg[1] of Westminster's courage that rescued me from the Poultry puttocks[2] indeed?

Moll. The valour of my wit, I ensure you, sir, fetched you off bravely, when you were i' the forlorn hope among those desperates. Sir Beauteous Ganymede here, and sir Thomas Long, heard that cuckoo, my man Trapdoor, sing the note of your ransom from captivity.

S. Beau. Uds so, Moll, where's that Trapdoor? 10

Moll. Hanged, I think, by this time: a justice in this

[1] A virago whose exploits are celebrated in a black-letter tract entitled *The life and pranks of long Meg of Westminster*, 1582 (re-issued in 1635). She was the heroine of a lost play acted in 1594–5. See Henslowe's *Diary*, p. 49. From Field's *Amends for Ladies* we learn that a play of Long Meg was acted at the Fortune (circ. 1618). She is introduced in the anti-masque of Ben Jonson's *Fortunate Isles*.

[2] Kites.

town, that speaks nothing but *make a mittimus, away with him to Newgate*, used that rogue like a firework,[1] to run upon a line betwixt him and me.

All. How, how?

Moll. Marry, to lay trains of villany to blow up my life: I smelt the powder, spied what linstock[2] gave fire to shoot against the poor captain of the galley-foist,[3] and away slid I my man like a shovel-board shilling.[4] He strouts[5] up and down the suburbs, I think, and eats up whores, feeds upon a bawd's garbage. 21

S. Tho. Sirrah, Jack Dapper——

J. Dap. What sayst, Tom Long?

S. Tho. Thou hadst a sweet-faced boy, hail-fellow with thee, to your little Gull: how is he spent?

J. Dap. Troth, I whistled the poor little buzzard off a' my fist, because, when he waited upon me at the ordinaries, the gallants hit me i' the teeth still, and said I looked like a painted alderman's tomb, and the boy at my elbow like a death's head.—Sirrah Jack, Moll——

Moll. What says my little Dapper? 31

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[1] "So Dekker in his *Whore of Babylon*, 1607:

'Let vs behold these *fire-workes, that must run*
Vpon short lines of life.'—Sig. E 4."—*Dyce.*

The expression is not uncommon. Cf. Marston's *Fawn*, i. 2:—"There be squibs, sir; which squibs *running upon lines*, like some of our gaudy gallants, sir, keep a smother, sir."

[2] The stick that held the gunner's match (lint-stock).

[3] A long barge with oars, used on state occasions.

[4] A shilling used in the game of shovel-board: it was smooth in order to slip easily. The game (which is not quite obsolete) is described by Strutt.

[5] Struts.

S. Beau. Come, come; walk and talk, walk and talk.

J. Dap. Moll and I'll be i' the midst.

Moll. These knights shall have squires' places belike then: well, Dapper, what say you?

J. Dap. Sirrah captain, mad Mary, the gull my own father, Dapper sir Davy, laid these London boot-halers,[1] the catchpolls, in ambush to set upon me.

All. Your father? away, Jack! 40

J. Dap. By the tassels of this handkercher, 'tis true: and what was his warlike stratagem, think you? he thought, because a wicker cage tames a nightingale, a lousy prison could make an ass of me.

All. A nasty plot!

J. Dap. Ay, as though a Counter, which is a park in which all the wild beasts of the city run head by head, could tame me!

Moll. Yonder comes my lord Noland.

Enter LORD NOLAND.

All. Save you, my lord. 50

L. Nol. Well met, gentlemen all.—Good sir Beauteous Ganymede, sir Thomas Long,—and how does master Dapper?

J. Dap. Thanks, my lord.

Moll. No tobacco, my lord?

L. Nol. No, faith, Jack.

J. Dap. My lord Noland, will you go to Pimlico[2] with

[1] A cant term for highwaymen.

[2] A part of Hoxton. See note, p. 48.

us? we are making a boon voyage to that nappy land of spice-cakes.

L. Nol. Here's such a merry ging,[1] I could find in my heart to sail to the world's end with such company: come, gentlemen, let's on. 62

J. Dap. Here's most amorous weather, my lord.

All. Amorous weather! [*They walk.*

J. Dap. Is not amorous a good word?

Enter TRAPDOOR *disguised as a poor Soldier with a patch over one eye, and* TEARCAT *all in tatters.*

Trap. Shall we set upon the infantry, these troops of foot? Zounds, yonder comes Moll, my whorish master and mistress! would I had her kidneys between my teeth!

Tear. I had rather have a cow-heel. 70

Trap. Zounds, I am so patched up, she cannot discover me: we'll on.

Tear. *Alla corago,*[1] then!

Trap. Good your honours and worships, enlarge the ears of commiseration, and let the sound of a hoarse military organ-pipe penetrate your pitiful bowels, to extract out of them so many small drops of silver as may give a hard straw-bed lodging to a couple of maimed soldiers.

J. Dap. Where are you maimed?

Tear. In both our nether limbs. 80

Moll. Come, come, Dapper, let's give 'em something: 'las, poor men! what money have you? by my troth, I love a soldier with my soul.

---

[1] Company.

[2] A corruption of Ital. *coraggio.*

S. Beau. Stay, stay; where have you served?

S. Tho. In any part of the Low Countries?

Trap. Not in the Low Countries, if it please your manhood, but in Hungary against the Turk at the siege of Belgrade.

L. Nol. Who served there with you, sirrah? 89

Trap. Many Hungarians, Moldavians, Vallachians, and Transylvanians, with some Sclavonians; and retiring home, sir, the Venetian galleys took us prisoners, yet freed us, and suffered us to beg up and down the country.

J. Dap. You have ambled all over Italy, then?

Trap. O sir, from Venice to Roma, Vecchia, Bononia, Romagna, Bologna,[1] Modena, Piacenza, and Tuscana, with all her cities, as Pistoia, Valteria,[2] Mountepulchena,[3] Arezzo; with the Siennois, and divers others.

Moll. Mere rogues! put spurs to 'em once more.

J. Dap. Thou lookest like a strange creature, a fat butter-box, yet speakest English: what art thou? 101

Tear. *Ick, mine here? ick bin den ruffling Tearcat, den brave soldado; ick bin dorick all Dutchlant gereisen; der schellum das meer ine beasa ine woert gaeb, ick slaag um stroakes on tom cop; dastick den hundred touzun divel halle, frollick, mine here.*

S. Beau. Here, here; let's be rid of their jobbering.[4]

[*About to give money.*

Moll. Not a cross,[5] sir Beauteous.—You base rogues, I have taken measure of you better than a tailor can;

can see through guise

[1] *Bononia* and *Bologna* are of course one and the same place.
[2] Volterra. [3] Montepulciano. [4] Jabbering.
[5] A piece of money marked with a cross on one side.

and I'll fit you, as you, monster with one eye, have fitted me. 111

Trap. Your worship will not abuse a soldier?

Moll. Soldier? thou deservest to be hanged up by that tongue which dishonours so noble a profession: soldier? you skeldering[1] varlet! hold, stand; there should be a trapdoor here abouts. [*Pulls off his patch.*

Trap. The balls of these glasiers[2] of mine, mine eyes, shall be shot up and down in any hot piece of service for my invincible mistress.

J. Dap. I did not think there had been such knavery in black patches[3] as now I see. 121

Moll. O sir, he hath been brought up in the Isle of Dogs,[4] and can both fawn like a spaniel, and bite like a mastiff, as he finds occasion.

L. Nol. What are you, sirrah? a bird of this feather too?

Tear. A man beaten from the wars, sir.

S. Tho. I think so, for you never stood to fight.

J. Dap. What's thy name, fellow soldier?

Tear. I am called by those that have seen my valour, Tearcat. 131

All. Tearcat?

Moll. A mere whip-jack,[5] and that is, in the common-

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[1] Swindling. A cant term (used by Ben Jonson, &c.)

[2] A cant term for eyes. It occurs in Harman's *Caveat for Cursitors* and Dekker's *Lanthorne and Candlelight.*

[3] Ornamental black patches were worn by ladies and fops.

[4] A place of refuge for debtors and criminals.

[5] There is a similar description of a *whipjacke* in Dekker's *Belman of London*, 1608.

wealth of rogues, a slave that can talk of sea-fight, name all your chief pirates, discover more countries to you than either the Dutch, Spanish, French, or English ever found out; yet indeed all his service is by land, and that is to rob a fair, or some such venturous exploit. Tear-cat? 'foot, sirrah, I have your name, now I remember me, in my book of horners; horns for the thumb,[1] you know how. 141

Tear. No indeed, captain Moll, for I know you by sight, I am no such nipping Christian, but a maunderer upon the pad,[2] I confess; and meeting with honest Trapdoor here, whom you had cashiered from bearing arms, out at elbows, under your colours, I instructed him in the rudiments of roguery, and by my map made him sail over any country you can name, so that now he can maunder better than myself.

J. Dap. So, then, Trapdoor, thou art turned soldier now? 151

Trap. Alas, sir, now there's no wars, 'tis the safest course of life I could take!

Moll. I hope, then, you can cant, for by your cudgels, you, sirrah, are an upright man.[3]

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[1] *Horn-thumb* was a cant term for a cutpurse. A case of horn was put on the thumb to resist the edge of the knife in cutting purses. Cf. Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, ii. 11:—"I mean a child of the *horn-thumb*, a babe of booty, boy, a cutpurse,"—where see Gifford's note.

[2] "Maund upon the pad" = beg on the highroad.

[3] "Is a sturdy big-bonde knaue, that neuer walkes but (like a Commander) with a short truncheon in his hand, which hee cals his Filchman. At Markets, Fayres, and other meetings his voice among Beggars is of the same sound that a Constables is of, it is not to be controld. He is free of all the shiers in England, but neuer stayes in any place

Trap. As any walks the highway, I assure you.

Moll. And, Tearcat, what are you? a wild rogue,[1] an angler,[2] or a ruffler?[3]

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long, &c. &c. . . . These [upright men] cary the shapes of soldiers, and can talke of the Low Countries, though they neuer were beyond Dover."—Dekker's *Belman of London*, 1608, sig. C 3. All the cant terms that occur in the present scene are explained in Dekker's tracts, the *Belman of London* and *Lanthorne and Candlelight.* For his information Dekker was largely indebted to Harman's *Caveat for Cursitors.* Fletcher in his *Beggar's Bush* and Brome in *A Jovial Crew* give us a taste of Pedlar's French; but Dekker in the present scene doses us severely. I have retained the explanatory quotations which Dyce gave (verbatim and literatim) from the *Belman of London* and *Lanthorne and Candlelight.* Dr. Grosart's complete collection (now in course of publication) of Dekker's prose works will supply a want which has long been felt.

(1) "Is a spirit that cares not in what circle he rises, nor into the company of what Diuels hee falles: in his swadling clouts is he marked to be a villaine, and in his breeding is instructed to be so. . . . These Wilde Rogues (like wilde geese) keepe in flocks, and all the day loyter in the fields, if the weather bee warme, and at Bricke-kils, or else disperse themselues in cold weather, to rich mens doores, and at night haue their meetings in Barnes or other out places," &c. *Id.* sig. D.

(2) "Is a lymb of an Vpright man, as beeing deriued from him: their apparell in which they walke is commonly frieze Jerkins and gally slops: in the day time, they beg from house to house, not so much for reliefe, as to spy what lyes fit for their nets, which in the night following they fish for. The Rod they angle with is a staffe of fiue or six foote in length, in which within one inch of the top is a little hole boared quite thorough, into which hole they put an yron hooke, and with the same doe they angle at windowes about midnight, the draught they pluck vp beeing apparell, sheetes, couerlets, or whatsoeuer their yron hookes can lay hold of," &c. *Id.* sig. C 4.

(3) "The next in degree to him [the Vpright man] is cald a Ruffler: the Ruffler and the Vpright-man are so like in conditions, that you would sweare them brothers: they walke with cudgels alike; they profess armes alike. . . . These commonly are fellowes that haue stood aloofe in the warres, and whilst others fought, they tooke their heeles and ran away from their Captaine, or else they haue bin Seruing-men, whome for their behauiour no man would trust with a liuery," &c. *Id.* ibid.

Tear. Brother to this upright man, flesh and blood; ruffling Tearcat is my name, and a ruffler is my style, my title, my profession. 161

Moll. Sirrah, where's your doxy? halt not with me.

All. Doxy, Moll? what's that?

Moll. His wench.

Trap. My doxy? I have, by the salomon,[1] a doxy that carries a kinchin[2] mort in her slate at her back, besides my dell and my dainty wild dell,[3] with all whom I'll[4] tumble this next darkmans in the strommel, and drink ben bouse,[5] and eat a fat gruntling cheat, a cackling cheat, and a quacking cheat. 170

J. Dap. Here's old[6] cheating!

Trap. My doxy stays for me in a bousing ken,[7] brave captain.

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[1] By the mass. We have this cant expression in Harman's *Caveat*, Dekker's *Lanthorne and Candlelight*, Fletcher's *Beggar's Bush*, &c.

[2] Old ed. "kitchen-*mort*." "Kinching-morts are girles of a yeare or two old, which the Morts (their mothers) cary at their backes in their Slates (which in the Canting-Tongue are Sheetes); if they haue no children of their owne, they will steale them from others, and by some meane disfigure them, that by their parents they shall neuer be knowne." —Dekker's *Belman of London*, 1608, sig. D 3.

[3] "A dell is a young wench, . . . but as yet not spoyled of her maidenhead. These Dells are reserued as dishes for the Vpright-men, for none but they must have the first taste of them. . . . Of these dells some are termed Wilde Dells, and those are such as are born and begotten under a hedge: the other are yong wenches that, either by death of parents, the Villainie of Executors, or the crueltie of maisters, and mistresses, fall into this infamous and damnable course of life."—*Id.* sig. D 3, 4.

[4] *i.e.* I'll tumble this next night in the straw, and drink good drink, and eat a fat pig, a capon, and a duck.

[5] Old ed. "baufe"—an evident misprint for the cant term "bouse."

[6] Fine, rare.

[7] "Bousing ken" = alehouse.

l. He says his wench stays for him in an ale-house.
re no[1] pure rogues!
r. Pure rogues? no, we scorn to be pure rogues;
you come to our lib[2] ken or our stalling ken, you
ind neither him nor me a queer cuffin.[3]
l. So, sir, no churl of you.
r. No, but a ben cove,[4] a brave cove, a gentry
181
Vol. Call you this canting?
Dap. Zounds, I'll give a schoolmaster half-a-crown
, and teach me this pedlar's French.[5]
p. Do but stroll, sir, half a harvest with us, sir, and
all gabble your bellyful.
l. Come, you rogue, cant with me.
Tho. Well said, Moll.—Cant with her, sirrah, and
all have money, else not a penny.
p. I'll have a bout, if she please. 190

a ken, or nip a bung, and then we'll couch a hogshead under the ruffmans, and there you shall wap with me, and I'll niggle with you.

Moll. Out, you damned impudent rascal!

Trap. Cut benar[1] whids, and hold your fambles and your stamps.

L. Nol. Nay, nay, Moll, why art thou angry? what was his gibberish? 200

Moll. Marry, this, my lord, says he: *Ben mort*, good wench, *shall you and I heave a bough*,[2] *mill a ken, or nip a bung?* shall you and I rob a house or cut a purse?

All. Very good.

Moll. And then we'll couch a hogshead under the ruffmans; and then we'll lie under a hedge.

Trap. That was my desire, captain, as 'tis fit a soldier should lie.

Moll. And there you shall wap with me, and I'll niggle with you,—and that's all. 210

S. Beau. Nay, nay, Moll, what's that wap?

J. Dap. Nay, teach me what niggling is; I'd fain be niggling.

Moll. Wapping and niggling is all one, the rogue my man can tell you.

Trap. 'Tis fadoodling, if it please you.

S. Beau. This is excellent! One fit more, good Moll.

Moll. Come, you rogue, sing with me.

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and Candlelight, 1612, sig. C 2, 3. Moll presently interprets the passage.

[1] *i.e.* Speak better words, and hold your hands and your legs. See *Id.* ibid.

[2] "Heave a bough" = rob a booth.

Song by MOLL *and* TEARCAT.[1]

A gage[2] *of ben rom-bouse*
In a bousing ken of Rom-vile, 220
Is benar than a caster,
Peck, pennam, lap,[3] *or popler,*
Which we mill in deuse a vile.
O I wud lib all the lightmans,
O I wud lib all the darkmans
By the salomon, under the ruffmans,
By the salomon, in the hartmans,
And scour the queer cramp ring,
And couch till a palliard dock'd my dell,
So my bousy nab might skew rom-bouse well. 230
Avast to the pad, let us bing;
Avast to the pad, let us bing.

Fine knaves, i'faith!

gruntling of five hundred hogs coming from Rumford market, cannot make a worse noise than this canting language does in my ears. Pray, my lord Noland, let's give these soldiers their pay.

S. Beau. Agreed, and let them march.

L. Nol. Here, Moll. [*Gives money.* 240

Moll. Now I see that you are stalled to the rogue,[1] and are not ashamed of your professions: look you, my lord Noland here and these gentlemen bestows upon you two two boards[2] and a half, that's two shillings sixpence.

Trap. Thanks to your lordship.

Tear. Thanks, heroical captain.

Moll. Away!

Trap. We shall cut ben whids of your masters and mistress-ship wheresoever we come. 250

Moll. You'll maintain, sirrah, the old justice's plot to his face?

---

1 "This done, the Grand Signior called for a Gage of Bowse, which belike signified a quart of drinke, for presently a pot of Ale being put into his hand, hee made the yong Squire kneele downe, and powring the full pot on his pate, vttered these wordes, I doe *stall thee to the Rogue* by vertue of this soueraigne English liquor, so that henceforth it shall be lawfull for thee to Cant (that is to say) to be a Vagabond and Beg," &c.—Dekker's *Belman of London*, 1608, sig. C. "*Stalling*, making or ordeyning."—Dekker's *Lanthorne and Candlelight*, 1612, sig. C 3. Cf. Fletcher's *Beggar's Bush*, iii. 4:—

> "I crown thy nab with a gage of ben-bowse,
> And stall thee by the salmon in the clowes," &c.

"*Borde*, a shilling."—Dekker's *Lanthorne and Candlelight*, 1612, sig. C 2.

2 *i.e.* speak good words. See *Id.* ibid.

Else trine me on the cheats,[1]—hang me.
Be sure you meet me there.
Without any more maundering,[2] I'll do't.—
brave Tearcat.
I præ, sequor: let us go, mouse.[3]
[*Exeunt* TRAPDOOR *and* TEARCAT.
l. Moll, what was in that canting song?
Troth, my lord, only a praise of good drink, the
k which these wild beasts love to suck, and thus

A rich cup of wine,
O it is juice divine!
More wholesome for the head
Than meat, drink, or bread:
To fill my drunken pate
With that, I'd sit up late;
By the heels would I lie,

Enter a Cutpurse *very gallant,*[1] *with four or five others, one having a wand.*

L. Nol. What gallant comes yonder?

S. Tho. Mass, I think I know him; 'tis one of Cumberland.

First Cut. Shall we venture to shuffle in amongst yon heap of gallants, and strike?[2]

Sec. Cut. 'Tis a question whether there be any silver shells[3] amongst them, for all their satin outsides. 281

The Rest.[4] Let's try.

Moll. Pox on him, a gallant? Shadow me, I know him; 'tis one that cumbers the land indeed: if he swim near to the shore of any of your pockets, look to your purses.

L. Nol. / *S. Beau., &c.*[4] } Is't possible?

Moll. This brave[5] fellow is no better than a foist.

L. Nol. / *S. Beau., &c.*[4] } Foist! what's that? 289

Moll. A diver with two fingers, a pickpocket; all his train study the figging-law,[6] that's to say, cutting of

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[1] Finely dressed.
[2] The cant term for picking a purse.
[3] Money. See *Belman of London*, 1608, sig. H 2.
[4] Old ed. "*Omnes.*"
[5] Finely dressed.
[6] "In making of which law, two persons haue the chiefe voices, that is to say, the Cutpurse and the Pickpocket, and all the branches of this

nd foisting. One of them is a nip; I took him
the two-penny[1] gallery at the Fortune: then
cloyer, or snap, that dogs any new brother in
le, and snaps will have half in any booty. He
wand is both a stale, whose office is to face a
he streets, whilst shells are drawn by another,
with his black conjuring rod in his hand, he,
imbleness of his eye and juggling stick, will, in
a piece of plate at a goldsmith's stall, make
five rings mount from the top of his *caduceus*,
if it were at leap-frog, they skip into his hand
. 303

ut. Zounds, we are smoked!

est.[2] Ha!

ut. We are boiled,[3] pox on her! see, Moll, the
drab!

Cut. All the diseases of sixteen hospitals boil

First Cut. And you, good sir.

Moll. Dost not ken me, man?

First Cut. No, trust me, sir.

Moll. Heart, there's a knight, to whom I'm bound for many favours, lost his purse at the last new play i' the Swan,[1] seven angels in't: make it good, you're best; do you see? no more.

First Cut. A synagogue shall be called, mistress Mary; disgrace me not; *pacus palabros*,[2] I will conjure for you: farewell. [*Exit with his companions.*

Moll. Did not I tell you, my lord? 321

L. Noll. I wonder how thou camest to the knowledge of these nasty villains.

S. Tho. And why do the foul mouths of the world call thee Moll Cutpurse? a name, methinks, damned and odious.

Moll. Dare any step forth to my face and say,
I've ta'en thee doing so, Moll? I must confess,
In younger days, when I was apt to stray,
I've sat amongst such adders; seen their stings, 330
As any here might, and in full playhouses
Watch'd their quick-diving hands, to bring to shame
Such rogues, and in that stream met an ill name.
When next, my lord, you spy any one of those,
So he be in his art a scholar, question him;

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[1] A playhouse on the Bankside.

[2] A corruption of Span. *pocas palabras*, *i.e.* few words. Cf. *Taming of a Shrew*, i. 1:—"Therefore *paucas pallabris*, let the world slide, Sessa;"—where see Steevens' note.

him with gold to open the large book
close villanies ; and you yourself shall cant
than poor Moll can, and know more laws
ators,[1] lifters,[2] nips, foists, puggards,[3] curbers,[4]
ll the devil's black-guard,[5] than it's fit 340
be discovered to a noble wit,
they have their orders, offices,
s, and circles, unto which they're bound
e their own damnation in.
ap. How dost thou know it ?
. As you do ; I show't you, they to me show it.
e, my lord, you were in Venice——
ol. Well.
. If some Italian pander there would tell
close tricks of courtesans, would not you
n to such a fellow ?
ell. Yes.

Moll. And here,
Being come from Venice, to a friend most dear 350
That were to travel thither, you'd proclaim
Your knowledge in those villanies, to save
Your friend from their quick danger: must you have
A black ill name, because ill things you know?
Good troth, my lord, I'm made Moll Cutpurse so.
How many are whores in small ruffs and still looks!
How many chaste whose names fill Slander's books!
Were all men cuckolds whom gallants in their scorns
Call so, we should not walk for goring horns.
Perhaps for my mad going some reprove me; 360
I please myself, and care not else who love[1] me.

L. Nol.
S. Beau., &c.[2] } A brave mind, Moll, i'faith!

S. Tho. Come, my lord, shall's to the ordinary?

L. Nol. Ay, 'tis noon sure.

Moll. Good my lord, let not my name condemn me to you, or to the world: a fencer I hope may be called a coward; is he so for that? If all that have ill names in London were to be whipt, and to pay but twelvepence a-piece to the beadle, I would rather have his office than a constable's. 370

J. Dap. So would I, captain Moll: 'twere a sweet tickling office, i'faith. [*Exeunt.*

---

[1] Old ed. "loues." [2] Old ed. "*Omnes.*"

SCENE II.

rden attached to Sir ALEXANDER WENGRAVE'S *House.*

Enter Sir ALEXANDER WENGRAVE, GOSHAWK, GREENWIT, *and others.*

Alex. My son marry a thief, that impudent girl,
n all the world stick their worst eyes upon!
een. How will your care prevent it?
s. 'Tis impossible:
marry close, they're gone, but none knows whither.
Alex. O gentlemen, when has a father's heart-strings

Enter Servant.

out so long from breaking?—Now what news,

S. Alex. Delay no time, sweet gentlemen: to Blackfriars!
We'll take a pair of oars, and make after 'em.

Enter TRAPDOOR.

Trap. Your son and that bold masculine ramp[1] my mistress
Are landed now at Tower.
S. Alex. Hoyda, at Tower?
Trap. I heard it now reported.
S. Alex. Which way, gentlemen,
Shall I bestow my care? I'm drawn in pieces
Betwixt deceit and shame.

Enter Sir GUY FITZALLARD.

S. Guy. Sir Alexander,
You are well met, and most rightly served;
My daughter was a scorn to you.
S. Alex. Say not so, sir. 20
S. Guy. A very abject she, poor gentlewoman!
Your house had been dishonour'd. Give you joy, sir,
Of your son's gascoyne bride![2] you'll be a grandfather shortly
To a fine crew of roaring sons and daughters;
'Twill help to stock the suburbs passing well, sir.
S. Alex. O, play not with the miseries of my heart!
Wounds should be drest and heal'd, not vex'd, or left

[1] See note, p. 79.
[2] A bride who wears galligaskins (loose breeches).

open, to the anguish of the patient,
scornful air let in; rather let pity
advice charitably help to refresh 'em. 30
Guy. Who'd place his charity so unworthily?
one that gives alms to a cursing beggar:
I but found one spark of goodness in you
rd my deserving child, which then grew fond
ur son's virtues, I had eas'd you now;
perceive both fire of youth and goodness
ak'd up in the ashes of your age,
no such shame should have come near your house,
such ignoble sorrow touch your heart.
Alex. If not for worth, for pity's sake assist me!
een. You urge a thing past sense; how can he help
you? 41
is assistance is as frail as ours:
as uncertain where's the place that holds 'em;

S. Guy. They're nearer than you think for, yet more close
Than if they were further off.
S. Alex. How am I lost
In these distractions!
S. Guy. For your speeches, gentlemen,
In taxing me for rashness, 'fore you all
I will engage my state to half his wealth,
Nay, to his son's revenues, which are less,
And yet nothing at all till they come from him,
That I could, if my will stuck to my power,
Prevent this marriage yet, nay, banish her 60
For ever from his thoughts, much more his arms.
S. Alex. Slack not this goodness, though you heap upon me
Mountains of malice and revenge hereafter!
I'd willingly resign up half my state to him,
So he would marry the meanest drudge I hire.
Green. He talks impossibilities, and you believe 'em.
S. Guy. I talk no more than I know how to finish,
My fortunes else are his that dares stake with me.
The poor young gentleman I love and pity;
And to keep shame from him (because the spring 70
Of his affection was my daughter's first,
Till his frown blasted all), do but estate him
In those possessions which your love and care
Once pointed out for him, that he may have room
To entertain fortunes of noble birth,
Where now his desperate wants casts him upon her;
And if I do not, for his own sake chiefly,

im of this disease that now grows on him,
rfeit my whole state before these gentlemen.
en. Troth, but you shall not undertake such
matches ; 80
persuade so much with you.
Alex. Here's my ring [*Gives ring.*
ll believe this token. 'Fore these gentlemen
confirm it fully : all those lands
st love 'lotted him, he shall straight possess
t refusal.
Guy. If I change it not,
e me into a beggar.
en. Are you mad, sir ?
Guy. 'Tis done.
. Will you undo yourself by doing,
how a prodigal trick in your old days ?
Alex. 'Tis a match, gentlemen.

Gos. How dost thou, Jack?
Moll. How dost thou, gallant? 100
S. Alex. Impudence, where's my son?
Moll. Weakness, go look him.
S. Alex. Is this your wedding gown?
Moll. The man talks monthly:[1]
Hot broth and a dark chamber for the knight!
I see he'll be stark mad at our next meeting. [*Exit.*
Gos. Why, sir, take comfort now, there's no such matter,
No priest will marry her, sir, for a woman
Whiles that shape's on; and it was never known
Two men were married and conjoin'd in one
Your son hath made some shift to love another.
S. Alex. Whate'er she be, she has my blessing with her: 110
May they be rich and fruitful, and receive
Like comfort to their issue as I take
In them! has pleas'd me now; marrying not this,
Through a whole world he could not choose amiss.
Green. Glad you're so penitent for your former sin, sir.
Gos. Say he should take a wench with her smock-dowry,
No portion with her but her lips and arms?
S. Alex. Why, who thrive better, sir? they have most blessing,

---

[1] "*i.e.* madly; as if under the influence of the moon."—*Steevens.* Cf. the Shakespearean expression "in his lunes."

Though other have more wealth, and least repent:
Many that want most know the most content. 120

Green. Say he should marry a kind youthful sinner?

S. Alex. Age will quench that; any offence but theft
And drunkenness, nothing but death can wipe away;
Their sins are green even when their heads are grey.
Nay, I despair not now; my heart's cheer'd, gentlemen;
No face can come unfortunately to me.—

Re-enter Servant.

Now, sir, your news?

Ser. Your son, with his fair bride,
Is near at hand.

S. Alex. Fair may their fortunes be!

Green. Now you're resolv'd,[1] sir, it was never she.

S. Alex. I find it in the music of my heart. 130

Enter SEBASTIAN WENGRAVE *leading in* MOLL *in her female dress and masked, and* Sir GUY FITZALLARD.

See where they come.

Gos. A proper lusty presence, sir.

S. Alex. Now has he pleas'd me right: I always counsell'd him
To choose a goodly, personable creature:
Just of her pitch was my first wife his mother.

Seb. Before I dare discover my offence,
I kneel for pardon. [*Kneels.*

S. Alex. My heart gave it thee

[1] Convinced.

Before thy tongue could ask it:
Rise; thou hast rais'd my joy to greater height
Than to that seat where grief dejected it.
Both welcome to my love and care for ever! 140
Hide not my happiness too long; all's pardon'd;
Here are our friends.—Salute her, gentlemen.
[*They unmask her.*

All. Heart, who's this? Moll!

S. Alex. O my reviving shame! is't I must live
To be struck blind? be it the work of sorrow,
Before age take't in hand!

S. Guy. Darkness and death!
Have you deceiv'd me thus? did I engage
My whole estate for this?

S. Alex. You ask'd no favour,
And you shall find as little: since my comforts
Play false with me, I'll be as cruel to thee 150
As grief to fathers' hearts.

Moll. Why, what's the matter with you,
'Less too much joy should make your age forgetful?
Are you too well, too happy?

S. Alex. With a vengeance!

Moll. Methinks you should be proud of such a daughter,
As good a man as your son.

S. Alex. O monstrous impudence!

Moll. You had no note before, an unmark'd knight;
Now all the town will take regard on you,
And all your enemies fear you for my sake:

You may pass where you list, through crowds most thick,
And come off bravely with your purse unpick'd. 160
You do not know the benefits I bring with me;
No cheat dares work upon you with thumb or knife,
While you've a roaring girl to your son's wife.

S. Alex. A devil rampant!

S. Guy. Have you so much charity
Yet to release me of my last rash bargain,
And I'll give in your pledge?

S. Alex. No, sir, I stand to't;
I'll work upon advantage, as all mischiefs
Do upon me.

S. Guy. Content. Bear witness all, then,
His are the lands; and so contention ends:
Here comes your son's bride 'twixt two noble friends. 170

Enter LORD NOLAND *and* Sir BEAUTEOUS GANYMEDE *with* MARY FITZALLARD *between them;* GALLIPOT, TILTYARD, OPENWORK, *and their Wives.*

Moll. Now are you gull'd as you would be; thank me for't,
I'd a forefinger in't.

Seb. Forgive me, father!
Though there before your eyes my sorrow feign'd,
This still was she for whom true love complain'd.

S. Alex. Blessings eternal, and the joys of angels,
Begin your peace here to be sign'd in heaven!

---

[1] See note 1, p. 125.

How short my sleep of sorrow seems now to me,
To this eternity of boundless comforts,
That finds no want but utterance and expression!
My lord, your office here appears so honourably, 180
So full of ancient goodness, grace, and worthiness,
I never took more joy in sight of man
Than in your comfortable presence now.

L. Nol. Nor I more delight in doing grace to virtue
Than in this worthy gentlewoman your son's bride,
Noble Fitzallard's daughter, to whose honour
And modest fame I am a servant vow'd;
So is this knight.

S. Alex. Your loves make my joys proud.
Bring forth those deeds of land my care laid ready,
[*Exit* Servant, *who presently returns with deeds.*
And which, old knight, thy nobleness may challenge, 190
Join'd with thy daughter's virtues, whom I prize now
As dearly as that flesh I call mine own.
Forgive me, worthy gentlewoman; 'twas my blindness:
When I rejected thee, I saw thee not;
Sorrow and wilful rashness grew like films
Over the eyes of judgment; now so clear
I see the brightness of thy worth appear.

Mary. Duty and love may I deserve in those!
And all my wishes have a perfect close.

S. Alex. That tongue can never err, the sound's so sweet. 200
Here, honest son, receive into thy hands
The keys of wealth, possession of those lands
Which my first care provided; they're thine own;

n give thee a blessing with 'em! the best joys
an in worldly shapes to man betide
tile lands and a fair fruitful bride,
ch I hope thou'rt sped.
I hope so too, sir.
. Father and son, I ha' done you simple service
here.
For which thou shalt not part, Moll, unrequited.
lex. Thou'rt a mad girl, and yet I cannot now 210
mn thee.
. Condemn me? troth, and you should, sir,
ke you seek out one to hang in my room:
e you the slip at gallows, and cozen the people.
you this jest, my lord?
Vol. What is it, Jack?
. He was in fear his son would marry me,
ver dream't that I would ne'er agree.

L. Nol. This sounds like doomsday.
Moll. Then were marriage best;
For if I should repent, I were soon at rest.
S. Alex. In troth thou'rt a good wench: I'm sorry now
The opinion was so hard I conceiv'd of thee: 230

Enter TRAPDOOR.

Some wrongs I've done thee.
Trap. Is the wind there now?
'Tis time for me to kneel and confess first,
For fear it come too late, and my brains feel it. [*Aside.*
Upon my paws I ask you pardon, mistress!
Moll. Pardon! for what, sir? what has your rogueship done now?
Trap. I've been from time to time hired to confound you
By this old gentleman.
Moll. How?
Trap. Pray, forgive him:
But may I counsel you, you should never do't.
Many a snare t' entrap your worship's life
Have I laid privily; chains, watches, jewels; 240
And when he saw nothing could mount you up,
Four hollow-hearted angels he then gave you,
By which he meant to trap you, I to save you.
S. Alex. To all which shame and grief in me cry guilty.
Forgive me: now I cast the world's eyes from me,

ook upon thee freely with mine own,
he most of many wrongs before me,[1]
rom the jaws of Envy and her people,
othing foul but that. I'll never more
mn by common voice, for that's the whore 250
eceives man's opinion, mocks his trust,
s his love, and makes his heart unjust.
l. Here be the angels, gentlemen; they were
given me
nusician: I pursue no pity;
the law, and you can cuck[2] me, spare not;
up my viol by me, and I care not.
lex. So far I'm sorry, I'll thrice double 'em,
ke thy wrongs amends.
worthy friends, my honourable lord,
auteous Ganymede, and noble Fitzallard, 260
ou kind gentlewomen,[3] whose sparkling presence

EPILOGUE.

A painter having drawn with curious art
The picture of a woman, every part
Limn'd to the life, hung out the piece to sell.
People who pass'd along, viewing it well,
Gave several verdicts on it : some disprais'd
The hair ; some said the brows too high were rais'd ;
Some hit her o'er the lips, mislik'd their colour ;
Some wish'd her nose were shorter ; some, the eyes fuller ;
Others said roses on her cheeks should grow,
Swearing they look'd too pale ; others cried no. 10
The workman still, as fault was found, did mend it,
In hope to please all : but this work being ended,
And hung open at stall, it was so vile,
So monstrous, and so ugly, all men did smile
At the poor painter's folly. Such, we doubt,
Is this our comedy : some perhaps do flout
The plot, saying, 'tis too thin, too weak, too mean ;
Some for the person will revile the scene,
And wonder that a creature of her being
Should be the subject of a poet, seeing 20
In the world's eye none weighs so light : others look

those base tricks, publish'd in a book [1]
his brains they flow'd from, of cutpurse[s],
and foists, nasty, obscene discourses,
of lies as empty of worth or wit,
honest ear or eye unfit.
us,
every brain that's humorous
fashion scenes, we, with the painter, shall,
ing to please all, please none at all. 30
such faults as either the writer's wit
igence of the actors do commit,
ave your pardons : if what both have done
full pay your expectation,
aring Girl herself, some few days hence,
this stage give larger recompence.
mirth that you may share in, herself does woo
you,

A FAIR QUARREL.

A Faire Quarrell. As it was Acted before the King and diuers times publikely by the Prince his Highnes Seruants. Written

By Thomas Midleton and William Rowley. } *Gentl.*

Printed at London for I. T. and are to bee sold at Christ Church Gate. 1617. 4to.

The unsold copies were re-issued in the same year with a new title-page :—*A Faire Quarrell. With new Additions of Mr. Chaughs and Trimtram's Roaring, and the Bauds Song. Neuer before Printed,* &c. The additions consisted of three leaves, which the binder was directed to place "at the latter end of the fourth act." Another edition appeared in 1622, 4to.

A Faire Quarrell.

With new Additions of M^r. Chaughs and Tenantum Roaring, with the Fourth Song.

Quarrelles Printed

Acted was, Allied before the King, by the Prince his Highnesse Seruants.

Written by Thomas Middleton, and William Rowley. Gent.

Printed at London for I. T. and are to be sold at Christ Church Gate. 1617.

A Faire Quarrell.

With new Additions of Mr. *Chaughs* and *Trimtrams* Roaring, and the Bauds Song.
Neuer before Printed.

As it was Acted before the King, by the Prince his Highnesse Seruants.

{ Written by *Thomas Midleton*, and *William Rowley*. } Gent.

Printed at London for *I. T.* and are to be sold at Christ Church Gate. 1617.

TO THE

NOBLY DISPOSED, VIRTUOUS, AND FAITHFUL-BREASTED

ROBERT GREY, ESQUIRE,

ONE OF THE GROOMS OF HIS HIGHNESS' BED-CHAMBER,

His poor well-willer wisheth his best wishes, hic et supra.

WORTHY SIR,

'Tis but a play, and a play is but a butt, against which many shoot many arrows of envy; 'tis the weaker part, and how much more noble shall it be in you to defend it: yet if it be (as some philosophers have left behind 'em), that this megacosm, this great world, is no more than a stage, where every one must act his part, you shall of necessity have many partakers, some long, some short, some indifferent, all some; whilst indeed the players themselves have the least part of it, for I know few that have lands (which are a part of the world), and therefore no grounded men; but howsoever they serve for mutes, happily they must wear good clothes for attendance, yet all have exits, and must all be stript in the tiring-house (viz. the grave), for none must carry any thing out of the stock. You see, sir, I write as I speak, and I speak as I am, and that's excuse enough

I did not mean to write an epistle of praise to
looks so like a thing I know you love not, flattery,
you exceedingly hate actively, and unpleasingly
passively: indeed, I meant to tell you your own,
that this child of the Muses is yours; whoever
, 'tis laid to your charge, and, for aught I know,
st father and keep it too: if it please you, I hope
ll not be ashamed of it neither, for it has been
ough I say it, in good companies, and many have
is a handsome, pretty-spoken infant. Now be
vn judge; at your leisure look on it, at your
e laugh at it; and if you be sorry it is no better,
y be glad it is no bigger.

Yours ever,

WILLIAM ROWLEY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SSELL, *brother to Lady Ager and father to Jane.*
Colonel.
PTAIN AGER, *son to Lady Ager.*
ends of the Colonel.
ends of Captain Ager.
ZALLEN, *privately married to Jane.*
OUGH, *a Cornish gentleman.*
MTRAM, *his servant.*
sician.
geon.
er of the Roaring School.
PTAIN ALBO, *a pander.*
POUR, *a tobacco-seller.*
geants, Roarers, Servants.

DY AGER, *mother to the captain and sister to Russell.*

A FAIR QUARREL.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Court before RUSSELL'S *House.*

Enter RUSSELL.

Rus. It must be all my care; there's all my love,
And that pulls on the other.[1] Had I been left
In a son behind me, while I had been here
He should have shifted as I did before him,
Liv'd on the freeborn portion of his wit;
But a daughter, and that an only one,—O,
We cannot be too careful o' her, too tender!
'Tis such
A brittle niceness, a mere cupboard of glasses,
The least shake breaks or cracks 'em. All my aim is 10
To cast her upon riches; that's the thing
We rich men call perfection; for the world
Can perfect nought without it: 'tis not neatness,

[1] Old eds. "the tother."

Either in handsome wit or handsome outside,
With which one gentleman, far in debt, has courted her;
Which boldness he shall rue. He thinks me blind
And ignorant: I've let him play a long time,
Seem'd to believe his worth, which I know nothing:
He may perhaps laugh at my easy confidence,
Which closely I requite upon his fondness, 20
For this hour snaps him; and before his mistress,
His saint, forsooth, which he inscribes my girl,
He shall be rudely taken and disgrac'd.
The trick will prove an everlasting scarecrow
To fright poor gallants from our rich men's daughters.

Enter LADY AGER *and two* Servants.

Sister! I've such a joy to make you a welcome of,
Better you never tasted.

Lady Ager. Good, sir, spare it not.

Rus. Colonel's come, and your son captain Ager.

Lady Ager. My son? [*Weeps.*

Rus. I know your eye would be first serv'd;
That's the soul's taster still for grief or joy. 30

Lady Ager. O, if a mother's dear suit may prevail with him,
From England he shall never part again!

Rus. No question he'll be rul'd, and grant you that.

Lady Ager. I'll bring all my desires to that request.
[*Exit with* Servants.

Rus. Affectionate sister! she has no daughter now;

It follows all the love must come to him,
And he has a worth deserves it, were it dearer.

Enter Friend *of the* Colonel *and* Friend *of* CAPTAIN AGER.

Col.'s Fr. I must not give way to't.
Rus. What's here to question? [*Aside.*
Col.'s Fr. Compare young captain Ager with the Colonel!
Cap.'s Fr. Young? why, do you
Make youth stand for an imputation?
That which you now produce for his disgrace
Infers his nobleness, that, being young,
Should have an anger more inclin'd to courage
And moderation than the Colonel;
A virtue as rare as chastity in youth;
And let the cause be good—conscience in him,
Which ever crowns his acts, and is indeed
Valour's prosperity—he dares then as much
As ever made him famous that you plead for.
Col.'s Fr. Then I forbear too long.
Cap.'s Fr. His worth for me! [*They fight.*
Rus. Here's noble youths! belike some wench has cross'd 'em,
And now they know not what to do with their blood.
[*Aside.*

Enter the Colonel *and* CAPTAIN AGER.

Col. How now?
Cap. Ager. Hold, hold! what's the incitement?

So serious at your game! come come, the
quarrel?
s Fr. Nothing, good faith, sir.
Nothing? and you bleed?
s Fr. Bleed! where? pish, a little scratch by
chance, sir.
What need this niceness,[1] when you know so
well
must know these things, and truly know 'em?
aintiness makes me but more impatient; 60
range concealment frets me.
s Fr. Words did pass
I was bound to answer, as my opinion
ve instructed me;
ould I take in general fame into 'em,
I should commit no error in't.
What words, sir, and of whom?

Cap. Ager. Why, sir, 'twixt friend and friend
There is so even and level a degree,
It will admit of no superlative.
Col. Not in terms of manhood?
Rus. [*coming forward.*] Nay, gentlemen——
Col. Good sir, give me leave—in terms of manhood,
What can you dispute more questionable?
You're a captain, sir; I give you all your due. 80
Cap. Ager. And you are a colonel, a title
Which may include within it many captains:
Yet, sir, but throwing by those titular shadows,
Which add no substance to the men themselves,
And take them uncompounded, man and man,
They may be so with fair equality.
Col. You're a boy, sir!
Cap. Ager. And you have a beard, sir:
Virginity and marriage are both worthy;
And the positive purity there are some
Have made the nobler.
Col. How now?
Rus. Nay, good sir—— 90
Cap. Ager. I shrink not; he that goes the foremost may
Be overtaken.
Col. Death, how am I weigh'd!
Cap. Ager. In an even balance, sir; a beard put in
Gives but a small advantage: man and man,
And lift the scales.
Col. Patience shall be my curse,
If it ride me further! [*They draw their swords.*

Rus. How now, gallants?
Believe me then, I must give aim[1] no longer:
Can words beget swords, and bring 'em forth, ha?
Come, they're abortive propagations;
Hide 'em, for shame! I had thought soldiers 100
Had been musical, would not strike out of time,
But to the consort[2] of drum, trumps, and fife:
'Tis madman-like to dance without music,
And most unpleasing shows to the beholders,
A Lydian ditty to a Doric note.
Friends embrace with steel hands! fie, it meets too hard!
I must have those encounters here debarr'd.
Col. Shall I lose here what I have safe brought home
Through many dangers?
Cap. Ager. What's that, sir?
Col. My fame,
Life of the life, my reputation. 110
Death! I am squar'd and measur'd out;
My heights, depths, breadth, all my dimensions taken!
Sure I have yet beyond your astrolabe
A spirit unbounded.
Cap. Ager. Sir, you might weigh——
Rus. Tush!
All this is weighing fire, vain and fruitless:
The further it runs into argument,
The further plung'd; beseech you, no more on't.
I have a little claim, sir, in your blood,

---

[1] See note 1, vol. iii. p. 258. [2] Concert.

As near as the brother to your mother,
If that may serve for power to move your quiet; 120
The rest I shall make up with courtesy
And an uncle's love.

Cap. Ager. I have done, sir, but——

Rus. But? I'll have no more shooting at these butts.

Col. We'll to pricks[1] when he please.

Rus. You rove all still.
Sir, I have no motive proof to disgest[2]
Your raised choler back into temperate blood;
But if you'll make mine age a counsellor,—
As all ages have hitherto allow'd it,
Wisdom in men grows up as years increase,—
You shall make me blessed in making peace, 130
And do your judgment right.

Col. In peace at home
Grey hairs are senators, but to determine
Soldiers and their actions——

Enter FITZALLEN *and* JANE.

Rus. 'Tis peace here, sir:
And see, here comes a happy interim;
Here enters now a scene of loving arms;
This couple will not quarrel so.

Col.'s Fr. Be advis'd, sir;
This gentleman, Fitzallen, is your kinsman;
You may o'erthrow his long-labour'd fortunes

---

[1] The *prick* was the point in the centre of the butts. To *rove* was to shoot an arrow at an elevation, not point-blank.

[2] The old form of *digest*.

With one angry minute; 'tis a rich churl,
And this his sole inheritrix; blast not 140
His hopes with this tempest.
Col. It shall calm me:
All the town's conjurers and their demons could not
Have laid my spirit so.
Fitz. Worthy coz,
I gratulate your fair return to peace!
Your swift fame was at home long before you.
Col. It meets, I hope, your happy fortunes here,
And I am glad in't. I must salute your joys, coz,
With a soldier's encounter. [*Kisses* JANE.
Fitz. Worthy captain Ager!
I hope, my kinsman shortly.
Rus. You must come short indeed,
Or the length of my device will be ill-shrunk.— [*Aside.*
Why, now it shows finely! I'll tell you, sir,— 151
Sir?—nay, son, I know i' th' end 'twill be so——
Fitz. I hope so, sir.
Rus. Hope? nay, 'tis past all hope, son:
Here has been such a stormy encounter 'twixt [1]
My cousin [2] captain and this brave Colonel,
About I know not what—nothing indeed—
Competitions, degrees, and comparatives
Of soldiership; but this smooth passage of love
Has calm'd it all.—Come, I will have it sound;
Let me see your hearts combined in your hands, 160

---

[1] Old eds. "betwixt."
[2] A familiar term of address.

And then I will believe the league is good:
It shall be the grape's, if we drink any blood.
Col. I have no anger, sir.
Cap. Ager. I have had none,
My blood has not yet rose to a quarrel;
Nor have you had cause——
Col. No cause of quarrel?
Death! if my father should tell me so——
Rus. Again?
Fitz. Good sir, for my sake——
Col. Faith, I have done, coz;
You do too hastily believe mine anger:
And yet, to say diminiting[1] valour
In a soldier is no cause of quarrel—— 170
Rus. Nay, then, I'll remove the cause, to kill th' effect.
Kinsman, I'll press you to't, if either love
Or consanguinity may move you to't:
I must disarm you; though ye are a soldier,
Pray, grant me your weapon; it shall be safe
[*Takes* CAPTAIN AGER'S *sword.*
At your regress from my house. Now I know
No words can move this noble soldier's sword
To a man undefenc'd so: we shall parle,[2]
And safely make all perfect friends again.
Col. To show my will, sir, accept mine to you; 180
[*Gives his sword to* RUSSELL.
As good not wear it as not dare to use it.

---

[1] Diminishing. [2] Parley.

Col.'s Fr. Nay, then, sir, we will be all exampl'd ;
We'll have no arms here now but lovers' arms.
[*Gives his sword to* RUSSELL.
Cap.'s Fr. No seconds must begin a quarrel: take mine, sir. [*Gives his sword to* RUSSELL.
Rus. Why, la, what a fine sunshine's here! these clouds
My breath has blown into another climate.
I'll be your armorer ;[1] they are not pawn'd.—
These were the fish that I did angle for ;
I have caught 'em finely. Now for my trick ;
My project's lusty, and will hit the nick. 190
[*Exit with weapons.*
Col. What, is't a match, beauty? I would now have
Alliance with my worthy captain Ager,
To knit our loves the faster: here is witness
Enough, if you confirm it now.
Jane. Sir, my voice
Was long since given, since that I gave my hand.
Col. Would you had seal'd too!
Jane. That wish comes too late,
For I too soon fear my delivery.— [*Aside.*
My father's hand sticks yet, sir ; you may now
Challenge a lawful interest in his:
He took your hand from your enraged blood, 200
And gave it freely to your opposite,
My cousin Ager: methinks you should claim from him,
In the less quality of calmer blood,

---

[1] Old eds. "armourers."

To join the hands of two divided friends,
Even these two that would offer willingly
Their own embrace.

Col.'s Fr.[1] Troth, she instructs you well,
Colonel, and you shall do a lover's part
Worth one brave act of valour.

Col. Why, I did
Misdoubt no scruple ; is there doubt in it?

Fitz. Faith, sir, delays, which at the least are doubts ;
But here's a constant resolution fix'd, 211
Which we wish willingly he would accord to.

Col. Tush, he shall do't, I will not be denied ;
He owes me so much in the recompense
Of my reconcilement.—Captain Ager,
You will take our parts against your uncle
In this quarrel?

Cap. Ager. I shall do my best, sir ;
Two denials shall not repulse me : I love
Your worthy kinsman, and wish him mine ; I know
He doubts it not.

Col. See, he's return'd.

Re-enter RUSSELL *with* Servant.

Rus. Your cue, 220
Be sure you keep it ; 'twill be spoken quickly,
Therefore watch it. [*Exit* Servant.

Col. Let's set on him all at once.

All. Sir, we have a suit to you.

Rus. What, all at once?

[1] Old eds. "*Capt. friend.*"

All. All, all, i'faith, sir.
Rus. One speaker may yet deliver: say, say;
shall not dare to stand out 'gainst so many.
Col. Faith, sir, here's a brabbling[1] matter hangs on demur;
make the motion for all without a fee;
ay you, let it be ended this term.
Rus. Ha, ha, ha!— 230
hat is the rascal's cue, and he has miss'd it.— [*Aside.*
hat is't, what is't, sir?
Col. Why, sir, here's a man
nd here's a woman—you're scholar good enough—
t em together, and tell me what it spells?
Rus. Ha, ha, ha!—
here's his cue once again:

Re-enter Servant.

Rus. Hast thou no other description of them?

Ser. They come with commission, they say, sir, to taste of your earth; if they like it, they'll turn it into gunpowder.

Rus. O, they are saltpetre-men—before me,[1]
And they bring commission, the king's power indeed![2]
They must have entrance: but the knaves will be brib'd;
There's all the hope we have in officers; 250
They were too dangerous in a commonwealth,
But that they will be very well corrupted;
Necessary varlets.

Ser. Shall I enter in,[3] sir?

Rus. By all fair means, sir,
And with all speed, sir: give 'em very good words,
To save my ground unravish'd, unbroke up:

[*Exit* Servant.

---

[1] We have the same form of asseveration on p. 181:—"*'fore me*, and thou look'st half-ill indeed!"

[2] In October 1595 the Lord Mayor wrote to the Lords in Council to protest against the high-handed way in which the saltpetre-men executed their commission. On 13th March 1616–17 the Earl of Worcester obtained a patent to make all saltpetre and gunpowder for the space of thirty-one years, and appears to have been very vigorous in exercising his monopoly. "Before the discovery and importation of Indian nitre, saltpetre was manufactured from earth impregnated with animal matter, and being the chief ingredient of gunpowder, was claimed by the Government, and in most cases became a State Monopoly. Patents for making saltpetre were expressly exempted in 1624 from the Statute against Monopolies (21 Jac. I. c. 3, s. 10) and the saltpetre-man was empowered to break open all premises, and to dig up the floors of stables, and even dwelling-houses."—*Remembrancia*, p. 114, n. 2.

[3] Dyce suggests "enter 'em," which may be the right reading. "Enter in" = show them in.

ne's yet
virgin earth; the worm hath not been seen
wriggle in her chaste bowels, and I'd be loath
gunpowder fellow should deflower her now. 260
Col. Our suit is yet delay'd by this means, sir.
Rus. Alas, I cannot help it! these fellows gone,
I hope I shall despatch 'em quickly,
few articles shall conclude your suit:
no? master Fitzallen? the only man
at my adoption aims at.
Col. There's good hope then.

Enter two Sergeants *in disguise.*

First Serg. Save you, sir.
Rus. You are welcome, sir, for ought I know yet.
Sec. Serg. We come to take a view and taste of your ground, sir.
Rus. I'd rather feed you with better meat, gentle-

master Swallow, and master Bonesuck, the debts are a thousand pounds. 280

Rus. A thousand pounds! beshrow[1] me, a good[2] man's substance!

Col. Good sir, our weapons! we'll teach these varlets to walk
In their own parti-colour'd coats, that they
May be distinguishèd from honest men.

First Serg. Sir, attempt no rescue; he's our prisoner:
You'll make the danger worse by violence.

Col. A plague upon your gunpowder-treason,
Ye quick-damn'd varlets! is this your saltpetre-proving,
Your tasting earth? would you might ne'er feed better,
Nor none of your catchpoll tribe!—Our weapons, good sir! 290
We'll yet deliver him.

Rus. Pardon me, sir;
I dare not suffer [any] rescue here,
At least not by so great an accessary
As to furnish you: had you had your weapons—
But to see the ill fate on't!—My fine trick, i'faith!
Let beggars beware to love rich men's daughters:
I'll teach 'em the new morrice; I learnt it myself
Of another careful father. [*Aside.*

Fitz. May I not be bail'd?

Sec. Serg. Yes, but not with swords.

Col. Slaves, here are sufficient men!

First Serg. Ay, i' th' field, 300

---

[1] *i.e.* "beshrew" (the reading of ed. 1622).

[2] "*i.e.* as Shylock explains it, *sufficient*—in a pecuniary sense."—*Dyce.*

But not in the city.—Sir, if this gentleman
Will be one, we'll easily admit the second.

Rus. Who, I? sir, pray, pardon me: I am wrong'd,
Very much wrong'd in this; I must needs speak it.—
Sir, you have not dealt like an honest lover
With me nor my child: here you boast to me
Of a great revenue, a large substance,
Wherein you would endow and state my daughter:
Had I miss'd this, my opinion yet[1]
Thought you a frugal man, to understand 310
The sure wards against all necessities;
Boldly to defend your wife and family,
To walk unmuffl'd, dreadless of these flesh-hooks,
Even in the daring'st streets through all the city;
But now I find you a loose prodigal,
A large unthrift: a whole thousand pound!—
Come from him, girl, his inside is not sound.

Fitz. Sir, I am wrong'd; these are malicious plots
Of some obscure enemies that I have;
These debts are none of mine.

Rus. Ay, all say so: 320
Perhaps you stand engag'd for other men;
If so you do, you must then call't your own:
The like arrearage do I run into
Should I bail you; but I have vow'd against it,
And I will keep my vows; that is religious.

---

[1] By reading "yet my opinion" we should have a smoother line; but the numerous metrical irregularities that we find in the present scene are not due (*meo judicio*) to corruption of the text, but to Rowley's natural ruggedness.

Fitz. All this is nothing so, sir.
Rus. Nothing so?
By my faith, 'tis, sir; my vows are firm.
Fitz. I neither
Owe these debts, nor [am I] engag'd for others.
Rus. The easier is your liberty regain'd:
These appear proofs to me.
Col. Liberty, sir? 330
I hope you will not see him go to prison.
Rus. I do not mean to bear him company
So far, but I will see him out of my doors:
O, sir, let him go to prison! 'tis a school
To tame wild bloods, he'll be much better for't.
Col. Better for lying in prison?
Rus. In prison; believe it,
Many an honest man lies in prison, else all
The keepers are knaves; they told me so themselves.
Col. Sir, I do now suspect you have betray'd him
And us, to cause us to be weaponless: 340
If it be so, you're a blood-sucking churl,
One that was born in a great frost, when charity
Could not stir a finger; and you shall die
In heat of a burning fever i' th' dog-days,
To begin your hell to you: I've said your grace for you;
Now get you to supper as soon as you can;
Pluto, the master of the house, is set already.
Cap. Ager. Sir, you do wrong mine uncle.
Col. Pox on your uncle

And all his kin! if my kinsman mingle
No blood with him.

Cap. Ager. You are a foul-mouth'd fellow! 350

Col. Foul-mouth'd I will be—thou'rt the son of a whore!

Cap. Ager. Ha! whore? plagues and furies! I'll thrust that back,
Or pluck thy heart out after!—son of a whore?

Col. On thy life I'll prove it.

Cap. Ager. Death, I am naked!—
Uncle, I'll give you my left hand for my sword
To arm my right with—O this fire will flame me
Into present ashes!

Col. Sir, give us weapons;
We ask our own; you will not rob us of them?

Rus. No, sir, but still restrain your furies here:
At my door I'll give you them, nor at this time 360
My nephew's; a time will better suit you:
And I must tell you, sir, you have spoke swords,
And 'gainst the law of arms, poison'd the blades,
And with them wounded the reputation
Of an unblemish'd woman: would you were out of my doors!

Col. Pox on your doors, and let it run all your house o'er!
Give me my sword!

Cap. Ager. We shall meet, Colonel?

Col. Yes, better provided: to spur thee more,
I do repeat my words—son of a whore!

[*Exit with his* Friend.

Cap.'s Fr. Come, sir; 'tis no worse than it was; you can 370
Do nothing now. [*Exit with* CAPTAIN AGER.

Rus. No, I'll bar him now.—Away with that beggar! [*Exit.*

Jane. Good sir,
Let this persuade you for two minutes' stay:
At this price, I know, you can wait all day.
[*Giving money.*

First Serg. You know the remora[1] that stays our ship always.

Jane. Your ship sinks many when this hold lets go.—
O my Fitzallen! what is to be done?

Fitz. To be still thine is all my part to be,
Whether in freedom or captivity. 380

Jane. But art thou so engag'd as this pretends?

Fitz. By heaven, sweet Jane, 'tis all a hellish plot!
Your cruel-smiling father all this while
Has candied o'er a bitter pill for me,
Thinking by my remove to plant some other,
And then let go his fangs.

Jane. Plant some other?
Thou hast too firmly stampt me for thine own,
Ever to be ras'd out: I am not current
In any other's hand; I fear too soon
I shall discover it.

Fitz. Let come the worst; 390

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[1] A barnacle. It was supposed to have the power of stopping a ship's course by adhering to the rudder.—See Pliny's *Hist. Nat.* 31, 1.

Bind but this knot with an unloosed line,
I will be still thine own.

Jane. And I'll be thine.

First Serg. My watch has gone two minutes, master.

Fitz. It shall not be renew'd ; I go, sir—Farewell !

Jane. Farewell ! we both are prison'd, though not together ;
But here's the difference in our luckless chance,
I fear mine own, wish thy deliverance.

Fitz. Our hearts shall hourly visit : I'll send to thee ;
Then 'tis no prison where the mind is free.

[*Exit with* Sergeants.

Re-enter RUSSELL.

Rus. So, let him go !—Now, wench, I bring thee joys,
A fair sunshine after this angry storm.
It was my policy to remove this beggar :
What ? shall rich men wed their only daughters
To two fair suits of clothes, and perhaps yet
The poor tailor is unpaid ? no, no, my girl,
I have a lad of thousands coming in :
Suppose he have more wealth than wit to guide it,
Why, there's thy gains ; thou keep'st the keys of all,
Disposest all ; and for generation,
Man does most seldom stamp 'em from the brain ;
Wise men begets fools, and fools are the fathers
To many wise children ; *hysteron proteron*,
A great scholar may beget an idiot,

And from the plough-tail may come a great scholar;
Nay, they are frequent propagations.
Jane. I am not well, sir.
Rus. Ha! not well, my girl?
Thou shalt have a physician then, [i'faith],
The best that gold can fetch upon his footcloth,[1]
Thou know'st my tender pity to thee ever;
Want nothing that thy wishes can instruct thee 420
To call for,—'fore me, and thou look'st half-ill indeed!
But I'll bring one within a day to thee
Shall rouse thee up, for he's come up already;
One master Chough, a Cornish gentleman;
Has as much land of his own fee-simple
As a crow can fly over in half a day:
And now I think on't, at the Crow at Aldgate
His lodging is:—he shall so stir thee up!—
Come, come, be cheer'd! think of thy preferment:
Honour and attendance, these will bring thee health; 430
And the way to 'em is to climb by wealth. [*Exeunt.*

[1] Long cloth housings of a horse or mule. A mule (or horse) and footcloth were formerly considered indispensable articles for a physician of standing. In Bullein's *Dialogue against the Fever Pestilence*, 1564, Medicus says that one of his patients gave him a "mule with a velvet footcloth." Aubrey (*Letters from Bodl. Libr.*, ii. 386, quoted by Nares) relates that "Harvey rode on horseback with a *footcloth* to visit his patients, his man following on foot, as the fashion then was, which was very decent, now quite discontinued."

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Room in LADY AGER'S *House.*

Enter CAPTAIN AGER.

Ager. The son of a whore ?
is not such another murdering-piece [1]
he stock of calumny ; it kills
report two reputations,

More than a mother's carriage makes it hopeful?
And is't not miserable valour then,
That man should hazard all upon things doubtful?
O, there's the cruelty of my foe's advantage!
Could but my soul resolve my cause were just, 20
Earth's mountain nor sea's surge should hide him from me!
E'en to hell's threshold would I follow him,
And see the slanderer in before I left him!
But as it is, it fears[1] me; and I never
Appear'd too conscionably just till now.
My good opinion of her life and virtues
Bids me go on, and fain would I be rul'd by't;
But when my judgment tells me she's but woman,
Whose frailty[2] let in death to all mankind,
My valour shrinks at that. Certain, she's good; 30
There only wants but my assurance in't,
And all things then were perfect: how I thirst for't!
Here comes the only she that could resolve[3]—
But 'tis too vild[4] a question to demand indeed.

Enter LADY AGER.

Lady Ager. Son, I've a suit to you.
Cap. Ager. That may do well.— [*Aside.*
To me, good madam? you're most sure to speed in't,
Be't i' my power to grant it.

---

[1] Frightens.
[2] Ed. 1 "fraileto."—Ed. 1622 "frailtie to."
[3] Convince. [4] Vile.

Lady Ager. 'Tis my love
kes the request, that you would never part
om England more.
Cap. Ager. With all my heart 'tis granted!—
sure I'm i' the way never to part from't. [*Aside.* 40
Lady Ager. Where left you your dear friend the Colonel?
Cap. Ager. O, the dear Colonel,—I should meet him soon.
Lady Ager. O fail him not then! he's a gentleman
e fame and reputation of your time
much engag'd to.
Cap. Ager. Yes, and [1] you knew all, mother.
Lady Ager. I thought I'd known so much of his fair goodness,
re could not have been look'd for.

Lady Ager. So are the best conditions ;[1]
Your father was the like.
Cap. Ager. I begin now
To doubt me more : why am not I so too then ?
Blood follows blood through forty generations,
And I've a slow-pac'd wrath—a shrewd dilemma !
[*Aside.*
Lady Ager. Well, as you were saying, sir——
Cap. Ager. Marry, thus, good madam :
There was in company a foul-mouth'd villain—
Stay, stay, 60
Who should I liken him to that you have seen ?
He comes so near one that I would not match him with ;
Faith, just a' th' Colonel's pitch,[2] he's ne'er the worse man ;
Usurers have been compar'd to magistrates,
Extortioners to lawyers, and the like ;
But they all prove ne'er the worse men for that.
Lady Ager. That's bad enough ; they need not.
Cap. Ager. This rude fellow,
A shame to all humanity or manners,
Breathes from the rottenness of his gall and malice
The foulest stain that ever man's fame blemish'd ; 70
Part of which fell upon your honour, madam,
Which heighten'd my affliction.

---

[1] Dispositions.
[2] Properly the height to which a falcon soar'd ; then height in general.

Lady Ager. Mine? my honour, sir?

Cap. Ager. The Colonel, soon enrag'd, as he's all touchwood,
Takes fire before me, makes the quarrel his,
Appoints the field; my wrath could not be heard,
His was so high-pitch'd, so gloriously mounted.
Now, what's the friendly fear that fights within me,
Should his brave noble fury undertake
A cause that were unjust in our defence,
And so to lose him everlastingly 80
In that dark depth where all bad quarrels sink
Never to rise again, what pity 'twere
First to die here, and never to die there!

Lady Ager. Why, what's the quarrel—speak, sir—that should raise
Such fearful doubt, my honour bearing part on't?
The words, whate'er they were.

Cap. Ager. Son of a whore!

Lady Ager. Thou liest! [*Strikes him.*
And were my love ten thousand times more to thee,
Which is as much now as e'er mother's was,
So thou should'st feel my anger. Dost thou call 90
That quarrel doubtful? where are all my merits?
Not one stand up to tell this man his error?
Thou might'st as well bring the sun's truth in question
As thy birth or my honour!

Cap. Ager. Now blessings crown you for't!
It is the joyfull'st blow that e'er flesh felt.

Lady Ager. Nay, stay, stay, sir; thou art not left so soon:

This is no question to be slighted off,
And at your pleasure clos'd up fair again,
As though you'd never touch'd it: no, honour doubted
Is honour deeply wounded; and it rages 100
More than a common smart, being of thy making;
For thee to fear my truth, it kills my comfort:
Where should fame seek for her reward, when he
That is her own by the great tie of blood,
Is farthest off in bounty? O poor goodness!
That only pay'st thyself with thy own works,
For nothing else looks towards thee. Tell me, pray,
Which of my loving cares dost thou requite
With this vild [1] thought, which of my prayers or wishes?
Many thou ow'st me for: this seven year hast thou known me 110
A widow, only married to my vow;
That's no small witness of my faith and love
To him that in life was thy honour'd father;
And live I now to know that good mistrusted?

Cap. Ager. No; 't shall appear that my belief is cheerful,
For never was a mother's reputation
Noblier defended: 'tis my joy and pride
I have a firm [faith] to bestow upon it.

Lady Ager. What's that you said, sir?

Cap. Ager. 'Twere too bold and soon yet
To crave forgiveness of you; I'll earn it first: 120
Dead or alive I know I shall enjoy it.

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[1] Vile.

Lady Ager. What's all this, sir?
Cap. Ager. My joy's beyond expression!
I do but think how wretched I had been
Were this another's quarrel, and not mine.
Lady Ager. Why, is it yours?
Cap. Ager. Mine? think me not so miserable,
Not to be mine; then were I worse than abject,
More to be loath'd than vileness or sin's dunghill:
Nor did I fear your goodness, faithful madam,
But came with greedy joy to be confirm'd in't,
To give the nobler onset. Then shines valour, 130
And admiration from her fix'd sphere draws,
When it comes burnish'd with a righteous cause;
Without which I'm ten fathoms under coward,
That now am ten degrees above a man,
Which is but one of virtue's easiest wonders.
Lady Ager. But, pray, stay; all this while I understood you
The Colonel was the man.
Cap. Ager. Yes, he's the man,
The man of injury, reproach, and slander,
Which I must turn into his soul again.
Lady Ager. The Colonel do't? that's strange!
Cap. Ager. The villain did it; 140
That's not so strange:—your blessing and your leave.
Lady Ager. Come, come, you shall not go!
Cap. Ager. Not go? were death
Sent now to summon me to my eternity,
I'd put him off an hour; why, the whole world
Has not chains strong enough to bind me from't:

The strongest is my reverence to you,
Which if you force upon me in this case,
I must be forc'd to break it.

Lady Ager. Stay, I say!

Cap. Ager. In anything command me but in this, madam.

Lady Ager. 'Las, I shall lose him! [*Aside.*]—You will hear me first? 150

Cap. Ager. At my return I will.

Lady Ager. You'll never hear me more, then.

Cap. Ager. How?

Lady Ager. Come back, I say!
You may well think there's cause I call so often.

Cap. Ager. Ha, cause! what cause?

Lady Ager. So much, you must not go.

Cap. Ager. How?

Lady Ager. You must not go.

Cap. Ager. Must not! why?

Lady Ager. I know a reason for't,
Which I could wish you'd yield to, and not know;
If not, it must come forth: faith, do not know, 160
And yet obey my will.

Cap. Ager. Why, I desire
To know no other than the cause I have,
Nor should you wish it, if you take your injury,
For one more great I know the world includes not.

Lady Ager. Yes, one that makes this nothing: yet be rul'd,
And if you understand not, seek no further.

Cap. Ager. I must; for this is nothing.

Lady Ager. Then take all;
d if amongst it you receive that secret
at will offend you, though you condemn me,
t blame yourself a little; for, perhaps, 170
would have made my reputation sound
on another's hazard with less pity;
t upon yours I dare not.
Cap. Ager. How?
Lady Ager. I dare not:
was your own seeking this.
Cap. Ager. If you mean evilly,
cannot understand you; nor for all the riches
is life has, would I.
Lady Ager. Would you never might!
Cap. Ager. Why, your goodness, that I joy to fight for.
Lady Ager. In that you neither right your joy nor me.

Cap. Ager. Nay, then, sh'as all her wages.
False! do not say't, for honour's goodness, do not!
You never could be so. He I call'd father 190
Deserv'd you at your best, when youth and merit
Could boast at highest in you; y'had no grace
Or virtue that he match'd not, no delight
That you invented but he sent it crown'd
To your full-wishing soul.

Lady Ager. That heaps my guiltiness.

Cap. Ager. O, were you so unhappy to be false
Both to yourself and me? but to me chiefly.
What a day's hope is here lost! and with it
The joys of a just cause! Had you but thought
On such a noble quarrel, you'd ha' died 200
Ere you'd ha' yielded; for the sin's hate first,
Next for the shame of this hour's cowardice.
Curst be the heat that lost me such a cause,
A work that I was made for! Quench, my spirit,
And out with honour's flaming lights within thee!
Be dark and dead to all respects of manhood!
I never shall have use of valour more.
Put off your vow for shame! why should you hoard up
Such justice for a barren widowhood,
That was so injurious to the faith of wedlock? 210

[*Exit* LADY AGER.

I should be dead, for all my life's work's ended;
I dare not fight a stroke now, nor engage
The noble resolution of my friends:

Enter two Friends *of* CAPTAIN AGER.

hat were more vild.—They're here : kill me, my shame !
am not for the fellowship of honour. [*Aside.*

First Fr. Captain ! fie, come, sir ! we've been seeking for you
ery late to-day ; this was not wont to be :
our enemy's i' th' field.

Cap. Ager. Truth enters cheerfully.

Sec. Fr. Good faith, sir, you've a royal quarrel on't.

Cap. Ager. Yes, in some other country, Spain or Italy, 220
would be held so.

First Fr. How? and is't not here so?

Cap. Ager. 'Tis not so contumeliously receiv'd
these parts, and you mark it.

First Fr. Not in these?

Exactly worthy, absolutely noble,
However spleen and rage abuses him;
And 'tis not well or manly to pursue
A man's infirmity.

First Fr. O miracle!
So hopeful, valiant, and complete a captain 240
Possess'd with a tame devil! Come out! thou spoilest
The most improv'd young soldier of seven kingdoms;
Made captain at nineteen; which was deserv'd
The year before, but honour comes behind still:
Come out, I say! This was not wont to be;
That spirit ne'er stood in need of provocation,
Nor shall it now: away, sir!

Cap. Ager. Urge me not.

First Fr. By manhood's reverend honour, but we must!

Cap. Ager. I will not fight a stroke.

First Fr. O blasphemy
To sacred valour!

Cap. Ager. Lead me where you list. 250

First Fr. Pardon this traitorous slumber, clogg'd with evils:
Give captains rather wives than such tame devils!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in RUSSELL'S *House.*

Enter Physician *and* JANE.

Phy. Nay, mistress,[1] you must not be cover'd to me;
The patient must ope to the physician
All her dearest sorrows: art is blinded else,
And cannot show her mystical effects.
Jane. Can art be so dim-sighted, learned sir?
I did not think her so incapacious.
You train me, as I guess, like a conjuror,
One of our fine[2] oraculous wizards,
Who, from the help of his examinant,
By the near guess of his suspicion, 10
Points[3] out the thief by the marks he tells him.
Have you no skill in physiognomy?
What colour, says your coat, is my disease?
I am unmarried, and it cannot be yellow;[4]
If it be maiden-green, you cannot miss it.
Phy. I cannot see that vacuum in your blood:
But, gentlewoman, if you love yourself,
Love my advice; be free and plain with me:
Where lies your grief?

---

[1] "Old eds. 'Master'—the original MS. having had merely 'M.'"—*Dyce.*
[2] Old eds. "fiue."
[3] Old eds. "appoints."
[4] The colour of jealousy.

Jane. Where lies my grief indeed?
I cannot tell the truth, where my grief lies, 20
But my joy is imprison'd.
Phy. This is mystical!
Jane. Lord, what plain questions you make problems of!
Your art is such a regular highway,
That put you out of it, and you are lost:
My heart's imprison'd in my body, sir;
There is all my joy; and my sorrow too
Lies very near it.
Phy. They are bad adjuncts;
Your joy and grief, lying so near together,
Can propagate no happy issue: remove
The one, and let it be the worst—your grief— 30
If you'll propose the best unto your joy.
Jane. Why, now comes your skill: what physic for it?
Phy. Now I have found you out; you are in love.
Jane. I think I am: what's[1] your appliance now?
Can all your Paracelsian mixtures cure it?
'T must be a surgeon of the civil law,
I fear, that must cure me.
Phy. Gentlewoman,
If you knew well my heart, you would not be
So circular;[2] the very common name
Of physician might reprove your niceness;[3] 40

---

[1] Ed. 1 "what."
[2] Tortuous, roundabout.
[3] Scrupulousness.

We are as secret as your confessors,
And as firm obliged ; 'tis a fine like death
For us to blab.

Jane. I will trust you ; yet, sir,
I'd rather do it by attorney to you ;
I else have blushes that will stop my tongue :
Have you no friend so friendly as yourself,
Of mine own sex, to whom I might impart
My sorrows to you at the second hand ?

Phy. Why, la, there I hit you ! and be confirm'd
I'll give you such a bosom-counsellor, 50
That your own tongue shall be sooner false to you.
Make yourself unready,[1] and be naked to her ;
I'll fetch her presently. [*Exit.*

Jane. I must reveal ;
My shame will else take tongue, and speak before me ;
'Tis a necessity impulsive drives me.
O my hard fate, but my more hard father,
That father of my fate !—a father, said I ?
What a strange paradox I run into !
I must accuse two fathers of my fate
And fault, a reciprocal generation : 60
The father of my fault would have repair'd
His faulty issue, but my fate's father hinders it :
Then fate and fault, wherever I begin,
I must blame both, and yet 'twas love did sin.

---

[1] "Make yourself unready" = undress yourself.

Re-enter Physician *with* ANNE.

Phy. Look you, mistress, here's your closet; put in
What you please, you ever keep the key of it.
Jane. Let me speak private, sir.
Phy. With all my heart;
I will be more than mine ears' length from you.
[*Retires.*
Jane. You hold some endear'd place with this gentleman?
Anne. He is my brother, forsooth, I his creature; 70
He does command me any lawful office,
Either in act or counsel.
Jane. I must not doubt you;
Your brother has protested secrecy,
And strengthen'd me in you: I must lay ope
A guilty sorrow to you; I'm with child.
'Tis no black swan I show you; these spots stick
Upon the face of many go for maids:
I that had face enough to do the deed,
Cannot want tongue to speak it; but 'tis to you,
Whom I accept my helper.
Anne. Mistress, 'tis lock'd 80
Within a castle that's invincible:
It is too late to wish it were undone.
Jane. I've scarce a wish within myself so strong,
For, understand me, 'tis not all so ill
As you may yet conceit it: this deed was done
When heaven had witness to the jugal[1] knot;

[1] Nuptial.

ly the barren ceremony wants,
hich by an adverse father is abridg'd.
Anne. Would my pity could help you!
Jane. Your counsel may.
r father yet shoots widest from my sorrow, 90
d, with a care indulgent, seeing me chang'd
om what I was, sends for your good brother
find my grief, and practise remedy;
u know it, give it him; but if a fourth
added to this counsel, I will say
're worse than you can call me at the worst,
this advantage of my reputation.
Anne. I will revive a reputation
at women long has lost; I will keep counsel:
only now oblige my teeth to you, 100
d they shall bite the blabber, if it offer
breathe on an offending syllable.

do any kindness to my friends but I use to hit 'em in the teeth with it presently. 110

Trim. My name is Trimtram, forsooth; look, what my master does, I use to do the like.

[*Attempts to kiss* ANNE.

Anne. You are deceived, sir; I am not this gentlewoman's servant, to make your courtesy equal.

Chough. You do not know me, mistress?

Jane. No indeed.—I doubt I shall learn too soon.

[*Aside.*

Chough. My name is Chough,[1] a Cornish gentleman; my man's mine own countryman too, i'faith: I warrant you took us for some of the small islanders.

Jane. I did indeed, between the Scotch and Irish. 120

Chough. Red-shanks?[2] I thought so, by my truth: no, truly,
We are right Cornish diamonds.

---

[1] "Old eds. 'Chawgh,' &c. Chough or chuff is a sea-bird, generally thought a stupid one, common in Cornwall: and a *Cornish chough* appears to have been a name for a silly fellow from the country:

> 'For here I might obserue *a Country gull*,
> Whose father's death had made his pockets full,
> Mount Ludgate-hill to buy a Spanish felt,
> Pull out his money, bid the Knaue go tel't.
> Notes from Black-fryers I presently might gather,
> For now *this Cornish Chough* mourns for his father
> In a Carnation feather,' &c.
>
> —Braithwait's *Honest Ghost*, 1658, p. 167."—*Dyce.*

[2] A term of contempt for Scottish Highlanders and native Irish. Cf. Harrison's *England*, p. 6, and Spenser's *View of the Present State of Ireland*, ed. Grosart, pp. 36, 176 (*Works*, vol. ix.) Dyce gives the following passage from a MS. quoted in Pilkington's *Hist. of Scot.*, ii. 396:—"Both summer and winter (except when the frost is most

Trim. Yes, we cut
Out quarrels[1] and break glasses where we go.
Phy. If it be hidden from her father, yet
His ignorance understands well his knowledge,
For this I guess to be some rich coxcomb
He'd put upon his daughter.
Anne. That's plainly so.
Phy. Then only she's beholding to our help
For the close delivery of her burden,
Else all's overthrown.
Anne. And, pray, be faithful in that, sir. 130
Phy. Tush, we physicians are the truest
Alchemists, that from the ore and dross of sin
Can new distil a maidenhead again.
Rus. How do you like her, sir?
Chough. Troth, I do like her, sir, in the way of comparison, to anything that a man would desire; I am as high as the Mount[2] in love with her already, and that's as far as I can go by land; but I hope to go farther by water with her one day.
Rus. I tell you, sir, she has lost some colour 140
By wrestling with a peevish sickness now of late.
Chough. Wrestle? nay, and she love wrestling, I'll teach her a trick to overthrow any peevish sickness in London, whate'er it be.

---

vehement), going always barelegged and barefooted, our delight and pleasure is not only in hunting of red deer, wolves, foxes, and graies [badgers], but also in running, leaping, swimming, shooting, and throwing of darts. Therefore in so much as we use, and delight so to go always, the tender delicate gentlemen of Scotland call us *Redshanks.*"

[1] Diamond-shaped panes of glass.

[2] St. Michael's Mount in Cornwall.

Rus. Well, she had a rich beauty, though I say't;
Nor is it lost; a little thing repairs it.

Chough. She shall command the best thing that I have.
In Middlesex, i'faith.

Rus. Well, sir, talk with her;
Give her a relish of your good liking to her;
You shall have time and free 150
Access to finish what you now begin.

Jane. What means my father? my love's unjust restraint,
My shame, were it published, both together
Could not afflict me like this odious fool:
Now I see why he hated my Fitzallen. [*Aside.*

Chough. Sweet lady, your father says you are a wrestler: if you love that sport, I love you the better: i'faith, I love it as well as I love my meat after supper; 'tis indeed meat, drink, and cloth to me.

Jane. Methinks it should tear your clothes, sir. 160

Chough. Not a rag, i'faith.—Trimtram, hold my cloak. [*Gives his cloak to* TRIMTRAM.]—I'll wrestle a fall with you now; I'll show you a trick that you never saw in your life.

Jane. O, good sir, forbear! I am no wrestler.

Phy. Good sir, take heed, you'll hurt the gentlewoman.

Chough. I will not catch beneath the waist, believe it;
I know fair play.

Jane. 'Tis no woman's exercise in London, sir.

Chough. I'll ne'er believe that: the hug and the lock between man and woman, with a fair fall, is as sweet an exercise for the body as you'll desire in a summer's evening. 173

Phy. Sir, the gentlewoman is not well.

Chough. It may be you are a physician, sir?

Phy. 'Tis so, sir.

Chough. I say, then, and I'll stand to't, three ounces of wrestling with two hips, a yard of a green gown[1] put together in the inturn, is as good a medicine for the green sickness as ever breathed. 180

Trim. Come, sir, take your cloak again; I see here will be ne'er a match. [*Returns cloak.*

Jane. A match?
I had rather be match'd from a musket's mouth,
And shot unto my death. [*Aside.*

Chough. I'll wrestle with any man for a good supper.

Trim. Ay, marry, sir, I'll take your part there, catch that catch may.

Phy. Sir, she is willing to't: there at my house
She shall be private, and near to my attendance: 190
I know you'll[2] not mistrust my faithful care;
I shall return her soon and perfectly.

---

[1] There is usually a spice of naughtiness intended when *green gowns* are mentioned. Cf. Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, iv. 3:—"Ursula, take them in and fit them to their calling. *Green gowns*, crimson petticoats, green women, my lord mayor's green women! guests o' the game, true bred." See the charming ballad of *Green Gown* ("Pan, leave piping, the gods have done feasting," &c.) in Mr. Ebsworth's edition of the *Westminster Drollery*.

[2] So ed. 1622.—Ed. 1 "you."

Rus. Take your charge, sir.—Go with this gentleman, Jane;
But, prithee, look well this way ere thou go'st;
'Tis a rich simplicity of great estate,
A thing that will be rul'd, and thou shalt rule;
Consider of your sex's general aim,
That domination is a woman's heaven.

Jane. I'll think on't, sir.

Rus. My daughter is retiring, sir.

Chough. I will part at Dartmouth with her, sir. [*Kisses her.*]—O that thou didst but love wrestling! I would give any man three foils on that condition! 202

Trim. There's three sorts of men that would thank you for 'em, either cutlers, fencers, or players.

Rus. Sir, as I began I end,—wondrous welcome!

[*Exeunt all except* CHOUGH *and* TRIMTRAM.

Trim. What, will you go to school to-day? you are entered, you know, and your quarterage runs on.

Chough. What, to the roaring school?[1] pox on't, 'tis such a damnable noise, I shall never attain it neither. I do wonder they have never a wrestling school; that were worth twenty of your fencing or dancing schools. 211

Trim. Well, you must learn to roar here in London; you'll never proceed in the reputation of gallantry else.

Chough. How long has roaring been an exercise, thinkest thou, Trimtram?

Trim. Ever since guns came up; the first was your roaring Meg.[2]

---

[1] *Roaring boys* were the hectoring bullies of Middleton's time.

[2] See note 1, vol. i. p. 47.

Chough. Meg? then 'twas a woman was the first roarer?

Trim. Ay, a fire of her touch-hole, that cost many a proper man's life since that time; and then the lions, they learnt it from the guns, living so near 'em;[1] then it was heard to the Bankside, and the bears[2] they began to roar; then the boys got it, and so ever since there have been a company of roaring boys. 225

Chough. And how long will it last, thinkest thou?

Trim. As long as the water runs under London Bridge, or watermen [ply] at Westminster stairs.

Chough. Well, I will begin to roar too, since it is in fashion. O Corineus,[3] this was not in thy time! I should have heard on't by the tradition of mine ancestors —for I'm sure there were Choughs in thy days—if it had been so: when Hercules and thou wert on the Olympic Mount together, then was wrestling in request.

Trim. Ay, and that Mount is now the Mount in Cornwall: Corineus brought it thither under one of his arms, they say. 237

Chough. O Corineus, my predecessor, that I had but lived in those days to see thee wrestle! on that condition I had died seven year ago.

Trim. Nay, it should have been a dozen at least, i'faith, on that condition. [*Exeunt.*

---

[1] In the Tower.

[2] In Paris Garden.

[3] The mythical Cornish wrestler, who had a bout with the giant Gogmagog (as related in song 1 of the *Polyolbion*).

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A Field.

Enter CAPTAIN AGER *and two* Friends.

Cap. Ager. Well, your wills now?
First Fr. of Cap. Our wills? our loves, our duties
To honour'd fortitude: what wills have we
But our desires to nobleness and merit,
Valour's advancement, and the sacred rectitude
Due to a valorous cause?
Cap. Ager. O that's not mine!
Sec. Fr. of Cap. War has his court of justice, that's the field,
Where all cases of manhood are determin'd,
And your case is no mean one.
Cap. Ager. True; then 'twere virtuous;
But mine is in extremes, foul and unjust.
Well, now you've got me hither, you're as far 10
To seek in your desire as at first minute;
For by the strength and honour of a vow,
I will not lift a finger in this quarrel.

First Fr. of Cap. How? not in this? be not so rash a sinner:
Why, sir, do you ever hope to fight again then?
Take heed on't; you must never look for that:
Why, th' universal stock of the world's injury
Will be too poor to find a quarrel for you.
Give up your right and title to desert, sir:
If you fail virtue here, she needs you not 20
All your time after; let her take this wrong,
And never presume then to serve her more:
Bid farewell to th' integrity of arms,
And let that honourable name of soldier
Fall from you like a shiver'd wreath of laurel
By thunder struck from a desertless forehead,
That wears another's right by usurpation.
Good captain, do not wilfully cast away
At one hour all the fame your life has won:
This is your native seat; here you should seek 30
Most to preserve it; or if you will dote
So much on life,—poor life, which in respect
Of life in honour is but death and darkness,—
That you will prove neglectful of yourself,
Which is to me too fearful to imagine,
Yet for that virtuous lady's cause, your mother,
Her reputation dear to nobleness
As grace to penitence, whose fair memory
E'en crowns fame in your issue, for that blessedness
Give not this ill place, but in spite of hell, 40
And all her base fears, be exactly valiant.

Cap. Ager. O, O!

Sec. Fr. of Cap. Why, well said, there's fair hope in that;
Another such a one!
Cap. Ager. Came they in thousands,
'Tis all against you.
First Fr. of Cap. Then, poor friendless merit,
Heaven be good to thee! thy professor leaves thee.

Enter Colonel *and two* Friends.

He's come;[1] do but you draw, we'll fight it for you.
Cap. Ager. I know too much to grant that.
First Fr. of Cap. O dead manhood!
Had ever such a cause so faint a servant?
Shame brand me, if I do not suffer for him!
Col. I've heard, sir, you've been guilty of much boasting 50
For your brave earliness at such a meeting:
You've lost the glory of that way this morning;
I was the first to-day.
Cap. Ager. So were you ever
In my respect, sir.
First Fr. of Cap. O most base præludium!
Cap. Ager. I never thought on Victory, our mistress,
With greater reverence than I have your worth,
Nor ever lov'd her better.
First Fr. of Cap. 'Slight, I could knock
His brains 'bout his heels, methinks!
Sec. Fr. of Cap. Peace, prithee, peace.

[1] Old eds. "com'd."

Cap. Ager. Success in you has been my absolute joy ;
d when I've wish'd content, I've wish'd your friendship. 60

First Fr. of Cap. Stay, let me but run him through the tongue a little ;
ere's lawyer's blood in't, you shall see foul gear straight.

Sec. Fr. of Cap. Come, you're as mad now as he's cowardous.

Col. I came not hither, sir, for an encomium.

First Fr. of Cap. No, the more coxcomb he that claws the head
your vainglory with't ! [*Aside.*

Col. I came provided
r storms and tempests, and the foulest season
at ever rage let forth, or blew in wildness
om the incensed prison of man's blood.

Thousands have made a less wrong reach to hell,
Ay, and rejoic'd in his most endless vengeance,
A miserable triumph, though a just one!
But when I call to memory our long friendship,
Methinks it cannot be too great a wrong 80
That then I should not pardon. Why should man,
For a poor hasty syllable or two,
And vented only in forgetful fury,
Chain all the hopes and riches of his soul
To the revenge of that, die lost for ever?
For he that makes his last peace with his Maker
In anger, anger is his peace eternally:
He must expect the same return again
Whose venture is deceitful; must he not, sir?

Col. I see what I must do, fairly put up again; 90
For here'll be nothing done, I perceive that.

Cap. Ager. What shall be done in such a worthless business
But to be sorry, and to be forgiven;
You, sir, to bring repentance, and I pardon?

Col. I bring repentance, sir?

Cap. Ager. If't be too much
To say repentance, call it what you please, sir;
Choose your own word: I know you're sorry for't,
And that's as good.

Col. I sorry? by fame's honour, I am wrong'd!
Do you seek for peace, and draw the quarrel larger? 100

Cap. Ager. Then 'tis I am sorry that I thought you so.

First Fr. of Cap. A captain! I could gnaw his title off.

Cap. Ager. Nor is it any misbecoming virtue, sir,
In the best manliness to repent a wrong,
Which made me bold with you.

First Fr. of Cap. I could cuff his head off.

Sec. Fr. of Cap. Nay, pish!

First Fr. of Cap. Pox on him, I could eat his buttock bak'd, methinks!

Col. So, once again take thou thy peaceful rest, then;
[*Sheathing his sword.*
But as I put thee up, I must proclaim
This captain here, both to his friends and mine, 110
That only came to see fair valour righted,
A base submissive coward; so I leave him.
[*Offers to go away.*

Cap. Ager. O, heaven has pitied my excessive patience,
And sent me a cause! now I have a cause;
A coward I was never.—Come you back, sir!

Col. How?

Cap. Ager. You left a coward here.

Col. Yes, sir, with you.

Cap. Ager. 'Tis such base metal, sir, 'twill not be taken;
It must home again with you.

Sec. Fr. of Cap. Should this be true now!

First Fr. of Cap. Impossible! coward do more than bastard? 120

Col. I prithee, mock me not, take heed you do not;
For if I draw once more, I shall grow terrible,
And rage will force me do what will grieve honour.

Cap. Ager. Ha, ha, ha!

Col. He smiles; dare it be he?—What think you, gentlemen?
Your judgments, shall I not be cozen'd in him?
This cannot be the man: why, he was bookish,
Made an invective lately against fighting,
A thing, in troth, that mov'd a little with me,
Put up a fouler contumely far 130
Than thousand cowards came to, and grew thankful.
Cap. Ager. Blessed remembrance in time of need!
I'd lost my honour else.
Sec. Fr. of Cap. Do you note his joy?
Cap. Ager. I never felt a more severe necessity;
Then came thy excellent pity. Not yet ready?
Have you such confidence in my just manhood,
That you dare so long trust me, and yet tempt me
Beyond the toleration of man's virtue?
Why, would you be more cruel than your injury?
Do you first take pride to wrong me, and then think me 140
Not worth your fury? do not use me so;
I shall deceive you then. Sir, either draw,
And that not slightingly, but with the care
Of your best preservation, with that watchfulness
As you'd defend yourself from circular fire,
Your sin's rage, or her lord—this will require it—
Or you'll be too soon lost, for I've an anger
Has gathered mighty strength against you, mighty:
Yet you shall find it honest to the last,
Noble and fair.
Col. I'll venture't once again; 150

Stay, by this hand he offers—fig
[Colonel *a*
Fights, by this light he fights, sir
Sec. Fr. of Cap. So methinks,
First Fr. of Cap. An absolute
Sec. Fr. of Cap. 'Twas a passa
First Fr. of Cap. Why, let it pa
'twas somewhat.
What's that now?
Sec. Fr. of Cap. That's a punto
First Fr. of Cap. O, go to, ther
I knew 'twas not far off. What a
Is coward a more stirring mea
masters?
Put in more eggs, for shame, when
And make it true court-custard.—F
'Tis right and fair; and he that bre
He breathes against the justice of a
And man to cut him off 'tis no inju

Thanks, thanks for this most unexp
Cap. Ager. Truth never fails her se
him
With the day's shame upon him.
First Fr. of Cap. Thou'st redeem'

Thy worth to the same height 'twas first esteem'd.[1]

[*Exit* CAPTAIN AGER *with his* Friends.

First Fr. of Col. Alas, how is it, sir? give us some hope 170

Of your stay with us: let your spirit be seen

---

[1] The whole of this scene and nearly all of ii. 1 are quoted in Lamb's *Specimens*. I subjoin his masterly criticism; it is familiar to every reader, but we can never read Lamb enough:—"The insipid levelling morality to which the modern stage is tied down would not admit of such admirable passions as these scenes are filled with. A puritanical obtuseness of sentiment, a stupid infantile goodness, is creeping among us, instead of the vigorous passions, and virtues clad in flesh and blood, with which the old dramatists present us. Those noble and liberal casuists could discern in the differences, the quarrels, the animosities of man, a beauty and truth of moral feeling, no less than in the iterately inculcated duties of forgiveness and atonement. With us all is hypocritical meekness. A reconciliation scene (let the occasion be never so absurd or unnatural) is always sure of applause. Our audiences come to the theatre to be complimented on their goodness. They compare notes with the amiable characters in the play, and find a wonderful similarity of disposition between them. We have a common stock of dramatic morality, out of which a writer may be supplied, without the trouble of copying it from originals within his own breast. To know the boundaries of honour, to be judiciously valiant, to have a temperance which shall beget a smoothness in the angry swellings of youth, to esteem life as nothing when the sacred reputation of a parent is to be defended, yet to shake and tremble under a pious cowardice when that ark of an honest confidence is found to be frail and tottering, to feel the true blows of a real disgrace blunting that sword which the imaginary strokes of a supposed false imputation had put so keen an edge upon but lately; to do, or to imagine this done in a feigned story, asks something more of a moral sense, somewhat a greater delicacy of perception in questions of right and wrong, than goes to the writing of two or three hackneyed sentences about the laws of honour as opposed to the laws of the land, or a commonplace against duelling. Yet such things would stand a writer now-a-days in far better stead than Captain Ager and his conscientious honour; and he would be considered as a far better teacher of morality than old Rowley or Middleton if they were living."

Above your fortune; the best fortitude
Has been of fate ill-friended: now force your empire,
And reign above your blood, spite of dejection;
Reduce[1] the monarchy of your abler mind,
Let not flesh straiten it.

Col. O, just heaven has found me,
And turn'd the stings[2] of my too hasty injuries
Into my own blood! I pursu'd my ruin,
And urg'd him past the patience of an angel:
Could man's revenge extend beyond man's life, 180
This would ha' wak'd it. If this flame will light me
But till I see my sister, 'tis a kind one;
More I expect not from't. Noble deserver!
Farewell, most valiant and most wrong'd of men;
Do but forgive me, and I'm victor then.

[*Exit, led off by his* Friends.

SCENE II.

A Room in the Physician's *House.*

Enter Physician, JANE, ANNE, *and* Dutch Nurse *with a* Child.

Phy. Sweet fro,[3] to your most indulgent care
Take this my heart's joy; I must not tell you
The value of this jewel in my bosom.

---

[1] Bring back.
[2] Old eds. "strings."
[3] Woman (*Dut.*)

Nurse. Dat you may vell, sir; der can niet forstoore you.

Phy. Indeed I cannot tell you; you know, nurse,
These are above the quantity of price:
Where is the glory of the goodliest trees
But in the fruit and branches? the old stock
Must decay; and sprigs, scions such as these, 10
Must become new stocks, for[1] us to glory
In their fruitful issue; so we are made
Immortal one by other.

Nurse. You spreek a most lieben fader, and ich sall do de best of tender nurses to dis infant, my pretty frokin.

Phy. I know you will be loving: here, sweet friend;
[*Gives money.*
Here's earnest of a large sum of love and coin
To quit[2] your tender care.

Jane. I have some reason too
To purchase your dear care unto this infant. 20
[*Gives money.*

Nurse. You be de witness of de baptim, dat is, as you spreken, de godimother, ich vell forstoore it so.

Jane. Yes, I'm the bad mother,—if it be offence.
[*Aside.*

Anne. I must be a little kind too. [*Gives money.*

Nurse. Much tanks to you all! dis child is much beloven; and ich sall see much care over it.

---

[1] Old eds. "from."
[2] Requite.

Phy. Farewell.—Good sister, show her the way forth.—
I shall often visit you, kind nurse.

Nurse. You sall be velcome.

[*Exeunt* ANNE *and* Nurse.

Jane. O sir, what a friend have I found in you!
Where my poor power shall stay in the requital, 30
Yourself must from your fair condition[1]
Make up in mere acceptance of my will.

Phy. O, pray you, urge it not! we are not born
For ourselves only; self-love is a sin;
But in our loving donatives to others
Man's virtue best consists: love all begets;
Without, all are adulterate and counterfeit.

Jane. Your boundless love I cannot satisfy
But with a mental memory of your virtues:
Yet let me not engage your cost withal; 40
Beseech you then take restitution
Of pains and bounty which you have disburs'd
For your poor debtor.

Phy. You will not offer it?
Do not esteem my love so mercenary
To be the hire of coin: sure, I shall think
You do not hold so worthily of me
As I wish to deserve.

Jane. Not recompense?
Then you will beggar me with too much credit:
Is't[2] not sufficient you preserve my name,

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[1] Disposition.
[2] Old eds. "if."

Which I had forfeited to shame and scorn, 50
Cover my vices with a veil of love,
Defend and keep me from a father's rage,
Whose love yet infinite, not knowing this,
Might, knowing, turn a hate as infinite;
Sure he would throw me ever from his blessings,
And cast his curses on me! Yes, further,
Your secrecy keeps me in the state of woman;
For else what husband would choose me his wife,
Knowing the honour of a bride were lost?
I cannot number half the good you do me 60
In the conceal'd retention of my sin;
Then make me not worse than I was before,
In my ingratitude, good sir.

Phy. Again?
I shall repent my love, if you'll so call't,
To be made such a hackney: give me coin?
I had as lief you gave me poison, lady,
For I have art and antidotes 'gainst that;
I might take that, but this I will refuse.

Jane. Will you then teach me how I may requite you
In some small quantity?

Phy. 'Twas that I look'd for.— [*Aside.* 70
Yes, I will tell you, lady, a full quittance,
And how you may become my creditress.

Jane. I beseech you, do, sir!

Phy. Indeed I will, lady:
Not in coin, mistress; for silver, though white,
Yet it draws black lines; it shall not rule my palm,
There to mark forth his base corruption:

Pay me again in the same quality
That I to you tender'd,—that is, love for love.
Can you love me, lady? you have confess'd
My love to you.

Jane. Most amply.

Phy. Why, faith, then, 80
Pay me back that way.

Jane. How do you mean, sir?

Phy. Tush, our meanings are better understood
Than shifted to the tongue; it brings along
A little blabbing blood into our cheeks,
That shames us when we speak.

Jane. I understand you not.

Phy. Fie, you do; make not yourself ignorant
In what you know; you have ta'en forth the lesson
That I would read to you.

Jane. Sure then I need not
Read it again, sir.

Phy. Yes, it makes perfect:
You know the way unto Achilles' spear;[1] 90
If that hurt you, I have the cure, you see.

Jane. Come, you're a good man; I do perceive you,
You put a trial to me; I thank you;
You are my just confessor, and, believe me,
I'll have no further penance for this sin.

---

[1] Telephus, wounded by Achilles' spear, could only be cured by rust scraped from the spear (see Hyginus' *Fabulæ*, ci.) Cf. 2 *Henry VI.*, v. 1:—

> "Whose smile and frown, like to *Achilles' spear*,
> Is able with the change to kill and cure."

Convert a year unto a lasting ever,
And call't Apollo's smile; 'twas once, then never.
Phy. Pray you, mistake me not; indeed I love you.
Jane. Indeed? what deed?
Phy. The deed that you have done.
Jane. I cannot believe you.
Phy. Believe the deed then! 100
Jane. Away, you are a blackamoor! you love me?
I hate you for your love! Are you the man
That in your painted outside seem'd so white?
O you're a foul dissembling hypocrite!
You sav'd me from a thief, that yourself might rob me;
Skinn'd over a green wound to breed an ulcer:
Is this the practice of your physic-college?
Phy. Have you yet utter'd all your niceness[1] forth?
If you have more, vent it; certes,[2] I think
Your first grant was not yielded with less pain; 110
If 'twere, you have your price, yield it again.
Jane. Pray you, tell me, sir,—I ask'd it before,—
Is it a practice amongst you physicians?
Phy. Tush, that's a secret; we cast all waters:
Should I reveal, you would mistrust my counsel:
The lawyer and physician here agrees,
To women-clients they give back their fees;
And is not that kindness?
Jane. This for thy love! [*Spits at him.*
Out, outside of a man: thou cinnamon-tree,
That but thy bark hast nothing good about thee! 120

---

[1] Scrupulousness. [2] Certainly.

The unicorn is hunted for his horn,[1]
The rest is left for carrion: thou false man,
Thou'st fish'd with silver hooks and golden baits;
But I'll avoid all thy deceiving sleights.

Phy. Do what you list, I will do something too;
Remember yet what I have done for you:
You have a good face now, but 'twill grow rugged;
Ere you grow old, old men will despise you:
Think on your grandame Helen, the fairest queen;
When in a new glass[2] she spied her old face, 130
She, smiling, wept to think upon the change:
Take your time; you're craz'd, you're an apple fall'n
From the tree; if you be kept long, you'll rot.
Study your answer well: yet I love you;
If you refuse, I have a hand above [you]. [*Exit.*

Jane. Poison thyself, thou foul empoisoner!
Of thine own practique drink the theory!
What a white devil[3] have I met withal!

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[1] See note 1, vol. iii. p. 300.

[2] "'Flet quoque, ut in speculo rugas adspexit aniles,
Tyndaris.'—Ovid. *Met.* xv. 232.

In *The Second Part of the Iron Age*, 1632, by Heywood, Helen strangles herself, after surveying the ruins of her beauty in a looking-glass."—*Dyce.*

[3] The meaning of the term *white devil* is well explained by the following passage of Hall's *Downfall of Maygames*, ed. 1661, p. 1:—"Lately we were troubled with *White Devils*, who *under pretence of extraordinary sanctity*, published open heresy and blasphemy against God, His word, His works, and ordinances; now we run madding on the other hand, and are like to be troubled with Black Devils, viz., blasphemous drunkards, blasphemous health-drinkers, scorners of piety, Sabbath profaners, observers of superstitions and heathenish customs," &c.

What shall I do?—what do? is it a question?
Nor shame, nor hate, nor fear, nor lust, nor force, 140
Now being too bad, shall ever make me worse.

Re-enter ANNE.

What have we here? a second spirit?
Anne. Mistress,
I am sent to you.
Jane. Is your message good?
Anne. As you receive it:
My brother sent me, and you know he loves you.
Jane. I heard say so; but 'twas a false report.
Anne. Pray, pardon me, I must do my message;
Who lives commanded must obey his keeper:
I must persuade you to this act of woman.
Jane. Woman? of strumpet!
Anne. Indeed, of strumpet; 150
He takes you at advantage of your fall,
Seeing you down before.
Jane. Curse on his feign'd smiles!
Anne. He's my brother, mistress; and a curse on you,
If e'er you bless him with that cursed deed!
Hang him, poison him! he held out a rose,
To draw the yielding sense, which, come to hand,
He shifts, and gives a canker.[1]
Jane. You speak well yet.
Anne. Ay, but, mistress, now I consider it,
Your reputation lies at his mercy,

[1] Dog-rose.

Your fault dwells in his breast; say he throw't out, 160
It will be known; how are you then undone!
Think on't, your good name; and they're not to be sold
In every market: a good name is dear,
And indeed more esteemed than our actions,
By which we should deserve it.

Jane. Ay me, most wretched!

Anne. What? do you shrink at that?
Would you not wear one spot upon your face,
To keep your whole body from a leprosy,
Though it were undiscover'd ever? Hang him!
Fear him not: horse leeches suck out his corrupt blood!
Draw you none from him, 'less it be pure and good. 171

Jane. Do you speak your soul?

Anne. By my soul do I!

Jane. Then yet I have a friend: but thus exhort me,
And I have still a column to support me.

Anne. One fault
Heaven soon forgives, and 'tis on earth forgot;
The moon herself is not without one spot. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in LADY AGER'S *House.*

Enter LADY AGER, *meeting a* Servant.

Lady Ager. Now, sir, where is he? speak, why comes he not?
I sent you for him.—Bless this fellow's senses!
What has he seen? a soul nine hours entranc'd,

Hovering twixt hell and heaven, [illegible] ber.
Not yet return an answer?—

Enter a second Servant.

What say you, sir?

Where is he?

Sec. Serv. Gone.

Lady Ager. What says thou?

Sec. Serv. He is gone, madam.

But, as we heard, unwillingly he went
As ever blood enforced.

Lady Ager. Went? whither went he?

Sec. Serv. Madam, I fear I ha' said too much already.

Lady Ager. These men are both agreed.—Speak whither went he?

Sec. Serv. Why, to—I would you'd think the rest yourself, madam.

Lady Ager. Meek patience bless me!

Sec. Serv. To the field.

First Serv. To fight, madam.

Lady Ager. To fight?

First Serv. There came two urging gentlemen,
That call'd themselves his seconds; both so powerful,
As 'tis reported, they prevail'd with him
With little labour.

Lady Ager. O, he's lost, he's gone!
For all my pains, he's gone! two meeting torrents
Are not so merciless as their two rages:
He never comes again. Wretched affection!

Have I belied my faith, injur'd my goodness, 20
Slander'd my honour for his preservation,
Having but only him, and yet no happier?
'Tis then a judgment plain; truth's angry with me,
In that I would abuse her sacred whiteness
For any worldly temporal respect:
Forgive me then, thou glorious woman's virtue,
Admir'd where'er thy habitation is,
Especially in us weak ones! O, forgive me,
For 'tis thy vengeance this! To belie truth,
Which is so hardly ours, with such pain purchas'd, 30
Fastings and prayers, continence and care,
Misery must needs ensue. Let him not die
In that unchaste belief of his false birth,
And my disgrace! whatever angel guides him,
May this request be with my tears obtain'd,
Let his soul know my honour is unstain'd!— [*Aside.*
Run, seek away! if there be any hope,
Let me not lose him yet. [*Exeunt* Servants.] When I think on him,
His dearness and his worth, it earns[1] me more:
They that know riches tremble to be poor. 40
My passion is not every woman's sorrow:
She must be truly honest feels my grief,
And only known to one; if such there be,
They know the sorrow that oppresseth me. [*Exit.*

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[1] Yearns.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The Roaring-School.

Enter the Colonel's Friend,[1] CHOUGH, TRIMTRAM, Usher, *and several* Roarers.

Col.'s Fr. Truth, sir, I must needs blame you for a truant, having but one lesson read to you, and neglect so soon; fie, I must see you once a-day at least.

Chough. Would I were whipt, tutor, if it were not 'long of my man Trimtram here!

Trim. Who, of me?

Chough. Take't upon thee, Trim; I'll give thee five shillings, as I am a gentleman.

Trim. I'll see you whipt first:—well, I will too.—Faith, sir, I saw he was not perfect, and I was loath he should come before to shame himself. 11

Col.'s Fr. How? shame, sir? is it a shame for scholars to learn? Sir, there are great scholars that are but

[1] "Old eds. '*the Colonel's* Second'—*i.e.* one of the gentlemen who attended the Colonel in the duel with Captain Ager; and who (if I rightly understand the last lines of this scene) has set up for a teacher of 'roaring' during peace-time."—*Dyce.*

slenderly read in our profession: sir, first it must be economical, then ecumenical: shame not to practise in the house how to perform in the field: the nail that is driven takes a little hold at the first stroke, but more at the second, and more at the third, but when 'tis home to the head, then 'tis firm.

Chough. Faith, I have been driving it home to the head this two days. 21

Trim. I helped to hammer it in as well as I could too, sir.

Col.'s Fr. Well, sir, I will hear you rehearse anon: meantime peruse the exemplary of my bills, and tell me in what language I shall roar a lecture to you; or I'll read to you the mathematical science of roaring.

Chough. Is it mathematical?

Col.'s Fr. O, sir, does not the winds roar, the sea roar, the welkin roar?—indeed most things do roar by nature—and is not the knowledge of these things mathematical? 32

Chough. Pray proceed, sir.

Col.'s Fr. [*reads.*] *The names of the languages, the Sclavonian, Parthamenian, Barmeothian, Tyburnian, Wappinganian, or the modern Londonian: any man or woman that is desirous to roar in any of these languages, in a week they shall be perfect if they will take pains; so let 'em repair into Holborn to the sign of the Cheat-Loaf.*

Chough. Now your bill speaks of that I was wondering a good while at, your sign; the loaf looks very like bread, i'faith, but why is it called the Cheat-loaf? 42

Col.'s Fr. This house was sometimes a baker's, sir,

that served the court, where the bread is called cheat.[1]

Trim. Ay, ay, 'twas a baker that cheated the court with bread.

Col.'s Fr. Well, sir, choose your languages; and your lectures shall be read, between my usher and myself, for your better instruction, provided your conditions be performed in the premises beforesaid. 51

Chough. Look you, sir, there's twenty pound in hand, and twenty more I am to pay when I am allowed a sufficient roarer. [*Gives money.*

Col.'s Fr. You speak in good earnest, sir?

Chough. Yes, faith do I: Trimtram shall be my witness.

Trim. Yes, indeed, sir, twenty pound is very good earnest. 59

Ush. Sir, one thing I must tell you belongs to my place: you are the youngest scholar; and till another comes under you, there is a certain garnish belongs to the school; for in our practice we grow to a quarrel; then there must be wine ready to make all friends, for that's the end of roaring, 'tis valiant, but harmless; and this charge is yours.

Chough. With all my heart, i'faith, and I like it the better because no blood comes on it: who shall fetch?

First Roar.[2] I'll be your spaniel, sir. 69

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[1] There were two sorts of *cheat-bread*—the fine cheat and the coarse cheat; the second sort was "used in the halles of the nobilitie and gentrie onelie" (Harrison). See Halliwell's *Dict.*, where the passage in the text is illustrated.

[2] Old eds. "2 *Roar.*"

Col.'s Fr. Bid Vapour bring some tobacco too.

Chough. Do, and here's money for't.

Ush. No, you shall not; let me see the money: so [*takes the money*], I'll keep it, and discharge him after the combat. [*Exit* First Roarer.] For your practice sake, you and your man shall roar him out on't—for indeed you must pay your debts so, for that's one of the main ends of roaring—and when you have left him in a chafe, then I'll qualify the rascal.

Chough. Content.—I'faith, Trim, we'll roar the rusty rascal out of his tobacco. 80

Trim. Ay, and he had the best craccus in London.

Col.'s Fr. Observe, sir, we could now roar in the Sclavonian language, but this practice hath been a little sublime, some hairsbreadth or so above your caput; I take it, for your use and understanding both, it were fitter for you to taste the modern assault, only the Londonian roar.

Chough. I'faith, sir, that's for my purpose, for I shall use all my roaring here in London: in Cornwall we are all for wrestling, and I do not mean to travel over sea to roar there. 91

Col.'s Fr. Observe then, sir;—but it were necessary you took forth your tables[1] to note the most difficult points for the better assistance of your memory.

Chough. Nay, sir, my man and I keep two tables.

Trim. Ay, sir, and as many trenchers, cats' meat and dogs' meat enough.

---

[1] Memorandum-books.

Col.'s. Fr. Note, sir.—Dost thou confront my cyclops?

Ush. With a Briarean brousted.

Chough. Cylcops. [*Writes.*

Trim. Briarean. [*Writes.*

Col.'s Fr. I know thee and thy lineal pedigree. 102

Ush. It is collateral, as Brutus and Posthumus.

Trim. Brutus. [*Writes.*

Chough. Posthumus. [*Writes.*

Col.'s Fr. False as the face of Hecate! thy sister is a——

Ush. What is my sister, centaur?

Col.'s Fr. I say thy sister is a bronstrops.[1]

Ush. A bronstrops? 110

Chough. Tutor, tutor, ere you go any further, tell me the English of that; what is a bronstrops, pray?

Col.'s Fr. A bronstrops is in English a hippocrene.

Chough. A hippocrene; note it, Trim: I love to understand the English as I go. [*Writes.*

Trim. What's the English of hippocrene?

Chough. Why, bronstrops.

Ush. Thou dost obtrect[2] my flesh and blood.

Col.'s Fr. Again I denounce, thy sister is a fructifer.

Chough. What's that, tutor? 120

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[1] Whether *bronstrops* is a cant word or an invention of Rowley's I cannot say. In *A Cure for a Cuckold* (issued in 1661 as a work of Webster and Rowley, though it bears few marks of Webster's hand) there appears to be an allusion to the present play:—

"*Pett.* I'll tell you how he was served: this informer comes into Turnbull Street to a victualling-house and there falls in league with a wench—

"*Comp.* A tweak or bronstrops: I learned that name in a play."

[2] Slander.

Col.'s Fr. That is in English a fucus or a minotaur.

Chough. A minotaur. [*Writes.*

Trim.[1] A fucus. [*Writes.*

Ush. I say thy mother is a callicut, a panagron, a duplar, and a sindicus.

Col.'s Fr. Dislocate thy bladud![2]

Ush. Bladud shall conjure, if his demons once appear.

Re-enter First Roarer *with wine, followed by* VAPOUR *with tobacco.*

Col.'s Fr. Advance thy respondency.

Chough. Nay, good gentlemen,[3] do not fall out.—A cup of wine quickly, Trimtram! 130

Ush. See, my steel hath a glister!

Chough. Pray wipe him, and put him up again, good usher.

Ush. Sir, at your request I pull down the flag of defiance.

Col.'s Fr. Give me a bowl of wine, my fury shall be quenched: here, usher! [*Drinks.*

Ush. I pledge thee in good friendship. [*Drinks.*

Chough. I like the conclusion of roaring very well, i'faith. 140

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[1] Ed. 1 "*Chau.*"—Ed. 2 "*See.*"

[2] "*i.e.* I suppose, draw thy sword. The reply of the Usher, 'Bladud shall conjure,' &c., seems to allude to the story of King Bladud, who was famous for 'his craft of nygromancy:' see *Mirror for Magistrates*, i. 106, ed. Haslewood, and note there."—*Dyce.* Cf. Gabriel Harvey's *Pierce's Supererogation*:—"As it were with a flying *Bladud* attempting wonderments in the air, or a Simon Magus experimenting impossibilities from the top of the Capitol" (Works, ed. Grosart, ii. 117).

[3] Old eds. "gentleman."

Trim. It has an excellent conclusion indeed, if the wine be good, always provided.

Col.'s Fr. O, the wine must be always provided, be sure of that.

Ush. Else you spoil the conclusion, and that you know crowns all.

Chough. 'Tis much like wrestling, i'faith, for we shake hands ere we begin; now that's to avoid the law, for then if he throw him a furlong into the ground, he cannot recover himself upon him, because 'twas done in cold friendship. 151

Col.'s Fr. I believe you, sir.

Chough. And then we drink afterwards, just in this fashion: wrestling and roaring are as like as can be, i'faith, even like long sword and half pike.

Col.'s Fr. Nay, they are reciprocal, if you mark it, for as there is a great roaring at wrestling, so there is a kind of wrestling and contention at roaring.

Chough. True, i'faith, for I have heard 'em roar from the six windmills[1] to Islington: those have been great falls then. 161

Col.'s Fr. Come now, a brief rehearsal of your other day's lesson, betwixt your man and you, and then for to-day we break up school.

Chough. Come, Trimtram.—If I be out, tutor, I'll be bold to look in my tables, because I doubt I am scarce perfect.

Col.'s Fr. Well, well, I will not see small faults.

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[1] They stood near Moorgate, and are mentioned by Stow and others.

Chough. The wall!

Trim. The wall of me? to thy kennel, spaniel! 170

Chough. Wilt thou not yield precedency?

Trim. To thee? I know thee and thy brood.

Chough. Knowest thou my brood? I know thy brood too, thou art a rook.

Trim. The nearer akin to the choughs?

Chough. The rooks akin to the choughs?

Col.'s Fr. Very well maintained!

Chough. Dungcoer, thou liest!

Trim. Lie? enucleate the kernel of thy scabbard.

Chough. Now if I durst draw my sword, 'twere valiant, i'faith. 181

Col.'s Fr. Draw, draw, howsoever!

Chough. Have some wine ready to make us friends, I pray you.

Trim. Chough, I will make thee fly and roar.

Chough. I will roar if thou strikest me.

Col.'s Fr. So, 'tis enough; now conclude in wine: I see you will prove an excellent practitioner: wondrous well performed on both sides!

Chough. Here, Trimtram, I drink to thee. [*Drinks.*

Trim. I'll pledge you in good friendship. [*Drinks.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. Is there not one master Chough here? 192

Ush. This is the gentleman, sir.

Serv. My master, sir, your elected father-in-law, desires speedily to speak with you.

Chough. Friend, I will follow thee: I would thou

hadst come a little sooner! thou shouldst have seen roaring sport, i'faith.

Serv. Sir, I'll return that you are following. 199

Chough. Do so [*exit* Servant].—I'll tell thee, tutor, I am to marry shortly; but I will defer it a while till I can roar perfectly, that I may get the upper hand of my wife on the wedding-day; 'tmust be done at first or never.

Col.'s Fr. 'Twill serve you to good use in that, sir.

Chough. How likest thou this, whiffler?[1]

Vap. Very valiantly, i'faith, sir.

Chough. Tush, thou shalt see more by and by.

Vap. I can stay no longer indeed, sir: who pays me for my tobacco? 210

Chough. How? pay for tobacco? away, ye sooty-mouthed piper! you rusty piece of Martlemas bacon, away!

Trim. Let me give him a mark[2] for't.

Chough. No, Trimtram, do not strike him; we'll only roar out a curse upon him.

Trim. Well, do you begin then.

Chough. May thy roll[3] rot, and thy pudding drop in pieces, being sophisticated with filthy urine!

Trim. May sergeants dwell on either side of thee, to fright away thy twopenny customers! 221

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[1] Puffer of tobacco. (*Whiffler* was also the name of the officer who went before in a procession to clear the way.)

[2] A pun is of course intended. *Mark* was a coin worth 13*s.* 4*d.*

[3] *Roll* and *pudding* were sorts of tobacco.

Chough. And for thy penny ones, let them suck thee dry!

Trim. When thou art dead, mayest thou have no other sheets to be buried in but mouldy tobacco-leaves!

Chough. And no strawings to stick thy carcass but the bitter stalks!

Trim. Thy mourners all greasy tapsters!

Chough. With foul tobacco-pipes in their hats, instead of rotten rosemary;[1] and last of all, may my man and I live to see all this performed, and to piss reeking even upon thy grave! 232

Trim. And last of all for me, let this epitaph be remembered over thee:

Here coldly now within is laid to rot
A man that yesterday was piping hot:
Some say he died by pudding, some by prick,[2]
Others by roll[3] *and ball, some leaf; all stick*
Fast in censure,[4] *yet think it strange and rare,*
He liv'd by smoke, yet died for want of air: 240
But then the surgeon said, when he beheld him,
It was the burning of his pipe that kill'd him.

Chough. So, are you paid now, whiffler?

Vap. All this is but smoke out of a stinking pipe.

Chough. So, so, pay him now, usher.

[VAPOUR *is paid by the* Usher, *and exit.*

---

[1] Rosemary was worn at funerals. See note 2, vol. i. p. 9.

[2] *Pudding-prick* was the name of the skewer which fastened the pudding-bag. (Here, and in the last line of the epitaph, the *double entendre* is sufficiently obvious.)

[3] *Roll, ball, pudding,* and *leaf* were sorts of tobacco.

[4] Opinion.

Col's Fr. Do not henceforth neglect your schooling, master Chough.

Chough. Call me rook, if I do, tutor.

Trim. And me raven, though my name be Trimtram.

Chough. Farewell, tutor. 250

Trim. Farewell, usher.

[*Exeunt* CHOUGH *and* TRIMTRAM.

Col.'s Fr. Thus when the drum's unbrac'd, and trumpet[s] cease,
Soldiers must get pay for to live in peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Chamber in the Colonel's *House.*

The[1] Colonel *discovered lying on a couch, several of his friends watching him: as the* Surgeon *is going out, the* Colonel's Sister *enters.*

Col.'s Sist. O my most worthy brother, thy hard fate 'twas!—
Come hither, honest surgeon, and deal faithfully
With a distressed virgin: what hope is there?

Surg. Hope? chilis[2] was 'scap'd miraculously, lady.

Col.'s Sist. What's that, sir?

Surg. Cava vena: I care but little for his wound i'

---

[1] The stage-direction in old eds. is "*Enter the Colonel's Sister, meeting the Surgeon.*"

[2] "Old eds. 'chillis.' 'Also out of the gibbosyte or bounch of the liner there issueth a veyne called concaua or *chilis*,' &c.—Vigon's *Workes of Chirurgerie*, 1571, fol. ix."—*Dyce.*

th' œsophag,[1] not thus much, trust me; but when they come to diaphragma once, the small intestines, or the spinal medul, or i' th' roots of the emunctories of the noble parts, then straight I fear a syncope;[2] the flanks retiring towards the back, the urine bloody, the excrements purulent, and the dolour pricking or pungent. 12

Col.'s Sist. Alas, I'm ne'er the better for this answer!

Surg. Now I must tell you his principal dolour lies i' th' region of the liver, and there's both inflammation and tumefaction[3] feared; marry, I made him a quadra[n]gular plumation, where I used sanguis draconis, by my faith, with powders incarnative, which I tempered with oil of hypericon, and other liquors mundificative.

Col.'s Sist. Pox a' your mundies figatives! I would they were all fired! 21

Surg. But I purpose, lady, to make another experiment at next dressing with a sarcotic[4] medicament made of iris of Florence; thus, mastic, calaphena, opoponax,[5] sacrocolla[6]——

Col.'s Sist. Sacro-halter! what comfort is i' this to a poor gentlewoman? pray tell me in plain terms what you think of him.

Surg. Marry, in plain terms I know not what to say to him: the wound, I can assure you, inclines to paralism, and I find his body cacochymic: being then in

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[1] Old eds. "orsophag."
[2] Old eds. "syncops."
[3] Old eds. "turmafaction."
[4] Old eds. "sarcotricke."
[5] Old eds. "apopanax."
[6] Sarcocolla (a Persian gum).

fear of fever and inflammation, I nourish him altogether with viands refrigerative, and give for potion the juice of savicola dissolved with water cerefolium : I could do no more, lady, if his best ginglymus[1] were dissevered. [*Exit.*

Col.'s. Sist. What thankless pains does the tongue often take 36
To make the whole man most ridiculous !
I come to him for comfort, and he tires me
Worse than my sorrow : what a precious good
May be deliver'd sweetly in few words !
And what a mount of nothing has he cast forth !
Alas, his strength decays ! [*Aside.*]—How cheer you, sir,
My honour'd brother ?

Col. In soul never better ;
I feel an excellent health there, such a stoutness
My invisible enemies[2] fly me : seeing me arm'd
With penitence and forgiveness, they fall backward,
Whether through admiration, not imagining
There were such armoury in a soldier's soul
As pardon and repentance, or through power
Of ghostly valour. But I have been lord 50
Of a more happy conquest in nine hours now
Than in nine years before.—O kind lieutenants,
This is the only war we should provide for !
Where he that forgives largest, and sighs strongest,
Is a tried soldier, a true man indeed,
And wins the best field, makes his own heart bleed.
Read the last part of that will, sir. 57

[1] Old eds. "Guiguimos."
[2] Old eds. "enemy flies."

First[1] *Fr. of Col.* [*reads.*] *I also require at the hands of my most beloved sister, whom I make full executrix, the disposure of my body in burial at Saint Martin's i' th' Field; and to cause to be distributed to the poor of the same parish forty mark, and to the hospital of maimed soldiers a hundred: lastly, I give and bequeath to my kind, dear, and virtuous sister the full possession of my present estate in riches, whether it be in lands, leases, money, goods, plate, jewels, or what kind soever, upon this condition following, that she forthwith tender both herself and all these infeoffments to that noble captain, my late enemy, captain Ager.*

Col.'s Sist. How, sir?

Col. Read it again, sir; let her hear it plain. 70

Col.'s Sist. Pray, spare your pains, sir; 'tis too plain already.—

Good sir, how do you? is your memory perfect?
This will makes question of you: I bestow'd
So much grief and compassion a' your wound,
I never look'd into your senses' epilepsy:
The sickness and infirmity of your judgment
Is to be doubted now more than your body's.
Why, is your love no dearer to me, sir,
Than to dispose me so upon the man
Whose fury is your body's present torment, 80
The author of your danger? one I hate
Beyond the bounds of malice. Do you not feel
His wrath upon you? I beseech you, sir,
Alter that cruel article!

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[1] Old eds. "1 Liefetenant *reads.*"

Col. Cruel, sister?—
Forgive me, natural love, I must offend thee,
Speaking to this woman.—Am I content,
Having much kindred, yet to give thee all,
Because in thee I'd raise my means to goodness,
And canst thou prove so thankless to my bounty,
To grudge my soul her peace? is my intent 90
To leave her rich, whose only desire is
To send me poorer into the next world
Than ever usurer went, or politic statist?
Is it so burdensome for thee to love
Where I forgive? O, wretched is the man
That builds the last hopes of his saving comforts
Upon a woman's charity! he's most miserable:
If it were possible, her obstinate will
Will pull him down in his midway to heaven.
I've wrong'd that worthy man past recompense, 100
And in my anger robb'd him of fair fame;
And thou the fairest restitution art
My life could yield him: if I knew a fairer,
I'd set thee by and thy unwilling goodness,
And never make my sacred peace of thee:
But there's the cruelty of a fate debarr'd
Thou art the last, and all, and thou art hard!

Col.'s Sist. Let your griev'd heart hold better thoughts of me;
I will not prove so, sir; but since you enforce it
With such a strength of passion, I'll perform 110
What by your will you have enjoin'd me to,
Though the world never show me joy again.

Col. O, this may be fair cunning for the time,
To put me off, knowing I hold not long;
And when I look to have my joys accomplish'd,
I shall find no such things: that were vild[1] cozenage,
And not to be repented.

Col.'s Sist. By all the blessedness
Truth and a good life looks for, I will do't, sir!

Col. Comforts reward you for't whene'er you grieve!
I know if you dare swear, I may believe. 120

[*Exit* Colonel's Sister. *Scene closes.*

SCENE III.

A Room in LADY AGER'S *House.*

Enter CAPTAIN AGER.

Cap. Ager. No sooner have I entrance i' this house now
But all my joy falls from me, which was wont
To be the sanctuary of my comforts:
Methought I lov'd it with a reverent gladness,
As holy men do consecrated temples
For the saint's sake, which I believ'd my mother;
But prov'd a false faith since, a fearful heresy.
O, who'd erect th' assurance of his joys
Upon a woman's goodness! whose best virtue
Is to commit unseen, and highest secrecy 10
To hide but her own sin; there's their perfection:

[1] Vile.

And if she be so good, which many fail of too,
When these are bad, how wondrous ill are they!
What comfort is't to fight, win this day's fame,
When all my after-days are lamps of shame?

Enter LADY AGER.

Lady Ager. Blessings be firm to me! he's come, 'tis he!—— [*Aside.*
A surgeon speedily!
Cap. Ager. A surgeon? why, madam?
Lady Ager. Perhaps you'll say 'tis but a little wound;
Good to prevent a danger:—quick, a surgeon!
Cap. Ager. Why, madam? 20
Lady Ager. Ay, ay, that's all the fault of valiant men,
They'll not be known a' their hurts till they're past help,
And then too late they wish for't.
Cap. Ager. Will you hear me?
Lady Ager. 'Tis no disparagement to confess a wound;
I'm glad, sir, 'tis no worse:—a surgeon quickly!
Cap. Ager. Madam——
Lady Ager. Come, come, sir, a wound's honourable,
And never shames the wearer.
Cap. Ager. By the justice
I owe to honour, I came off untouch'd!
Lady Ager. I'd rather believe that.
Cap. Ager. You believe truth so.
Lady Ager. My tears prevail then. Welcome, welcome, sir, 30
As peace and mercy to one new departed!

would you go though, and deceive me so,
n my abundant love took all the course
might be to prevent it? I did that
ny affection's sake—goodness forgive me for't!—
were my own life's safety put upon't,
ther die than do't. Think how you us'd me then;
yet would you go and hazard yourself too!
; but unkindly done.

p. Ager. What's all this, madam?

dy Ager. See, then, how rash you were and short in wisdom! 40
wrong my faith I did, slander'd my constancy,
d my truth; that which few mothers will,
wer can, I did, out of true fear
oving care, only to keep thee here.

p. Ager. I doubt I'm too quick of apprehension now,

Taught me to kneel and ask 'em, are not valuable
With this immaculate blessing of your truth:
This is the palm to victory,
The crown for all deserts past and to come:
Let 'em be numberless; they are rewarded,
Already they're rewarded. Bless this frame, 60
I feel it much too weak to bear the joy on't. [*Kneels.*

Lady Ager. Rise, sir.

Cap. Ager. O, pardon me!
I cannot honour you too much, too long.
I kneel not only to a mother now,
But to a woman that was never false:
Ye're dear, and ye're good too; I think a' that:
What reverence does she merit! 'tis fit such
Should be distinguish'd from the prostrate sex;
And what distinction properer can be shown,
Than honour done to her that keeps her own? 70

Lady Ager. Come, sir, I'll have you rise.

Cap. Ager. To do a deed, then, [*Rises.*
That shall for ever raise me. O my glory,
Why, this, this is the quarrel that I look'd for!
The other[1] but a shift to hold time play.
You sacred ministers of preservation,
For heaven's sake send him life,
And with it mighty health, and such a strength
May equal but the cause! I wish no foul things:
If life but glow in him, he shall know instantly
That I'm resolv'd to call him to account for't. 80

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[1] Old eds. "the tother."

Lady Ager. Why, hark you, sir——

Cap. Ager. I bind you by your honour, madam,
u speak no hindrance to's; take heed, you ought
not.

Lady Ager. What an unhappiness have I in good-
ness!
s ever my desire to intend well,
t have no fortunate way in't. For all this
serve I yet no better of you
t to be griev'd again? Are you not well
th honest gain of fame, with safety purchas'd?
ll you needs tempt a ruin that avoids you? [*Exit.*

Cap. Ager. No, you've prevail'd: things of this nature
sprung, 90
en they use action must use little tongue.—

Enter Servant.

Were not that remedy ordain'd for women, 100
Their hearts would never hold three years together:
And here she comes; I never mark'd so much of her;

Enter Colonel's Sister.

That face can be the mistress of no anger
But I might very well endure a month, methinks.—
I am the man; speak, lady; I'll stand fair.

Col.'s Sist. And I'm enjoin'd by vow to fall thus low,
[*Kneels.*
And from the dying hand of a repentant
Offer, for expiation of wrongs done you,
Myself, and with myself all that was his,
Which upon that condition was made mine, 110
Being his soul's wish to depart absolute man,
In life a soldier, death a Christian.

Cap. Ager. O, heaven has touch'd him nobly! how it shames
My virtue's slow perfection! Rise, dear brightness—
I forget manners too—up, matchless sweetness!

Col.'s Sist. I must not, sir; there is not in my vow
That liberty; I must be receiv'd first,
Or all denied; if either, I am free.

Cap. Ager. He must be without soul should deny thee;
And with that reverence I receive the gift 120
As it was sent me. [*Raises her.*] Worthy Colonel,
Has such a conquering way i' th' blest things!
Whoever overcomes, he only wins. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.[1]

A Street: a noise of "hem"[2] *within.*

Enter CAPTAIN ALBO, MEG, *and* PRISS.

Hark of these hard-hearted bloodhounds! these
s are e'en as merciless as their dogs; they knock
woman's fame e'en as it walks the streets by 'em.
And the Captain here that should defend us
y like John of the apple-loft.[3]

Albo. What for interjections, Priss, *hem*, *evax*,
et the carnifexes[4] scour their throats! thou
there is a curse hangs over their bloody heads;
r there shall be more butchers' pricks burnt than
ides besides. 10

I do wonder how thou camest to be a captain.

and whore is not mentioned amongst 'em, but the handsomest narrow-mouthed names they have for us, that some of them may serve as well for a lady as for one of our occupation. 21

Priss. Prithee, patroness, let's go see a piece of that play; if we shall have good words for our money, 'tis as much as we can deserve, i'faith.

Meg. I doubt 'tis too late now; but another time, servant.

Cap. Albo. Let's go now, sweet face; I am acquainted with one of the pantomimics; the bulchins[1] will use the Irish captain with respect, and you two shall be boxed amongst the better sort. 30

Priss. Sirrah captain Albo, I doubt you are but white-livered; look that you defend us valiantly, you know your penance else.—Patroness, you remember how you used him once?

Meg. Ay, servant, and I shall never forget it till I use him so again.—Do you remember, captain?

Cap. Albo. Mum, Meg; I will not hear on't now.

Meg. How I and my Amazons stript you as naked as an Indian——

Cap. Albo. Why, Meg—— 40

Meg. And then how I bound you to the good behaviour in the open fields——

Priss. And then you strowed oats upon his hoppers——

Cap. Albo. Prithee, sweet face——

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[1] Bulkins, bull-calves.

ss. And then brought your ducks to nibble upon
-You remember?
. *Albo.* O, the remembrance tortures me again!
re, good sweet face.
. Well, lead on, sir; but hark a little. 50

Enter CHOUGH *and* TRIMTRAM.

ugh. Didst thou bargain for the bladders with the
er, Trim?
m. Ay, sir, I have 'em here; I'll practise to swim
r, and then I may roar with the water at London
: he that roars by land and by water both is the
t roarer.
ugh. Well, I'll venture to swim too: if my father-
gives me a good dowry with his daughter, I shall
p my head well enough. 59
m. Peace, sir; here's practice for our roaring,

Cap. Albo. Art thou military? art thou a soldier?

Chough. A soldier? no, I scorn to be so poor; I am a roarer.

Cap. Albo. A roarer?

Trim. Ay, sir, two roarers.

Cap. Albo. Know, then, my fresh-water friends, that I am a captain.

Chough. What, and have but two to serve under you?

Cap. Albo. I am now retiring the field.

Trim. You may see that by his bag and baggage. 80

Chough. Deliver up thy panagron to me.

Trim. And give me thy sindicus.

Cap. Albo. Deliver?

Meg. I pray you, captain, be contented; the gentlemen seem to give us very good words.

Chough. Good words? ay, if you could understand 'em; the words cost twenty pound.

Meg. What is your pleasure, gentlemen?

Chough. I would enucleate my fructifier.

Priss. What says he, patroness? 90

Meg. He would enoculate: I understand the gentleman very pithily.

Cap. Albo. Speak, are you gentle or plebeian? can you give arms?[1]

Chough. Arms? ay, sir; you shall feel our arms presently.

Trim. 'Sault you the women; I'll pepper him till he

---

[1] "Give arms" is an heraldic term = show armorial bearings.

stinks again: I perceive what countryman he is; let me alone with him.

Cap. Albo. Darest thou charge a captain? 100

Trim. Yes, and discharge upon him too.

Cap. Albo. Foh, 'tis poison to my country, the slave has eaten pippins! O, shoot no more! turn both thy broadsides rather than thy poop; 'tis foul play; my country breeds no poison.[1] I yield; the great O Toole[2] shall yield on these conditions.

Chough. I have given one of 'em a fair fall, Trim.

Trim. Then thus far we bring home conquest.—Follow me, captain; the cyclops doth command.

---

[1] St. Patrick freed Ireland from venomous creatures.

[2] "Was a person notorious for his romantic bravery, vanity, and eccentricity. There is a rare print of him—*Arthurus Severus O Toole None-such, Æt.* 80—representing an old man in armour, carrying in his hand a sword ornamented with crowns, and having at bottom verses,

'Great Moguls landlord, both Indies king,' &c.

It was prefixed to the first edition of a poem by Taylor, 1622, *To the Honour of the Noble Captaine O Toole*, which is reprinted in the water-poet's *Works*, 1630. In this ironical panegyric his exploits against the Irish rebels are celebrated:

'Thou shewdst thy selfe a doughty wight at Dublin:
When Irish Rebells madly brought the trouble in,
At Baltimore, Kinsale, at Corke and Yoghall,' &c.

But his own country was not the only one in which O Toole figured; he served as a volunteer, and displayed his courage and absurdities in various parts of Europe. The *Argument* to the poem just quoted informs us that his 'Youth was dedicated to Mars and his age to Westminster, which ancient Cittie is now honour'd with his beloued Residance.'"—*Dyce.*

Chough. Follow me, tweaks,[1] the centaur doth command. 110

Meg. Anything, sweet gentlemen: will't please you to lead to the tavern, where we'll make all friends?

Trim. Why, now you come to the conclusion.

Chough. Stay, Trim; I have heard your tweaks are like your mermaids, they have sweet voices to entice the passengers: let's have a song, and then we'll set 'em at liberty.

Trim. In the commendation of roaring, not else, sir.

Chough. Ay, in the commendation of roaring.

Meg. The best we can, gentlemen. 120

[*Sings,* PRISS *joining in chorus.*

Then here thou shalt resign
Both captain and commander;
That name was never thine,
But apple-squire[2] *and pander;*
And henceforth will we grant,
In pillage or in monies,
In clothing or provant,[3]
Whate'er we get by conies:
With a hone, a hone, a hone,
No cheaters nor decoys 130
Shall have a share, but alone
The bravest roaring boys.

---

[1] Punks. The word is frequently used by Brathwait.
[2] See note 3, p. 246.
[3] Provender.

Whate'er we get by gulls
Of country or of city,
Old flat-caps[1] *or young heirs,*
Or lawyers' clerks so witty;
By sailors newly landed,
To put in for fresh waters;
By wandering gander-mooners,[2]
Or muffled late night-walkers. 140
With a hone, &c.

Whate'er we get by strangers,
The Scotch, the Dutch, or Irish,
Or, to come nearer home,
By masters of the parish;
It is concluded thus,
By all and every wench,
To take of all their coins,
And pay 'em back in French.

Chough. Calumnious calicut!

Trim. And most singular sindicus!

Meg. We shall never be able to deserve these good words at your hands, gentlemen.

Cap. Albo. Shake golls[1] with the captain; he shall be thy valiant friend. 160

Chough. Not yet, captain; we must make an end of our roaring first.

Trim. We'll serve 'em as we did the tobacco-man, lay a curse upon 'em; marry, we'll lay it on gently, because they have used us so kindly, and then we'll shake golls together.

Priss. As gently as you can, sweet gentlemen.

Chough. For thee, O pander, mayst thou trudge till the damned soles of thy boots fleet into dirt, but never rise into air! 170

Trim. Next, mayst thou fleet so long from place to place, till thou be'st kicked out of Fleet Street!

Chough. As thou hast lived by bad flesh, so rotten mutton be thy bane!

Trim. When thou art dead, may twenty whores follow thee, that thou mayst go a squire[2] to thy grave!

Cap. Albo. Enough for me, sweet faces; let me sleep in my grave.

Chough. For thee, old sindicus, may I see thee ride[3] in a caroch with two wheels, and drawn with one horse! 181

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[1] Cant term for hands.

[2] Pimp.

[3] *i.e.* may you be carted as a bawd.

Trim. Ten beadles running by, instead of footmen!

Though. With every one a whip, 'stead of an Irish !![1]

Trim. Forty barbers' basins[2] sounding before, instead umpets!

Meg. This will be comely indeed, sweet gentlemen ers.

Trim. Thy ruff starched yellow with rotten eggs!

Though. And mayst thou then be drawn from Holborn Hounslow Heath! 191

Trim. And then be burnt to Colebrook, for destroy- of Maidenhead!

Meg. I will study to deserve this kindness at your ds, gentlemen.

Though. Now for thee, little fucus; mayst thou first e out thy time as a tweak, and then become a bron- ps, as she is!

Trim. May spiders only weave thy cobweb-lawn!

Chough. Mayst thou set up in Rogue-lane——

Trim. Live till thou stinkest in Garden-alleys——

Chough. And die sweetly in Tower-ditch!

Priss. I thank you for that, good sir roarer.

Chough. Come, shall we go now, Trim? my father-in-law stays for me all this while.

Trim. Nay, I'll serve 'em as we did the tobacco-man; I'll bury 'em altogether, and give 'em an epitaph. 210

Chough. All together, Trim? why, then, the epitaph will be accessary to the sin.

[*Trim.*] Alas, he has kept[1] the door all his life-time! for pity, let 'em lie together in their graves.

Cap. Albo. E'en as thou wilt, Trim, and I thank you too, sir.

Trim. *He that the reason would know, let him hark,*
Why these three[2] *were buried near Marybone Park;*
These three were a pander, a bawd, and a whore,
That suck'd many dry to the bones before. 220
Will you know how they liv'd? here't may be read;
The Low Countries did ever find 'em bread;
They liv'd by Flushing, by Sluys, and the Groyne,
Sicken'd in France, and died under the Line.
Three letters at last commended 'em hither,
But the hangman broke one in putting together:
P was the first, who cries out for a pardon,
O craves his book, yet could not read such a hard one,

---

[1] *i.e.* has been a pander.
[2] Old eds. "two."

X was the last, which in conjunction
s broke by Brandon ;[1] *and here's the conclusion :* 230
three trees, three letters, these three, pander, bawd, whore,
v stink below ground, stunk long above before.

Though. So, now we have done with you ; remember ing boys.

Trim. Farewell, centaur !

Though. Farewell, bronstrops !

Trim. Farewell, fucus !

[*Exeunt* CHOUGH *and* TRIMTRAM.

Cap. Albo. Well, Meg, I will learn to roar, and still ntain the name of captain over these lance-presa- s.[2] 240

Meg. If thou dost not, mayst thou be buried under roaring curse ! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A Room in RUSSELL'S *House.*

Enter Physician *and* JANE *dressed as a Bride.*

Phy. Will you be obstinate?
Jane. Torment me not,
Thou lingering executioner to death,
Greatest disease to nature, that striv'st by art
To make men long a-dying! your practice is
Upon men's bodies; as men pull roses
For their own relish, but to kill the flower,
So you maintain your lives by others' deaths:
What eat you then but[1] carrion?
Phy. Fie, bitterness!
Ye'd need to candy o'er your tongue a little,
Your words will hardly be digested else. 10
Jane. You can give yourself a vomit to return 'em,
If they offend your stomach.
Phy. Hear my vow;
You are[2] to be married to-day——

[1] Old eds. "by."
[2] Ed. 1622 has "*You* that *are*," &c.

ne. A second torment,
se than the first, 'cause unavoidable!
uld I could as soon annihilate
father's will in that as forbid thy lust!
ly. If you then tender an unwilling hand,
t it with revenge, marry a cuckold.
ne. If thou wilt marry me, I'll make that vow,
give my body for satisfaction 20
im that should enjoy me for his wife.
ly. Go to; I'll mar your marriage.
ne. Do; plague me so:
ather bear the brand of all that's past,
pital characters upon my brow,
think to be thy whore or marry him.
ly. I will defame thee ever——
ne. Spare me not.
ly. I will produce thy bastard,

Enter TRIMTRAM *with rosemary.*[1]

This is the bridegroom's man.—Hark, sir, a word.

Trim. 'Tis a busy day, sir, nor I need no physic;
You see I scour about my business.

Phy. Pray you, a word, sir: your master is to be married to-day? 41

Trim. Else all this rosemary's lost.

Phy. I would speak with your master, sir.

Trim. My master, sir, is to be married this morning, and cannot be within while[2] soon at night.

Phy. If you will do your master the best service
That e'er you did him; if he shall not curse
Your negligence hereafter slacking it;
If he shall bless me for the dearest friend
That ever his acquaintance met withal; 50
Let me speak with him ere he go to church.

Trim. A right physician! you would have none go to the church nor churchyard till you send them thither: well, if death do not spare you yourselves, he deals hardly with you, for you are better benefactors and send more to him than all diseases besides.

Chough [*within.*] What, Trimtram, Trimtram!

Trim. I come, sir.—Hark you, you may hear him! he's upon the spur, and would fain mount the saddle of matrimony; but, if I can, I'll persuade him to come to you. 61

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[1] Rosemary was used at weddings. See note 2, vol. i. p. 9.
[2] Until.

y. Pray you, do, sir. [*Exit* TRIMTRAM.]—I'll teach
all peevish niceness.[1]
ware the strong advantage of revenge.

Enter CHOUGH.

ugh. Who's that would speak with me?
y. None but a friend, sir; I would speak with you.
ugh. Why, sir, and I dare speak with any man
the universe. Can you roar, sir?
y. No, in faith, sir;
e to tell you mildly for your good,
please to hear me: you are upon marriage? 70
ugh. No, sir; I am towards it, but not upon it

y. Do you know what you do?
ugh. Yes, sir, I hav practised what to do before

Your bride, that may be, has not that portion
That a bride should have.

Chough. Why, sir, she has a thousand and a better penny.

Phy. I do not speak of rubbish, dross, and ore,
But the refinèd metal, honour, sir. 90

Chough. What she wants in honour shall be made up in worship, sir; money will purchase both.

Phy. To be plain with you, she's naught.

Chough. If thou canst not roar, thou'rt a dead man! my bride naught? [*Drawing his sword.*

Phy. Sir, I do not fear you that way; what I speak [*Drawing his sword.*
My life shall maintain; I say she is naught.

Chough. Dost thou not fear me?

Phy. Indeed I do not, sir.

Chough. I'll never draw upon thee while I live for that trick; put up and speak freely. 100

Phy. Your intended bride is a whore; that's freely, sir.

Chough. Yes, faith, a whore's free enough, and[1] she hath a conscience: is she a whore? foot, I warrant she has the pox then.

Phy. Worse, the plague; 'tis more incurable.

Chough. A plaguy whore? a pox on her, I'll none of her!

Phy. Mine accusation shall have firm evidence;

---

[1] If.

roduce an unavoided witness,
rd of her bearing.
gh. A bastard? 'snails, there's great suspicion
whore then! I'll wrestle a fall with her father for
this trick upon me, as I am a gentleman. 112
Good sir, mistake me not; I do not speak
k the contract of united hearts;
ot pull that curse upon my head,
rate the husband and the wife;
s, in love, I thought fit to reveal,
due office betwixt man and man,
u might not be ignorant of your ills.
er now of my premonishment 120
rself shall please.
gh. I'll burn all the rosemary to sweeten the
for, in my conscience, 'tis infected: has she drunk
? [1] if she would piss me wine-vinegar now nine

Chough. What's the word?[1] what says Bretnor?[2]

Trim. The word is, sir, *There's a hole in her coat.*

Chough. I thought so; the physician agrees with him; I'll not marry to-day.

Trim. I pray you, sir; there will be charges for new rosemary else; this will be withered by to-morrow.

Chough. Make a bonfire on't, to sweeten Rosemary-lane: prithee, Trim, entreat my father-in-law that might have been, to come and speak with me. 140

Trim. The bride cries already and looks t'other way; and you be so backward too, we shall have a fine arse-ward wedding on't. [*Exit.*

Chough. You'll stand to your words, sir?

Phy. I'll not fly the house, sir;
When you have need, call me to evidence.

Chough. If you'll prove she has borne a bastard, I'll stand to't she's a whore. [*Exit* Physician.

Enter RUSSELL *and* TRIMTRAM.

Rus. Why, how now, son? what causeth these delays? All stay for your leading.

Chough. Came I from the Mount to be confronted?

Rus. How's that, sir? 151

Chough. Canst thou roar, old man?

Rus. Roar? how mean you, sir?

---

[1] Motto.

[2] A famous almanac-maker and conjuror. He is mentioned in Jonson's *Devil is an Ass*, i. 2.

ugh. Why, then, I'll tell thee plainly, thy daughter
onstrops.
. A bronstrops? what's that, sir?
m. Sir, if she be so, she is a hippocrene.
ugh. Nay, worse, she is a fructifer.
m. Nay, then, she is a fucus, a minotaur, and a
160
. Pray, you, speak to my understanding, sir.
ugh. If thou wilt have it in plain terms, she is a
t and a panagron.
m. Nay, then, she is a duplar and a sindicus.
. Good, sir, speak English to me.
ugh. All this is Cornish to thee; I say thy daughter
unk bastard[1] in her time.
. Bastard? you do not mean to make her a
whore?
ugh. Yes, but I do, if she make a fool of me;

Chough. Or at Wookey-Hole[1] in Somersetshire. 180

Trim. Or at the Hanging-stones in Wiltshire.

Chough. Or at Maidenhead in Berkshire: and did I come in by Maidenhead to go out by Staines? O, that man, woman, or child, would wrestle with me for a pound of patience!

Rus. Some thief has put in poison at your ears,
To steal the good name of my child from me;
Or if it be a malice of your own,
Be sure I will enforce a proof from you.

Chough. He's a goose and a woodcock that says 190
I will not prove any word that I speak.

Trim. Ay, either goose or woodcock; he shall, sir, with any man.

Chough. Phy-si-ci-an! mauz avez[2] physician!

Rus. Is he the author?

Re-enter Physician.

Phy. Sir, with much sorrow for your sorrow's sake,
I must deliver this most certain truth;
Your daughter is an honour-stained bride,
Indeed she is the mother to a child
Before the lawful wife unto a husband. 200

Chough. La, that's worse than I told thee; I said she had borne a bastard, and he says she was the mother on't too.

Rus. I'm yet an infidel against all this,

---

[1] Old eds. "Hoc-kye hole."
[2] "Is this Cornish?"—*Dyce.*

ill believe the sun is made of brass,
ars of amber——
ugh. And the moon of a Holland cheese.
. Rather than this impossibility.
e she comes.

Re-enter JANE *with* ANNE.

ome, daughter, stand at the bar of shame; 210
now quit thyself, or kill me ever:
marriage-day is spoil'd, if all be true.
e. A happy misery! who's my accuser?
. I am, that knows it true I speak.
ugh. Yes, and I'm his witness.
n. And I.
ugh. And I again.
n. And I again too; there's four, that's enough, I

Anne. Are you not mad
To do this office? fie upon your malice!
Phy. I'll presently produce both nurse and child,
Whose very eyes shall call her mother before it speaks.
[*Exit.*

Chough. Ha, ha, ha, ha! by my troth, I'd spend a shilling on that condition to hear that: I think in my conscience I shall take the physician in a lie; if the child call her mother before it can speak, I'll never wrestle while I live again. 240

Trim. It must be a she child, if it do, sir; and those speak the soonest of any living creatures, they say.

Chough. Baw, waw! a dog will bark a month sooner; he's a very puppy else.

Rus. Come, tell truth 'twixt ourselves; here's none but friends:
One spot a father's love will soon wipe off;
The truth, and the[reb]y try my love abundant;
I'll cover it with all the care I have,
And yet, perhaps, make up a marriage-day.
Jane. Then it's true, sir, I have a[1] child.
Rus. Hast thou? 250
Well, wipe thine eyes; I'm a grandfather then.
If all bastards were banish'd, the city would be thin
In the thickest term-time. Well, now let me alone,
I'll try my wits for thee.—Richard, Francis, Andrew!
None of my knaves within?

---

[1] So ed. 1622. Not in first ed.

Enter Servant.

. Here's one of 'em, sir: the guests come in apace.
s. Do they, Dick? let 'em have wine and sugar;
be for 'em presently; but hark, Dick.
[*Whispers* Servant.
ugh. I long to hear this child speak, i'faith, Trim;
ld this foolish physician would come once. 260
m. If it calls her mother, I hope it shall never call
ther.
ugh. No; and it do, I'll whip it, i'faith, and give
eave to whip me.
s. Run on thy best legs, Dick.
. I'll be here in a twinkling, sir. [*Exit.*

e-enter Physician *with* Dutch Nurse *and* Child.

y. Now, gentlemen, believe your eyes, if not

This much confirms it; you have defamed 280
Mine honest daughter; I'll have you punished for't,
Besides the civil penance of your sin,
And keeping of your bastard.

Phy. This is fine!
All your wit and wealth must not thus carry it.

Rus. Sir Chough, a word with you.

Chough. I'll not have her, i'faith, sir; if Trimtram will have her, and he will, let him.

Trim. Who, I, sir? I scorn it: if you'll have her, I'll have her too; I'll do as you do, and no otherwise.

Rus. I do not mean't to either; this only, sir, 290
That whatsoe'er you've seen, you would be silent;
Hinder not my child of another husband,
Though you forsake her.

Chough. I'll not speak a word, i'faith.

Rus. As you are a gentleman?

Chough. By these basket-hilts, as I am a youth, a gentleman, a roarer.

Rus. Charm your man, I beseech you, too.

Chough. I warrant you, sir, he shall do nothing but what I do before him. 300

Rus. I shall most dearly thank you.—

Re-enter Servant *with* FITZALLEN.

O, are you come?
Welcome, son-in-law! this was beyond your hope:
We old men have pretty conceits sometimes;
Your wedding-day's prepar'd, and this is it;
How think you of it?

s of the joyfullest
welcom'd me! you show yourself now
to all kind fathers.—My sweetest Jane!
our captivity I meant but as sauce
r wedding-dinner; now I'm sure
ore welcome in this short restraint 310
it freely come.
thousandfold.
like this well. [*Aside.*
. I have not the heart to see this gentleman
; I will reveal; I make it mine own case; 'tis
e.
Remember you have sworn by your hilts.
. I'll break my hilts rather than conceal: I
ick; do thou follow me; I will reveal it, and
eak it neither.
'Tis my duty to follow you, sir. 320

Trim [*sings.*] *Let not fond love with foretops so rebuke us.*

Rus. Good sir—— 329

Chough [*sings.*] *Behold a baby of this maid's begetting.*

Trim. [*sings.*] *A deed of darkness after the sunsetting.*

Rus. Your oath, sir!

Chough [*sings.*] *I swear and sing thy bride has taken physic.*

Trim. [*sings.*] *This was the doctor cur'd her of that phthisic.*

Chough [*sings.*] *If you'll believe me, I will say no more.*

Trim. [*sings.*] *Thy bride's a tweak, as we do say that roar.*

Chough. Bear witness, gentlemen, I have not spoke a word; my hilts are whole still.

Fitz. This is a sweet epithalamium
Unto the marriage-bed, a musical, 340
Harmonious Iö! Sir, you have wrong'd me,
And basely wrong'd me! was this your cunning fetch,
To fetch me out of prison, for ever to marry me
Unto a strumpet?

Rus. None of those words, good sir;
'Tis but a fault, and 'tis a sweet one too.
Come, sir, your means is short; lengthen your fortunes
With a fair proffer: I'll put a thousand pieces
Into the scale, to help her to weigh it up,
Above the first dowry.

Fitz. Ha? you say well;
Shame may be bought out at a dear rate; 350
A thousand pieces added to her dowry!

. There's five hundred of 'em to make the bar-
gain; [*Gives money.*
orthy guests coming, and would not delude 'em;
peak like a son to me.
. Your blessing, sir;
e both yours:—witness, gentlemen,
must be made up a thousand pieces,
l to a first thousand for her dowry,
her that child.
. O, is it out now?
ugh. For t'other thousand, I'll do't myself yet.
m. Or I, if my master will.
. The bargain's made, sir; I have the tender
ossession both, and will keep my purchase.
ugh. Take her e'en to you with all her moveables;
ar my bachelor's buttons still.
m. So will I, i'faith; they are the best flowers in

Trim. I'll lay my life on't too, 'twas there.
Fitz. Somewhere it was, sir.
Rus. Was't so, i'faith, son?
Jane. And that I must have reveal'd to you, sir,
Ere I had gone to church with this fair groom;
But, thank this gentleman, he prevented[1] me.—
I am much bound unto your malice, sir. 380
Phy. I am asham'd.
Jane. Shame to amendment then.
Rus. Now get you together for a couple of cunning ones!
But, son, a word; the latter thousand pieces
Is now more than [the] bargain.
Fitz. No, by my faith, sir,
Here's witness enough on it; it must serve
To pay my fees, imprisonment is costly.
Chough. By my troth, the old man has gulled himself finely! Well, sir, I'll bid myself a guest, though not a groom; I'll dine, and dance, and roar at the wedding for all this. 390
Trim. So will I, sir, if my master does.
Rus. Well, sir, you're welcome: but now no more words on't
Till we be set at dinner, for there will mirth
Be the most useful for digestion:
See, my best guests are coming.

Enter LADY AGER, Colonel's Sister, CAPTAIN AGER, *his two* Friends, *and* Surgeon.

Cap. Ager. Recover'd, sayst thou?

[1] Anticipated.

Surg. May I be excluded quite out of Surgeons' Hall else! marry, I must tell you the wound was fain to be twice corroded; 'twas a plain gastrolophe,[1] and a deep one; but I closed the lips on't with bandages and sutures,[2] which is a kind[3] conjunction of the parts separated against the course of nature. 401

Cap. Ager. Well, sir, he is well.

Surg. I feared him, I assure you, captain; before the suture in the belly, it grew almost to a convulsion, and there was like to be a bloody issue from the hollow vessels of the kidneys.

Cap. Ager. There's that, to thank thy news and thy art together. [*Gives him money.*

Surg. And if your worship at any time stand in need of incision, if it be your fortune to light into my hands, I'll give you the best. 410

Cap. Ager. Uncle, the noble Colonel's recovered.

Rus. Recover'd?
Then honour is not dead in all parts, coz.

Enter Colonel *and two* Friends.

First Fr. of Cap. Behold him yonder, sir.

Cap. Ager. My much unworthiness
Is now found out; thou'st not a face to fit it.

First Fr. of Col. Sir, yonder's captain Ager.

Col. O lieutenant,

---

[1] "Probably a misprint for 'gastroraphe:' see the quotation from Sharp's *Surgery* in Todd's Johnson's *Dict.* v. *Gastroraphy.*"—*Dyce.*

[2] Old eds. "surteures."

[3] Ed. 1622 "*kind* of."

The wrong I've done his fame puts me to silence;
Shame so confounds me, that I dare not see him.

Cap. Ager. I never knew how poor my deserts were
Till he appear'd; no way to give requital!
Here shame me lastingly, do't with his own: 420
Return this to him; tell him I have riches
In that abundance in his sister's love,
These come but to oppress me, and confound
All my deservings everlastingly;
I never shall requite my wealth in her, say.

[*Giving will to his* Friend, *who delivers it to the* Colonel.

How soon from virtue and an honour'd spirit
May man receive what he may never merit!

Col. This comes most happily, to express me better;
For since this will was made, there fell to me
The manor of Fitzdale; give him that too; 430

[*Returning will with other papers.*

He's like to have charge,
There's fair hope of my sister's fruitfulness:
For me, I never mean to change my mistress,
And war is able to maintain her servant.

First Fr. of Cap. Read there; a fair increase, sir, by my faith;
He has sent it back, sir, with new additions.

Cap. Ager. How miserable he makes me! this enforces me
To break through all the passages of shame,
And headlong fall——

Col. Into my arms, dear worthy!

Ager. You have a goodness 440
t me past my answers; you may speak
ou please now, I must be silent ever.
This day has shown me joy's unvalued[1] treasure;
not change this brotherhood with a monarch;
ich blest alliance sacred heaven
ac'd my kinsman, and given him his ends:
that quarrel makes such happy friends!

[*Exeunt omnes.*

[1] Invaluable.

NO { WIT / HELP } LIKE A WOMAN'S.

No { *Wit* / *Help* } *like*
A Womans. A Comedy, By Tho. Middleton, Gent. London: Printed for Humphrey Moseley, at the Prince's Arms in St. Pauls Churchyard. 1657. 8vo.—This comedy is usually found appended to the *Two New Playes*, &c., of the same date.

PROLOGUE.

How is't possible to suffice
So many ears, so many eyes?
Some in wit, some in shows
Take delight, and some in clothes:
Some for mirth they chiefly come,
Some for passion,[1]—for both some;
Some for lascivious meetings, that's their arrant;
Some to detract, and ignorance their warrant.
How is't possible to please
Opinion toss'd in such wild seas? 10
Yet I doubt not, if attention
Seize you above, and apprehension
You below, to take things quickly,
We shall both make you sad and tickle ye.

---

[1] Sorrow.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

R TWILIGHT, *a knight.*
VILIGHT, *his son.*
D, *friend to Philip Twilight, and in love with Jane.*
n old gentleman.
ER, *a decayed gentleman.*
RT LAMBSTONE,
WISE,
N,
E,
} *suitors to Lady Goldenfleece.*
brother to Mistress Low-water.
rchant.
, his son.
T, *servant to Sir Oliver Twilight.*
, Lady Goldenfleece's fool.
&c.

NO { WIT / HELP } LIKE A WOMAN'S.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Before Sir OLIVER TWILIGHT'S *House.*

Enter PHILIP TWILIGHT *and* SAVOURWIT.

Phil. I'm at my wit's ends, Savourwit.
Sav. And I
Am even following after you as fast
As I can, sir.
Phil. My wife will be forc'd from me,
My pleasure!
Sav. Talk no more on't, sir; how can there
Be any hope i' the middle, when we're both
At our wit's end in the beginning? my invention
Was ne'er so gravell'd since I first set out upon't.
Phil. Nor does my stop stick only in this wheel,
Though't be a main vexation; but I'm grated
In a dear, absolute friend, young master Sandfield—— 10
Sav. Ay, there's another rub too!
Phil. Who supposes
That I make love to his affected mistress,[1]

[1] "His affected mistress"=the mistress whom he loves.

s my father works against the peace
our spirits, and wooes unknown to me:
es out sparks of undeservèd anger
ld steel friendship and new stony hate;
n forgetful of the merry hours
cuits of our youth hath spent and worn,
y had not been, or we not born.
See where he comes.[1]

Enter SANDFIELD.

Unmerciful in torment! 20
s disease never forsake mine eye?
It must be kill'd first, if it grow so painful;
out strongly at one time, that th' anguish
ver more come near thy precious sight.
ernal sleep will give thee rest,
p mine eyes with opening of my breast.
I feel thy wrongs at midnight, and the weight

Sand. Not in thy father?
Phil. How much is truth abus'd
When 'tis kept silent! O defend me, friendship!
Sav. True,[1] your anger's in an error all this while, sir,
But that a lover's weapon ne'er[2] hears reason,
'Tis out still, like a madman's: hear but me, sir;
'Tis my young master's injury, not yours, 40
That you quarrel with him for; and this shows
As if you'd challenge a lame man the field,
And cut off's head, because he has lost his legs:
His grief makes him dead flesh, as it appear'd
By offering up his breast to you; for, believe it, sir,
Had he not greater crosses of his own,
Your hilts could not cross him——
Sand. How!
Sav. Not your hilts, sir.
Come, I must have you friends; a pox of weapons!
There's a whore gapes for't; put it up i' the scabbard.
Sand. [*sheathing his sword.*] Thou'rt a mad slave!
Sav. Come, give me both your hands, 50
You're in a quagmire both; should I release you now,
Your wits would both come home in a stinking pickle;
Your father's old nose would smell you out presently.
Phil. Tell him the secret, which no mortal knows
But thou and I; and then he will confess
How much he wrong'd the patience of his friend.

---

[1] Qu. "Tut" or "Prut."
[2] Old ed. "now."

Sav. Then thus the marigold opens at the splendour
Of a hot, constant friendship 'twixt you both.
'Tis not unknown to your ear, some ten years since,
My mistress, his good mother, with a daughter 60
About the age of six, crossing to Guernsey,
Was taken by the Dunkirks,[1] sold both, and separated,
As the last news brings hot,—the first and last
So much discover'd; for in nine years' space
No certain tidings of their life or death,
Or what place held 'em, earth, the sea, or heaven,
Came to the old man's ears, the knight my master,
Till about five months since a letter came,
Sent from the mother, which related all
Their taking, selling, separation, 70
And never meeting; and withal requir'd
Six hundred crowns for ransom; which my old master
No sooner heard the sound, but told the sum,
Gave him[2] the gold, and sent us both abroad:
We landing by the way—having a care
To lighten us of our carriage, because gold
Is such a heavy metal—eas'd our pockets
In wenches' aprons: women were made to bear,
But for us gentlemen 'tis most unkindly.[3]

Sand. Well, sir?

Phil. A pure rogue still!

---

[1] Privateers from Dunkirk. Cf. Second Part of *The Honest Whore*, i. 1:—

"Why, I warrant this precious wild villain, if he were put to't, would fight more desperately than sixteen *Dunkirks*."

[2] Philip. [3] Against *kind*,—unnatural.

Sav. Amongst the rest, sir, 80
'Twas my young master's chance there to doat finely
Upon a sweet young gentlewoman, but one
That would not sell her honour for the Indies,
Till a priest struck the bargain, and then half
A crown despatch'd it;
To be brief, wedded her and bedded her,
Brought her home hither to her father's house,
And, with a fair tale of mine own bringing up,
She passes for his sister that was sold.
Sand. Let me not lose myself in wondering at thee!
But how made you your score even for the mother? 91
Sav. Pish, easily; we told him how her fortunes
Mock'd us as they mock'd her; when we were o' the sea
She was o' the land; and, as report was given,
When we were landed, she was gone to heaven,
So he believes two lies one error bred,
The daughter ransom'd, and the mother dead.
Sand. Let me admire thee, and withal confess
My injuries to friendship!
Phil. They're all pardon'd:
These are the arms I bore against my friend. 100
Sav. But what's all this to the present? this discourse
Leaves you i' the bog still.
Phil. On, good Savourwit.
Sav. For yet our policy has cross'd ourselves;
For the old knave, my master, little thinking her
Wife to his son, but his own daughter still,
Seeks out a match for her——

Phil. Here I feel the surgeon
At second dressing.
Sav. And has entertain'd,
Even for pure need, for fear the glass should crack
That is already broken but well solder'd,
A mere sot for her suitor, a rank fox, 110
One Weatherwise, that wooes by the almanac,
Observes the full and change, an arrant moon-calf;[1]
And yet, because the fool demands no portion
But the bare dower[2] of her smock, the old fellow,
Worn to the bone with a dry, covetous[3] itch,
To save his purse, and yet bestow his child,
Consents to waste [her on] lumps of almanac-stuff
Kned with May-butter.[4] Now, as I have thought on't,
I'll spoil him in the baking.
Sand. Prithee, as how, sirrah?
Sav. I'll give him such a crack in one o'the sides, 120
He shall quite run out of my master's favour.
Phil. I should but too much love thee for that.
Sav. Thus, then,
To help you both at once, and so good night to you:
After my wit has shipp'd away the fool,
As he shall part, I'll buzz into the ear

---

[1] Originally a false conception, an imperfectly-formed foetus. Hence the term is applied to a lumpish person.

[2] Old ed. "down."

[3] Old ed. "courteous."

[4] "'If during the moneth of May before you salt your butter you saue a lumpe thereof, and put it into a vessell, and so set it into the Sun the space of that moneth, you shall finde it exceeding soueraigne and medicinable for wounds, straines, aches, and such like grievances.' —G. Markham's *English Housewife*, p. 199, ed. 1637."—*Dyce.*

Of my old master, that you, sir, master Sandfield,
Dearly affect his daughter, and will take her
With little or no portion; well stood out in't;
Methinks I see him caper at that news,
And in the full cry, O! This brought about 130
And wittily dissembled on both parts—
You to affect his love, he to love yours—
I'll so beguile the father at the marriage,
That each shall have his own; and both being welcom'd
And chamber'd in one house,—as 'tis his pride
To have his children's children got successively
On his forefathers' feather-beds,—in the daytimes,
To please the old man's eyesight, you may dally,
And set a kiss on the wrong lip—no sin in't,
Brothers and sisters do't, cousins do more; 140
But, pray, take heed you be not kin to them:
So in the night-time nothing can deceive you,
Let each know his own work; and there I leave you.

Sand. Let me applaud thee!

Phil. Blest be all thy ends
That mak'st arm'd enemies embracing friends!
About it speedily. [*Exit with* SANDFIELD.

Sav. I need no pricking;
I'm of that mettle, so well pac'd and free,
There's no good riders that use spur to me.

Enter GRACE.

O, are you come?

Grace. Are any comforts coming?

Sav. I never go without 'em. 150

. Thou sportest joys that utterance cannot per-
ect.
Hark, are they risen?
. Yes, long before I left 'em;
intend to bring the widow homeward.
Depart then, mistress, to avoid suspect;
d shall arrive time enough at your heart.
[*Exit* GRACE.
ls, that evermore take a green surfeit
rst fruits of joys! Let a man but shake the tree,
on they'll hold up their laps to receive comfort!
sic that I struck made her soul dance.—

160

LADY GOLDENFLEECE *with* Sir GILBERT LAMB-
NE, PEPPERTON, *and* OVERDONE; *after them*,
OLIVER TWILIGHT *and* SUNSET, *with* GRACE

Sir G. Lamb. We'll see the widow at home, it shall be our charge that.

L. Gold. It shall be so indeed.
Thanks, good sir Oliver; and to you both
I am indebted for those courtesies
That will ask me a long time to requite.

Sir O. Twi. Ah, 'tis but your pleasant condition[1] to give it out so, madam.

L. Gold. Mistress Grace and mistress Jane, I wish you both
A fair contented fortune in your choices,
And that you happen right.

Grace. } Thanks to you, good madam. 180
Jane. }

Grace. There's more in that word *right* than you imagine. [*Aside.*

L. Gold. I now repent, girls, a rash oath I took,
When you were both infants, to conceal a secret.

Grace. What does't concern, good madam?

L. Gold. No, no;
Since you are both so well, 'tis well enough;
It must not be reveal'd; 'tis now no more
Than like mistaking of one hand for t'other:
A happy time to you both!

Grace. } The like to you, madam!
Jane. }

Grace. I shall long much to have this riddle open'd. [*Aside.*

---

[1] Disposition.

I would you were so kind to my poor kins-
oman, 190
distressèd gentleman her husband,
ster Low-water, who on ruin leans;
p this secret as you keep his means. [*Aside.*
old.] Thanks, good sir Oliver Twilight;—wel-
ome,
aster Pepperton;—master Overdone, welcome.

[*Exeunt all except* Sir OLIVER TWILIGHT *and* SAVOURWIT.

Twi. And goes the business well 'twixt those
oung lovers?
Betwixt your son and master Sunset's daughter
goes even, sir.

Twi. Good lad, I like thee.
But, sir, there's no proportion, height, or even-
ess,

Is no such cheap ware as you make account on, 210
That it had need with portion be set off,
For that sets off a portion in these days.

Sir O. Twi. Play on, sweet boy;
O, I could hear this music all day long,
When there's no money to be parted from!
Strike on, good lad.

Sav. Do not wise men and great often bestow
Ten thousand pound in jewels that lie by 'em?
If so, what jewel can lie by a man
More precious than a virgin? if none more precious, 220
Why should the pillow of a fool be grac'd
With that brave spirits with dearness have embrac'd?
And then, perhaps, ere the third spring come on,
Sends home your diamond crack'd, the beauty gone;
And more to know her, 'cause you shall not doubt her,
A number of poor sparks twinkling about her.

Sir O. Twi. Now thou play'st Dowland's *Lacrymæ*[1] to thy master.

Sav. But shall I dry your eyes with a merry jig now,
And make you look like sunshine in a shower?

Sir O. Twi. How, how, my honest boy, sweet Savourwit? 230

Sav. Young master Sandfield, gallant master Sandfield——

Sir O. Twi. Ha! what of him?

---

[1] John Dowland, the famous lutenist, was born in 1562 and died in 1615. He travelled much abroad, and was for some time lutenist to the King of Denmark. His *Lacrymæ, or Seven Tears figured in Seven Passionate Pavans, &c.*, was a very popular musical work.

Sav. Affects your daughter strangely.

Sir O. Twi. Brave master Sandfield!—let me hug thy zeal
Unto thy master's house;—ha, master Sandfield!
But he'll expect a portion.

Sav. Not a whit, sir,
As you may use the matter.

Sir O. Twi. Nay, and the matter fall into my using,
The devil a penny that he gets of me!

Sav. He lies at the mercy of your lock and key, sir;
You may use him as you list.

Sir O. Twi. Say'st thou me so? 240
Is he so far in doing?

Sav. Quite over head and ears, sir;
Nay, more, he means to run mad, and break his neck
Off some high steeple, if he have her not.

Sir O. Twi. Now bless the young gentleman's gristles! I hope to be
A grandfather yet by 'em.

Sav. That may you, sir,
To, marry, a chopping girl with a plump buttock,
Will hoist a farthingale at five years old,
And call a man between eleven and twelve
To take part of a piece of mutton with her.

Sir O. Twi. Ha, precious wag! hook him in finely, do. 250

Sav. Make clear the way for him first, set the gull going.

Sir O. Twi. An ass, an ass, I'll quickly dash his wooing.

Sav. Why, now the clocks
Go right again : it must be a strange wit
That makes the wheels of youth and age so hit ;
The one are dry, worn, rusty, furr'd, and soil'd,
Love's wheels are glib, ever kept clean and oil'd.
[*Aside, and exit.*

Sir O. Twi. I cannot choose but think of this good fortune ;
That gallant master Sandfield !

Enter WEATHERWISE.

Wea. Stay, stay, stay !
What comfort gives my almanac to-day? 260
[*Taking out an almanac.*
Luck, I beseech thee ! [*Reads.*] *Good days,—evil days,—June,—July ;*—speak a good word for me now, and I have her: let me see, *The fifth day, 'twixt hawk and buzzard ; The sixth day, backward and forward,*—that was beastly to me, I remember ; *The seventh day, on a slippery pin ; The eighth day, fire and tow ; The ninth day, the market is marred,*—that's 'long of the hucksters, I warrant you ; but now the tenth day—luck, I beseech thee now, before I look into't !—*The tenth*[1] *day, against the hair,*—a pox on't, would that hair had been left out ! against the hair? that hair will go nigh to choke me ; had it been against anything but that, 'twould not have troubled me, because it lies cross i' the way. Well, I'll

[1] Old ed. "eleventh."

try the fortune of a good face yet, though my almanac leave me i' the sands.[1] [*Aside.* 275

Sir O. Twi. Such a match too, I could not wish a better. [*Aside.*

Wea. Mass, here he walks. [*Aside.*]—Save you, sweet sir Oliver—sir Oliver Twilight.

Sir O. Twi. O pray come to me a quarter of a year hence;

I have a little business now. 280

Wea. How, a quarter of a year hence? what, shall I come to you in September?

Sir O. Twi. Nor in November neither, good my friend.

Wea. You're not a mad knight! you will not let your daughter hang past August, will you? she'll drop down under tree then: she's no winter-fruit, I assure you, if you think to put her in crust after Christmas.

Sir O. Twi. Sir, in a word, depart; my girl's not for you;

I gave you a drowsy promise in a dream,

But broad awake now, I call't in again; 290

Have me commended to your wit, farewell, sir. [*Exit.*

Wea. Now the devil run away with you, and some lousy fiddler with your daughter! may Clerkenwell[2] have the first cut of her, and Houndsditch pick the bones! I'll never leave the love of an open-hearted widow for a narrow-eyed maid again; go out of the roadway, like an ass, to leap over hedge and ditch; I'll fall into the beaten path again, and invite the widow home to a ban-

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[1] Perhaps the reading should be "suds." *In the suds* = in distress.
[2] Turnbull Street, the haunt of drabs, was in Clerkenwell.

quet: let who list seek out new ways, I'll be at my journey's end before him: 300
My almanac told me true how I should fare;
Let no man think to speed against the hair.[1] [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Room in LOW-WATER'S *House.*

Enter MISTRESS LOW-WATER.

Mis. Low. Is there no saving means, no help religious,
For a distressèd gentlewoman to live by?
Has virtue no revenue? who has all then?
Is the world's lease from hell, the devil[2] head-landlord?
O, how was conscience, the right heir, put by?
Law would not do such an unrighteous deed,
Though with the fall of angels[3] 't had been fee'd.
Where are our hopes in banks? was honesty,
A younger sister, without portion left,
No dowry in the chamber beside wantonness? 10
O miserable orphan!
'Twixt two extremes runs there no blessèd mean,

---

[1] "Against the hair" = against the grain. See Dyce's *Shakespeare Glossary, sub* Hair.
[2] Old ed. "Devils."
[3] See note 2, vol. i. p. 32.

omfortable strain,[1] that I may kiss it?
to whoredom or to beggary lean,
hind being sound? is there no way to miss it?
injustice that a widow laughs,
s her mourning part upon a wife?
e should have the garment, I the heart?
lth her uncle left her, and me her grief.
od all miseries in their loathed'st forms 20
hand of me, thick like a foul mist;
re the bright enticements of the world
rest colours, flattery and advancement,
the bastard glories this frame jets[2] in,—
nor splendour, shadows fair nor foul,
force me shame my husband, wound my soul.

Enter JANE.

you're welcome; this is kindly done of you,

Beside my visitation, to request you
To lay your wit to mine, which is but simple,
And help me to untie a few dark words
Made up in knots,—they're of the widow's knitting,
That ties all sure,—for my wit has not strength
Nor cunning to unloose 'em.

Mis. Low. Good: what are they?
Though there be little comfort of my help.

Jane. She wish'd sir Oliver's daughter and myself
Good fortune in our choices, and repented her 40
Of a rash oath she took, when we were both infants,
A secret to conceal; but since all's well,
She holds it best to keep it unreveal'd:
Now, what this is, heaven knows.

Mis. Low. Nor can I guess:
The course of her whole life and her dead husband's
Was ever full of such dishonest riddles,
To keep right heirs from knowledge of their own:
And now I'm put i' the mind on't, I believe
It was some piece[1] of land or money given,
By some departing friend upon their deathbed, 50
Perhaps to yourself: and sir Oliver's daughter
May wrongfully enjoy it, and she hir'd—
For she was but an hireling in those days—
To keep the injury secret.

Jane. The most likeliest
That ever you could think on!

Mis. Low. Is it not?

---

[1] Old. ed. "price."

Sure, coz, I think you have untied the knot;
ıghts lie at more ease: as in all other things,
I thank your help; and may you live
ıuer your own troubles and cross ends,
ıre ready to supply your friends! 60
Low. I thank you for the kind truth of your heart,
ı I flourish when all means depart.—
that oath of hers there sleeps some wrong
my kinswoman. [*Aside.*

Enter Footman.

Who'd you speak withal?
The gentlewoman of this house, forsooth.
Whose footman are you?
One sir Gilbert Lambstone's.
Sir Gilbert Lambstone's? there my cousin walks.
Thank your good worship. [*Exit* JANE.

Governs in man when lust is lord of him!
Thinks he me mad? 'cause I've no monies on earth,
That I'll go forfeit my estate in heaven,
And live eternal beggar? he shall pardon me, 80
That's my soul's jointure—I'll starve ere I sell that.
O, is he gone, and left the letter here?
Yet I will read it, more to hate the writer. [*Reads.*

Mistress Low-water,—If you desire to understand your own comfort, hear me out ere you refuse me. I'm in the way now to double the yearly means that first I offered you; and to stir you more to me, I'll empty your enemy's bags to maintain you; for the rich widow, the Lady Goldenfleece, to whom I have been a longer suitor than you an adversary,[1] *hath given me so much encouragement lately, insomuch that I am perfectly assured the next meeting strikes the bargain. The happiness that follows this 'twere idle to inform you of; only consent to my desires, and the widow's notch*[2] *shall lie open to you. This much to your heart; I know you're wise. Farewell. Thy friend to his power and another's, Gilbert Lambstone.* 96

In this poor brief[3] what volumes has he thrust

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[1] Old ed. "a longer *adversary*."

[2] "This passage is explained, I think, by the following line in our author's *Triumphs of Truth*:—

'The very *nooks* where beldams hide their gold.'"—*Dyce.*

(*Notch* was a cant term for *pudendum muliebre;* hence it might be applied jocularly to hidden treasure of any kind.)

[3] A short letter. Cf. 1 *Henry IV.*, iv. 3:—

"Bear this sealed *brief*
With winged haste to my lord Mareschal."

cherous perjury and adulterous lust!
a monster does this wrong appear,
give pity to mine enemy here. 100
most fearful love reigns in some hearts,
re oppose all judgment to get means,
d rich widows only to keep queans!
strange path he takes to my affection,
nks 't the nearest way! 'twill never be;
rough mine enemy's ground to come to me.
ter is most welcome; I repent now
y last anger threw thee at my feet,
om shall receive thee. [*Putting letter in her bosom.*

Enter Sir GILBERT LAMBSTONE.

. *Lamb.* 'Tis good policy too
one that so mortally hates the widow; 110
ave more care to keep it close herself:

Your heart should follow your hand.

Sir G. Lamb. Then may both perish!

Mis. Low. Do not wish that so soon, sir: can you make 120

A three-months' love to a rich widow's bed,
And lay her pillow under a quean's head?
I know you can't, howe'er you may dissemble 't;
You've a heart brought up better.

Sir G. Lamb. Faith, you wrong me in't;
You shall not find it so; I do protest to thee,
I will be lord of all my promises,
And ere 't be long, thou shalt but turn a key,
And find 'em in thy coffer; for my love
In matching with the widow is but policy
To strengthen my estate, and make me able 130
To set off all thy kisses with rewards;
That the worst weather our delights behold,
It may hail pearl, and shower the widow's gold.

Mis. Low. You talk of a brave world, sir.

Sir G. Lamb. 'Twill seem better
When golden happiness breaks forth itself
Out of the east port[1] of the widow's chamber.

Mis. Low. And here it sets.

Sir G. Lamb. Here shall the downfall be;
Her wealth shall rise from her, and set in thee.

Mis. Low. You men have th' art to overcome poor women;
Pray give my thoughts the freedom of one day, 140

[1] Gate, outlet, casement.—*East port* is my own correction for the unintelligible *vast part* (which Dyce silently retains) of the old ed.

nt before you ; 'tis not possible
l the rest take you.
G. Lamb. I straight obey.—
ird's my own ! [*Aside, and exit.*
Low. There is no happiness but has her season,
in[1] the brightness of her virtue shines :
usk falls off in time, that long shut[2] up
uit in a dark prison ; so sweeps by
oud of miseries from wretches' eyes,
et, though faln, at length they see to rise ;
cret powers work wondrously and duly.

Enter LOW-WATER.

. Why, how now, Kate?
Low. O, are you come, sir? husband, 150
wake, and let not patience keep thee poor,
up thy spirit from this falling slumber !
thy distress seem but a weeping dream

Mis. Low. Hope of much good,
No fear of the least ill; take that to comfort thee.
Low. Yea?
Mis. Low. Sleep not on't, this is no slumbering business;
'Tis like the sweating sickness, I must keep
Your eyes still wake, you're gone if once you sleep.
Low. I will not rest then till thou hast thy wishes.
Mis. Low. Peruse this love-paper as you go.
[*Giving letter.*
Low. A letter? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Sir OLIVER TWILIGHT'S *House.*

Enter Sir OLIVER TWILIGHT, SANDFIELD, PHILIP TWILIGHT, *and* SAVOURWIT.

Sir O. Twi. Good master Sandfield, for the great affection
You bear toward my girl, I am well pleas'd
You should enjoy her beauty; heaven forbid, sir,
That I should cast away a proper gentleman,
So far in love, with a sour mood or so.
No, no;
I'll not die guilty of a lover's neck-cracking.
Marry, as for portion, there I leave you, sir,
To the mercy of your destiny again;
I'll have no hand in that.

Faith, something, sir, 10
t' express your love.
. *Twi.* I've no desire, sir,
ss my love that way, and so rest satisfied;
ake heed in urging that too much
w not my love from me.
Fates foresee, sir.
. *Twi.* Faith, then you may go, seek out a high
teeple,
ep water—there's no saving of you.
How naturally he plays upon himself! [*Aside.*
. *Twi.* Marry, if a wedding-dinner, as I told
you,
ee years' board, well lodgèd in mine house,
ing, drinking, and a sleeping portion, 20
e you satisfaction, I'm your man, sir;
t no other.

Ply't hard, my good boys both, put 'em to't finely;
One day, one dinner, and one house shall join you.

Sand. } That's our desire, sir. 30
Phil. }

[*Exeunt* SANDFIELD *and* PHILIP.

Sir O. Twi. Pist![1] come hither, Savourwit;
Observe my son, and bring me word, sweet boy,
Whether has a speeding wit or no in wooing.

Sav. That will I, sir.—That your own eyes might tell ye[2]
I think it speedy; your girl has a round belly. [*Exit.*

Sir O. Twi. How soon the comfortable shine of joy
Breaks through a cloud of grief!
The tears that I let fall for my dead wife
Are dried up with the beams of my girl's fortunes:
Her life, her death, and her ten years' distress, 40
Are even forgot with me; the love and care
That I ought[3] her, her daughter sh' owes[4] it all;
It can but be bestow'd, and there 'tis well.

Enter Servant.

How now? what news?

Ser. There's a Dutch merchant, sir, that's now come over,
Desires some conference with you.

Sir O. Twi. How! a Dutch merchant?

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[1] *i.e.* Hist. So Dyce for old ed.'s "Pish." We have the form "pist" on p. 39, &c.

[2] Old ed. "you,"—but a rhyme was intended.

[3] Owed.

[4] *i.e.* she owns.—Old. ed. "shows."

nd him in to me. [*Exit* Servant.]—What news
with him, trow?[1]

r Dutch Merchant, *with a little* Dutch boy *in great slops.*[2]

er. Sir Oliver Twilight?
. *Twi.* That's my name indeed, sir;
be cover'd, sir; you're very welcome.
er. This is my business, sir; I took into my
charge 50
vords to deliver to yourself
dear friend of yours, that wonders strangely
unkind neglect.
. *Twi.* Indeed! what might
sir?
er. Nay, you're i' the wrong gender now;

D. Mer. Faith, within this month, sir,
I saw her talk and eat; and those, in our calendar,
Are signs of life and health.
Sir O. Twi. Mass, so they are in ours!
D. Mer. And these were the last words her passion[1] threw me,—
No grief, quoth she, sits to my heart so close
As his unkindness, and my daughter's loss.
Sir O. Twi. You make me weep and wonder; for I swear
I sent her ransom, and that daughter's here.
D. Mer. Here! that will come well to lighten her of one grief; 70
I long to see her, for the piteous moan
Her mother made for her.
Sir O. Twi. That shall you, sir.—
Within there!

Re-enter Servant.

Ser. Sir?
Sir O. Twi. Call down my daughter.
Ser. Yes, sir? [*Exit.*
Sir O. Twi. Here is strange budgelling:[2] I tell you, sir,
Those that I put in trust were near me too—
A man would think they should not juggle with me—
My own son and my servant; no worse people, sir.

---

[1] Sorrow.
[2] Boggling?

r. And yet ofttimes, sir, what worse knave to a
an
that eats his meat?
Twi. Troth, you say true, sir:
n simply, and that news they brought, 80
had left the world; and, with that sum[1]
her, this brought his sister home:
ı, sir, this is she.

Enter GRACE.

r. If my eye sin not, sir,
error falsify the glass,
t face at Antwerp in an inn,
set forth first to fetch home this boy.
Twi. How? in an inn?
O, I'm betray'd, I fear! [*Aside.*

But to doubt so too then.—
So, to your chamber; we have done with you.

Grace. I would be glad you had: here's a strange storm!— [*Aside.*
Sift it out well, sir; till anon I leave you, sir. [*Exit.*

D. Mer. Business commands me hence; but, as a pledge
Of my return, I'll leave my little son with you, 100
Who yet takes little pleasure in this country,
'Cause he can speak no English, all Dutch he.

Sir O. Twi. A fine boy; he is welcome, sir, to me.

D. Mer. Where's your leg and your thanks to the gentleman?

D. Boy. War es you neighgen an you thonkes you, Ick donck you, ver ew edermon vrendly kite.

Sir O. Twi. What says he, sir?

D. Mer. He thanks you for your kindness.

Sir O. Twi. Pretty knave!

D. Mer. Had not some business held me by the way,
This news had come to your ear ten days ago. 111

Sir O. Twi. It comes too soon now, methinks; I'm your debtor.

D. Mer. But I could wish it, sir, for better ware.

Sir O. Twi. We must not be our own choosers in our fortunes. [*Exit* Dutch Merchant.
Here's a cold pie to breakfast! wife alive,
The daughter doubtful, and the money spent!
How am I juggled withal!

Re-enter SAVOURWIT.

It hits, i'faith, sir;
k goes even.
Twi. O, come, come, come!
come, sir?
Life, what's the matter now!
Twi. There's a new reckoning come in since.
Pox on't, 120
t all had been paid; I can't abide
ter-reckonings. [*Aside.*
Twi. I pray, come near, sir, let's be acquainted
ith you;
old enough abroad with my purse, sir.
No more than beseems manners and good use,
r.
Twi. Did not you bring me word some ten

Sir O. Twi. I believe you, sir:
Within this month my wife was sure alive,
There's six weeks bated of your ten weeks' lie;
As has been credibly reported to me
By a Dutch merchant, father to that boy,
But now come over, and the words scarce cold.
Sav. O strange:— [*Aside.* 140
'Tis a most rank untruth; where is he, sir?
Sir O. Twi. He will not be long absent.
Sav. All's confounded!— [*Aside.*
If he were here, I'd[1] tell him to his face, sir,
He wears a double tongue, that's Dutch and English.
Will the boy say't?
Sir O. Twi. 'Las, he can speak no English.
Sav. All the better; I'll gabble something to him. [*Aside.*]—*Hoyste kaloiste, kalooskin ee vou, dar sune, alla gaskin?*
D. Boy. Ick wet neat watt hey zackt; Ick unverston ewe neat. 150
Sav. Why, la, I thought as much!
Sir O. Twi. What says the boy?
Sav. He says his father is troubled with an imperfection at one time of the moon, and talks like a madman.
Sir O. Twi. What, does the boy say so?
Sav. I knew there was somewhat in't:
Your wife alive! will you believe all tales, sir?
Sir O. Twi. Nay, more, sir; he told me he saw this wench,

---

[1] Old ed. "I'll."

Which you brought home, at Antwerp in an inn;
Tell[s] me, I'm plainly cozen'd of all hands,
'Tis not my daughter neither.

Sav. All's broke out!— [*Aside.* 160
How! not your daughter, sir? I must to't again.—
Quisquinikin sadlamare, alla pisse kickin sows clows, hoff tofte le cumber shaw, bouns bus boxsceeno.

D. Boy. Ick an sawth no int hein clappon de heeke, I dinke ute zein zennon.

Sav. O, *zein zennon!* Ah ha! I thought how 'twould prove i' th' end:—the boy says they never came near Antwerp, a quite contrary way, round about by Parma.

Sir O. Twi. What's the same *zein zennon?* 169

Sav. That is, he saw no such wench in an inn: 'tis well I came in such happy time, to get it out of the boy before his father returned again: pray, be wary, sir, the world's subtle; come and pretend a charitable business in policy, and work out a piece of money on you.

Sir O. Twi. Mass, art advised of that?

Sav. The age is cunning, sir; beside, a Dutchman will live upon any ground, and work butter out of a thistle.

Sir O. Twi. Troth, thou say'st true in that; they're
the best thrivers 180
In turnips, hartichalks,[1] and cabbishes;
Our English are not like them.

Sav. O fie, no, sir!

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[1] *Hartichalks* = artichokes; *cabbishes* = cabbages.

Sir O. Twi. Ask him from whence they came when they came hither.

Sav. That I will, sir.—*Culluaron lagooso, lageen, lagan, rufft, punkatee?*

D. Boy. Nimd aweigh de cack.

Sav. What, what? I cannot blame him then.

Sir O. Twi. What says he to thee?

Sav. The poor boy blushes for him: he tells me his father came from making merry with certain of his countrymen, and he's a little steeped in English beer; there's no heed to be taken of his tongue now. 191

Sir O. Twi. Hoyday! how com'st thou by all this? I heard him
Speak but three words to thee.

Sav. O sir, the Dutch is a very wide language; you shall have ten English words even for one; as, for example, *gullder-goose*—there's a word for you, master!

Sir O. Twi. Why, what's that same *gullder-goose?*

Sav. How do you and all your generation?

Sir O. Twi. Why, 'tis impossible! how prove you that, sir?

Sav. 'Tis thus distinguished, sir: *gull*, how do you; *der*, and; *goose*, your generation. 201

Sir O. Twi. 'Tis a most saucy language; how cam'st thou by't?

Sav. I was brought up to London in an eel-ship,
There was the place I caught it first by the tail.—
I shall be tript anon; pox, would I were gone!—
[*Aside.*

seek out your son, sir; you shall hear
hunder he'll bring with him.
O. Twi. Do, do, Savourwit;
e you all face to face.
Cuds me, what else, sir?—
ou take me so near the net again,
e you leave to squat[1] me; I've scap'd fairly: 210
undone in Dutch; all our three months' roguery
come over in a butter-firkin. [*Aside, and exit.*
O. Twi. Never was man so tost between two
tales!
not which to take, nor which to trust;
y here is the likeliest to tell truth,
se the world's corruption is not yet
years in him; sure he cannot know
deceit means, 'tis English yet to him:
hen I think again, why should the father

Did you within this month, with your own eyes,
See my wife living?

D. Mer. I ne'er borrow'd any:
Why should you move that question, sir? dissembling 230
Is no part of my living.

Sir O. Twi. I have reason
To urge it so far, sir—pray, be not angry, though—
Because my man, was here since your departure,
Withstands all stiffly; and to make it clearer,
Question'd your boy in Dutch, who, as he told me,
Return'd this answer first to him,—that you
Had imperfection at one time o' the moon,
Which made you talk so strangely.

D. Mer. How! how's this?—*Zeicke yongon, ick ben ick quelt medien dullek heght, ee untoit van the mon, an koot uram'd.* 241

D. Boy. Wee ek heigh lieght in ze bokkas, dee't site.

D. Mer. Why, la, you, sir, here's no such thing! he says
He lies in's throat that says it.

Sir O. Twi. Then the rogue lies in's throat, for he told me so;
And that the boy should answer at next question,
That you ne'er saw this wench, nor came near Antwerp.

D. Mer. Ten thousand devils!—*Zeicke hee ewe ek kneeght, yongon, dat wee neeky by Antwarpon ne don cammen no seene de doughter dor.* 250

D. Boy. Ick hub ham hean sulka dongon he zaut, hei es an skallom an rubbout.

Mer. He says he told him no such matter; he's a
and a rascal.
O. Twi. Why, how am I abus'd! Pray, tell me
one thing,
gullder-goose in Dutch?
Mer. How! *gullder-goose?* there's no
hing in Dutch; it may be an ass in English.
O. Twi. Hoyday! then am I that ass in plain
English;
ossly cozen'd, most inconsiderately!
let my house receive you for one night, 260
I may quit[1] these rascals, I beseech you, sir.
Mer. If that may stead you, sir, I'll not refuse
you.
O. Twi. A thousand thanks, and welcome.—
hom can fortune more spit out her foam,
d on abroad, and play'd upon at home! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A large Room in WEATHERWISE'S *House.*

Enter WEATHERWISE *while* Servants *are setting out a table, and* PICKADILL *looking on.*

Wea. So, set the table ready; the widow's i' the next room, looking upon my clock with the days and the months and the change of the moon; I'll fetch her in presently. [*Exit.*

Pick. She's not so mad to be fetched in with the moon, I warrant you: a man must go roundlier to work with a widow, than to woo her with the hand of a dial, or stir up her blood with the striking part of a clock; I should ne'er stand to show her such things in chamber.

[*Exeunt* Servants.

Re-enter WEATHERWISE *handing in* LADY GOLDENFLEECE, Sir GILBERT LAMBSTONE, PEPPERTON, *and* OVERDONE.

Wea. Welcome, sweet widow, to a bachelor's house here! a single man I, but for two or three maids that I keep.

Gold. Why, are you double with them, then?
a. An exceeding good mourning-wit! women are
than ever they were, since they wore doublets.
must think, sweet widow, if a man keep maids,
e under his subjection.
Gold. That's most true, sir.
a. They have no reason to have a lock but the
r must have a key to't. 20
Gold. To him, sir Gilbert! he fights with me at a
weapon now.
a. Nay, and sir Gilbert strike, my weapon falls,
no thrust but his: here are more shooters,
ney have shot two arrows without heads,
cannot stick i' the butt yet: hold out, knight,
'll cleave the black pin in the midst o' the white.[1]
[*Aside, and exit.*
Gold. Nay, and he led me into a closet, sir, where

his son a-horseback in cloth-of-gold breeches, while he himself goes to the devil a-foot in a pair of old strossers![1]
But shall I give a more familiar sign? 40
His are the sweetmeats, but the kisses mine.
[*Kisses her.*

Over. Excellent!—A pox a' your fortune! [*Aside.*

Pep. Saucy courting has brought all modest wooing clean out of fashion: you shall have few maids now-a-days got without rough handling, all the town's so used to't; and most commonly, too, they're joined before they're married, because they'll be sure to be fast enough.

Over. Sir, since he strives t' oppose himself against us,
Let's so combine our friendships in our straits, 50
By all means graceful, to assist each other;
For, I protest, it shall as much glad me
To see your happiness, and his disgrace,
As if the wealth were mine, the love, the place.

Pep. And with the like faith I reward your friendship;
I'll break the bawdy ranks of his discourse,
And scatter his libidinous whispers straight.—
Madam——

L. Gold. How cheer you, gentlemen?

Sir G. Lamb. Pox on 'em,
They wak'd me out of a fine sleep! three minutes
Had fasten'd all the treasure in mine arms. [*Aside.* 60

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[1] Tight drawers, worn particularly by the Irish. See Dyce's *Shakespeare Glossary.*

You took no note of this conceit, it seems, madam?

Gold. Twelve trenchers,[1] upon every one a month!

y, February, March, April——

Ay, and their posies under 'em.

Gold. Pray, what says May? she's the spring lady. [*reads.*]

Now[2] *gallant May, in her array,*
Doth make the field pleasant and gay.

r. [*reads.*]

This month of June use clarified whey
Boil'd with cold herbs, and drink alway.

Gold. Drink't all away, he should say. 70

'Twere much better indeed, and wholesomer for er.

G. Lamb. September's a good one here, madam.

Gold. O, have you chose your month? let's hear't,

wife would blush to hear now, if she have but so much blood left to make up an ounce of grace. And who is this 'long on, but such wags as you, that use your words like your wenches? you cannot let 'em pass honestly by you, but you must still have a flirt at 'em. 87

Pep. You have paid some of us home, madam.

Re-enter WEATHERWISE.

Wea. If conceit will strike this stroke, have at the widow's plum-tree.[1] I'll put 'em down all for a banquet. [*Aside.*]—Widow and gentlemen, my friends and servants, I make you wait long here for a bachelor's pittance.

L. Gold. O, sir, you're pleased to be modest.

Wea. No, by my troth, widow, you shall find it otherwise.

[*Music. The banquet*[2] *is brought in, six of* WEATHER-

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[1] *Plum-tree* was one of the many cant terms for the *pudendum muliebre:* see Cotgrave under *Hoche-prunier.* The expression *have at your plum-tree* is not unfrequently found. Cf. *The Widow*, i. 2,—"Nay, then, *have at your plum-tree!* faith, I'll not be foiled."

[2] Dessert. Dyce quotes the following passage from Gervase Markham's *English Housewife:*—"I will now proceed to the ordering or setting forth of a Banquet, wherein you shall observe, that Marchpanes have the first place, the middle place and last place; your preserved fruits shall be dish'd up first, your pastes next, your wet Suckets after them, then your dryed Suckets, then your Marmalades, and Goodiniakes, then your Comfets of all kindes; Next your Peares, Apples, Wardens back'd, raw or rosted, and your Orenges and Lemons sliced; and lastly, your Wafer-cakes. Thus you shall order them in the closet: but when they goe to the Table, you shall first send forth a dish made for show only, as Beast, Bird, Fish, Fowle, according to the invention: then your Marchpane, then preserved fruite, then a Paste, then a wet Sucket, then a dry Sucket, Marmalade, Comfets, Apples, Peares,

WISE'S *Tenants carrying the Twelve Signs, Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Leo, Virgo, Libra, Scorpio, Sagittarius, Capricorn, Aquarius, and Pisces, made of banqueting-stuff.*

L. Gold. What, the Twelve Signs!

Wea. These are the signs of my love, widow.

L. Gold. Worse meat would have serv'd us, sir; by my faith,
I'm sorry you should be at such charges, sir, 100
To feast us a whole month together here.

Wea. Widow, thou'rt welcome a whole month, and ever!

L. Gold. And what be those, sir, that brought in the banquet?

Wea. Those are my tenants; they stand for fasting-days.

Sir G. Lamb. Or the six weeks in Lent.

Wea. You're i' the right, sir Gilbert.—
Sweet widow, take your place at Aries here,
That's the head sign; a widow is the head
Till she be married. [LADY GOLDENFLEECE *sits.*

L. Gold. What is she then?

Wea. The middle.

L. Gold. 'Tis happy she's no worse.

Wardens, Orenges and Lemons, sliced; and then Wafers, and another dish of preserved fruites, and so consequently all the rest before, no two dishes of one kinde going or standing together, and this will not onely appeare delicate to the eye, but invite the appetite with the much variety thereof" (p. 136, ed. 1637).

Wea. Taurus—sir Gilbert Lambstone, that's for you;
They say you're a good town-bull. 111

Sir G. Lamb. O, spare your friends, sir! [*Sits.*

Wea. And Gemini for master Pepperton,
He had two boys at once by his last wife.

Pep. I hear the widow find no fault with that, sir. [*Sits.*

Wea. Cancer, the crab, for master Overdone;
For when a thing's past fifty, it grows crooked.
[OVERDONE *sits.*

L. Gold. Now for yourself, sir.

Wea. Take no care for me, widow; I can be anywhere: here's Leo, heart and back; Virgo, guts and belly; 120
I can go lower yet, and yet fare better,
Since Sagittarius fits me the thighs;
I care not if I be about the thighs,
I shall find meat enough. [*Sits.*

L. Gold. But, under pardon, sir,
Though you be lord o' the feast and the conceit both,
Methinks it had been proper for the banquet
T' have had the signs all fill'd, and no one idle.

Wea. I know it had; but who's fault's that, widow? you should have got you more suitors to have stopt the gaps. 130

L. Gold. Nay, sure, they should get us, and not we them:
There be your tenants, sir; we are not proud,
You may bid them sit down.

Wea. By the mass, it's true too!—Then sit down, tenants, once with your hats on; but spare the meat, I

you, as you hope for new leases: I must make
s draw out a month yet, with a bit every morning
kfast, and at full moon with a whole one; that's
ive: sit round, sit round, and do not speak, sweet
; you may be bold enough, so you eat but little.
s sit.]—How like you this now, widow?
old. It shows well, sir, 141
e the good old hospitable fashion.
How! like a good old hospital? my mistress
an arrant gull on him. [*Aside.*
old. But yet, methinks, there wants clothes for
the feet.
That part's uncovered yet: push, no matter for
.
old. Yes, if the feet catch cold, the head will feel it.
Why, then, you may draw up your legs, and lie
together. 150

L. Gold. What is he, sir?

Ser. He seems a gentleman,
That's the least of him, and yet more I know not.

L. Gold. Under the leave o' the master of the house here,
I would he were admitted.

Wea. With all my heart, widow; I fear him not,
Come cut and long tail.[1] [*Exit* Servant.

Sir G. Lamb. I have the least fear 167
And the most firmness, nothing can shake me. [*Aside.*

Wea. If he be a gentleman, he's welcome: there's a sign does nothing, and that's fit for a gentleman. The feet will be kept warm enough now for you, widow; for if he be a right gentleman, he has his stockings warmed, and he wears socks beside, partly for warmth, partly for cleanliness, and if he observe Fridays too, he comes excellent well, Pisces will be a fine fish-dinner for him.

L. Gold. Why, then, you mean, sir, he shall sit as he comes?

Wea. Ay; and he were a lord, he shall not sit above my tenants; I'll not have two lords to them, so I may go look my rent in another man's breeches; I was not brought up to be so unmannerly. 180

Enter MISTRESS LOW-WATER, *disguised as a gallant Gentleman, and* LOW-WATER *as a Serving-man.*

Mis. Low. I have picked out a bold time: much good do you, gentlemen.

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[1] "Come cut and long tail" = come dogs of all kinds; people of every sort. See Dyce's *Shakespeare Glossary.*

You're welcome, as I may say, sir.

Low. Pardon my rudeness, madam.

ld. No such fault, sir;

oo severe to yourself, our judgment quits you:

ou to do as we do.

Low. Thanks, good madam.

ld. Make room, gentlemen.

Sit still, tenants; I'll call in all your old leases,

you else.

ts. O, sweet landlord! 190

Low. Take my cloak, sirrah. [*Giving cloak to* LOW-WATER.]—If any be disturb'd,

sit, gentlemen: I see my place.

A proper woman turned gallant! If the widow

e, I care not if I be a suitor to him; I have

hose who have been as mad, and given half

ng for a male companion. [*Aside.*

Sir G. Lamb. How, sir?

Mis. Low. Too rank, sir.

Sir G. Lamb. Fie, I shall strike you dumb, like all your fellows.

Mis. Low. What, with your heels or horns?

Sir G. Lamb. Perhaps with both. 210

Mis. Low. It must be at dead low water, when I'm dead then.

Low. 'Tis a brave Kate, and nobly spoke of thee! [*Aside.*

Wea. This quarrel must be drowned.—Pickadill, my lady's fool.

Pick. Your, your own man, sir.

Wea. Prithee, step in to one of the maids.

Pick. That I will, sir, and thank you too.

Wea. Nay, hark you, sir, call for my sun-cup presently, I'd forgot it.

Pick. How, your sun-cup?—Some cup, I warrant, that he stole out o' the Sun-tavern. [*Aside and exit.*

L. Gold. The more I look on him, the more I thirst for't; 221

Methinks his beauty does so far transcend,
Turns the signs back, makes that the upper end.
[*Aside.*

Wea. How cheer you, widow?—Gentlemen, how cheer you?

Fair weather in all quarters!
The sun will peep anon, I've sent one for him;
In the meantime I'll tell you a tale of these.

Libra here, that keeps the scale so even,
' th' old time an honest chandler's widow,
had one daughter which was called Virgo, 230
h now my hungry tenant has deflower'd.
Virgo, passing for a maid, was sued to
agittarius there, a gallant shooter,
Aries, his head rival; but her old
o'd uncle, Cancer here, dwelling in Crooked Lane,
crost the marriage, minding to bestow her
one Scorpio, a rich usurer;
girl, loathing that match, fell into folly
one Taurus, a gentleman, in Townbull[1] Street,
hom she had two twins, those Gemini there, 240
hich two brats she was brought a-bed in Leo,
e Red Lion, about Tower Hill:
g in this distress, one Capricorn,
onest citizen, pitied her case, and married her

Re-enter PICKADILL *carrying the sun-cup, without his doublet, and with a veil over his face.*

Pick. Your sun-cup, call you it? 'tis a simple voyage that I have made here; I have left my doublet within, for fear I should sweat through my jerkin; and thrown a cypress[1] over my face, for fear of sun-burning.

Wea. How now? who's this? why, sirrah!

Pick. Can you endure it, mistress?

L. Gold. Endure what, fool?

Wea. Fill the cup, coxcomb. 259

Pick. Nay, an't be no hotter, I'll go put on my doublet again. [*Exit.*

Wea. What a whorson sot is this!—Prithee, fill the cup, fellow, and give't the widow.

Mis. Low. Sirrah, how stand you?
Bestow your service there upon her ladyship.

[LOW-WATER *fills the cup and presents it to* LADY GOLDENFLEECE.

L. Gold. What's here? a sun?

Wea. It does betoken, madam,
A cheerful day to somebody.

L. Gold. It rises
Full in the face of yon[2] fair sign, and yet
By course he is the last must feel the heat. [*Aside.*
Here, gentlemen, to you all, 270
For you know the sun must go through the Twelve Signs. [*Drinks.*

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[1] Gauzy stuff resembling crape, either white or black.

[2] Old ed. "you."

Vea. Most wittily, widow; you jump[1] with my conceit right,
re's not a hair between us.
. Gold. Give it sir Gilbert.
ir G. Lamb. I am the next through whom the golden flame
nes, when 'tis spent in thy celestial ram;
poor feet there must wait and cool awhile. [*Drinks.*
Mis. Low. We have our time, sir; joy and we shall meet;
known the proud neck lie between the feet.
Vea. So, round it goes. [*The others drink in order.*

Re-enter PICKADILL.

Pick. I like this drinking world well.
Vea. So, fill't him again.
Pep. Fill't me! why, I drunk last, sir. 280

Sir G. Lamb. Yes, sir, that's my name. 290

Mis. Low. There should be a rank villain of that name ;
Came you out of that house ?

Sir G. Lamb. How, sir slave !

Mis. Low. Fall to your bull, leave roaring till anon.

Wea. Yet again ! and you love me, gentlemen, let's have no roaring here. If I had thought that, I'd have sent my bull to the bear-garden.

Pep. Why, so you should have wanted one of your signs.

Wea. But I may chance want two now, and they fall together by the ears. 300

L. Gold. What's the strange fire that works in these two creatures ?
Cold signs both, yet more hot than all their fellows.

Wea. Ho, Sol in Pisces ! the sun's in New Fish Street ; here's an end of this course.

Pick. Madam, I am bold to remember your worship for a year's wages and a livery cloak.

L. Gold. How, will you shame me ? had you not both last week, fool ?

Pick. Ay, but there's another year past since that.

L. Gold. Would all your wit could make that good, sir ! 311

Pick. I am sure the sun has run through all the Twelve Signs since, and that's a year ; these [1] gentlemen can witness.

Wea. The fool will live, madam.

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[1] Old ed. "this."

Pick. Ay, as long as your eyes are open, I warrant
n.

Mis. Low. Sirrah.

Low. Does your worship call?

Mis. Low. Commend my love and service to the
widow, 320
sire her ladyship to taste that morsel.

[*Giving letter to* LOW-WATER, *who carries it to* LADY GOLDENFLEECE.

Low. This is the bit I watch'd for all this while,
it comes duly. [*Aside.*

Sir G. Lamb. And wherein has this name of mine
offended,
t you're so liberal of your infamous titles,
ut a stranger to thee? it must be known, sir,
we two part.

Mis. Low. Marry, and reason good, sir.

L. Gold. O impudence as foul! does my disease 340
Ask how I do? can it torment my heart
And look with a fresh colour in my face?
Sir G. Lamb. What's this, what's this?
Wea. I am sorry for this qualm, widow.
L. Gold. He that would know a villain when he meets him,
Let him ne'er go to a conjuror; here's a glass
Will show him without money, and far truer.—
Preserver of my state, pray, tell me, sir,
That I may pay you all my thanks together,
What blest hap brought that letter to your hand, 350
From me so fast lock'd in mine enemy's power.
Mis. Low. I will resolve you, madam. I've a kinsman
Somewhat infected with that wanton pity
Which men bestow on the distress of women,
Especially if they be fair and poor;
With such hot charity, which indeed is lust,
He sought t' entice, as his repentance told me,
Her whom you call your enemy, the wife
To a poor gentleman, one Low-water——
L. Gold. Right, right, the same.
Low. Had it been right, 't had now been. [*Aside.* 360
Mis. Low. And, according to the common rate of sinners,
Offer'd large maintenance, which with her seem'd nothing;
For if she would consent, she told him roundly,
There was a knight had bid more at one minute

n all his wealth could compass; and withal,
ck'd out that letter, as it were in scorn,
ch by good fortune he put up in jest,
n promise that the writ should be returnable
next hour of his meeting. But, sweet madam,
of my love and zeal, I did so practise 370
part upon him of an urgent wooer,
t neither he nor that return'd more to her.
ir G. Lamb. Plague a' that kinsman! [*Aside.*
Vea. Here's a gallant rascal!
. *Gold.* Sir, you've appear'd so noble in this action,
ull of worth and goodness, that my thanks
rather shame the bounty of my mind
n do it honour.—O, thou treacherous villain,
s thy faith bear such fruit?
these the blossoms of a hundred oaths
from thy bosom? was thy love so spiteful, 380

Crawl with thy poisons hence; and for thy sake
I'll never covet titles and more riches,
To fall into a gulf of hate and laughter:
I'll marry love hereafter, I've enough;
And wanting that, I've nothing. There's thy way.

Over. Do you hear, sir? you must walk.

Pep. Heart, thrust him down stairs!

Wea. Out of my house, you treacherous, lecherous rascal! 400

Sir G. Lamb. All curses scatter you!

Wea. Life, do you thunder here! [*Exit* Sir G. LAMBSTONE.] If you had stayed a little longer, I'd have ript out some of my Bull out of your belly again.

Pep. 'Twas a most noble discovery; we must love you for ever for't.

L. Gold. Sir, for your banquet and your mirth we thank you;—
You, gentlemen, for your kind company;—
But you, for all my merry days to come,
Or this had been the last else.

Mis. Low. Love and fortune
Had more care of your safety, peace, and state, madam. 410

Wea. Now will I thrust in for't. [*Aside.*

Pep. I'm for myself now. [*Aside.*

Over. What's fifty years? 'tis man's best time and season;
Now the knight's gone, the widow will hear reason.
[*Aside.*

ew. Now, now, the suitors flatter, hold on, Kate;
hen may pick the meat while the cocks prate.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Street.

ter SANDFIELD, PHILIP TWILIGHT, *and* SAVOURWIT.

hil. If thou talk'st longer, I shall turn to marble,
death will stop my hearing.
and. Horrible fortune!
vv. Nay, sir, our building is so far defac'd,
re is no stuff left to raise up a hope.
hil. O, with more patience could my flesh endure
ore of wounds, and all their several searchings,
n this that thou hast told me!

Nor comforts from a faithful friend can ease me; 20
I'll try the goodness of a third companion,
What he'll do for me. [*Drawing his sword.*

Sand. Hold! why, friend——

Sav. Why, master, is this all your kindness, sir? offer to steal into another country, and ne'er take your leave on's? troth, I take it unkindly at your hands, sir; but I'll put it up for once. [*Sheathing* PHILIP'S *sword.*] Faith, there was no conscience in this, sir; leave me here to endure all weathers, whilst you make your soul dance like a juggler's egg upon the point of a rapier! By my troth, sir, you're to blame in't; you might have given us an inkling of your journey; perhaps others would as fain have gone as you. 33

Phil. Burns this clay-lamp of miserable life,
When joy, the oil that feeds it, is dried up?

Enter LADY TWILIGHT, BEVERIL, *and* Servants.

L. Twi. He has remov'd his house.

Bev. So it seems, madam.

L. Twi. I'll ask that gentleman.—Pray, can you tell me, sir,
Which is sir Oliver Twilight's?

Phil. Few can better, gentlewoman;
It is the next fair house your eye can fix on.

L. Twi. I thank you, sir.—Go on. [*Exeunt* Servants.]
—He had a son 40
About some ten years since.

Phil. That son still lives.

L. Twi. I pray, how does he, sir?

il. Faith, much about my health,—that's never
worse.— [*Aside.*
ı have any business to him, gentlewoman,
cut short your journey to the house;
ll that ever was of the same kind.
Twi. [*embracing him.*] O, my sweet son! never fell
fresher joy
the heart of mother!—This is he, sir.
v. My seven-years' travel has e'en worn him out
y remembrance.
v. O, this gear's worse and worse! [*Aside.* 50
il. I am so wonder-struck at your blest presence,
through amaz'd joy, I neglect my duty. [*Kneels.*
Twi. [*raising him.*] Rise, and a thousand blessings
spring up with thee!
v. I would we had but one in the meantime;
he rest grow at leisure. [*Aside.*

Where, finding your good mother so distress'd,
I could not but in pity see her releas'd.
Phil. It was a noble charity, sir; heaven quit[1] you!
Sav. It comes at last! [*Aside.*
Bev. I left a sister here,
New married when I last took leave of England.
Phil. O, mistress Low-water.
Bev. Pray, sir, how does she? 70
Phil. So little comfort I can give you, sir,
That I would fain excuse myself for silence.
Bev. Why, what's the worst, sir?
Phil. Wrongs has made her poor.
Bev. You strike my heart: alas, good gentlewoman!
Phil. Here's a gentleman—
You know him—master Sandfield——
Bev. I crave pardon, sir.
Phil. He can resolve you from her kinswoman.
Sand. Welcome to England, madam!
L. Twi. Thanks, good sir.
Phil. Now there's no way to 'scape, I'm compass'd round;
My shame is like a prisoner set with halberds. 80
Sav. Pish, master, master, 'tis young flood again,
And you can take your time now; away, quick!
Phil. Push, thou'st a swimming head.
Sav. Will you but hear me?
When did you lose your tide when I set forth with you?
Phil. That's true.

---

[1] Requite.

Sav. Regard me then, though you've no feeling;
I would not hang by the thumbs with a good will.
Phil. I hang by th' heart, sir, and would fain have ease.
Sav. Then this or none: fly to your mother's pity,
For that's the court must help you; you're quite gone
At common law, no counsellor can hear you; 91
Confess your follies, and ask pardon for 'em;
Tell her the state of all things, stand not nicely;
The meat's too hard
To be minc'd now, she breeds young bones by this time;
Deal plainly, heaven will bless thee; turn out all,
And shake your pockets after it; beg, weep,
Kneel, anything, it will break no bones, man:
Let her not rest, take breathing time, nor leave thee,
Till thou hast got her help.
Phil. Lad, I conceive thee. 100
Sav. About it, then; it requires haste—do't well;
There's but a short street between us and hell.
Bev. Ah, my poor sister!
L. Twi. 'Las, good gentlewoman!
My heart even weeps for her.—Ay, son, we'll go now.
Phil. May I crave one word, madam?
[*Shogs*[1] *his* Mother.
L. Twi. With me, son?
The more, the better welcome.
Sav. Now, now, luck!
I pray not often; the last prayer I made

[1] Jogs, jostles. See *Halliwell.*

Was nine-year old last Bartholomew-tide; 'twould have been
A jolly chopper and 't had liv'd till this time.
L. Twi. Why do your words start back? are they afraid 110
Of her that ever lov'd them?
Phil. I've a suit to you, madam.
L. Twi. You've told me that already; pray, what is't?
If 't be so great, my present state refuse it,
I shall be abler, then command and use it;
Whate'er 't be, let me have warning, to provide for't.
Phil. [*kneels.*] Provide forgiveness then, for that's the want
My conscience feels. O, my wild youth has led me
Into unnatural wrongs against your freedom once!
I spent the ransom which my father sent,
To set my pleasures free, while you lay captive. 120
Sav. He does it finely, faith. [*Aside.*
L. Twi. And is this all now?
You use me like a stranger; pray, stand up.
Phil. Rather fall flat; I shall deserve yet worse.
L. Twi. [*raising* PHILIP.] Whate'er your faults are, esteem me still a friend,
Or else you wrong me more in asking pardon
Than when you did the wrong you ask'd it for;
And since you have prepar'd me to forgive you,
Pray, let me know for what; the first fault's nothing.
Sav. 'Tis a sweet lady every inch of her! [*Aside.*
Phil. Here comes the wrong then that drives home the rest: 130

a face at Antwerp that quite drew me
conscience and obedience; in that fray
my heart, I must needs lose my way;
went the ransom, to redeem my mind;
l of the money, I brought over her;
o cast mists before my father's eyes,
him it was my sister, lost so long,
hat yourself was dead: you see the wrong.
Twi. This is but youthful still.—O, that word *sister*
ts me when I think on't!—I forgive thee 140
ely as thou didst it; for, alas,
may be call'd good dealing to[1] some parts
love and youth plays daily among sons.
v. She helps our knavery well, that's one good
comfort. [*Aside.*
il. But such is the hard plight my state lives in,
'twixt forgiveness I must sin again,

Phil. Yes, madam;
Which news so struck my father on the sudden,
That he grows jealous[1] of my faith in both:
These five hours have I kept me from his sight,
And wish'd myself eternally so hid;
And surely, had not your blest presence quicken'd 160
The flame of life in me, all had gone out.
Now, to confirm me to his trust again,
And settle much aright in his opinion,
Say but she is my sister, and all's well.

L. Twi. You ask devotion[2] like a bashful beggar,
That pure need urges, and not lazy impudence;
And to express how glad I am to pity you,
My bounty shall flow over your demand;
I will not only with a constant breath
Approve[3] that, but excuse thee for my death. 170

Sav. Why, here's
A woman made as a man would wish to have her!
[*Aside.*

Phil. O, I am plac'd higher in happiness
Than whence I fell before!

Sav. We're brave fellows once again, and we can keep our own:
Now hoffte toffte, our pipes play as loftily! [*Aside.*

Bev. My sister fled!

---

[1] Suspicious.

[2] "Compare the *Communion Service*, 'shall receive the alms for the the poor, and other *devotions* of the people, in a decent basin.'"—*Dyce.*

[3] Prove, confirm.

nd. Both fled, that's the news now: want must
obey;
essions came so thick, they could not stay.
v. Mean are my fortunes, yet, had I been nigh, 180
ess nor wrong should have made virtue fly.
Twi. Spoke like a brother, worthy such a sister!
v. Grief's like a new wound, heat beguiles the sense,
shall feel this smart more three days hence.
e, madam, sorrow's rude, and forgets manners.
[*Exeunt all except* SAVOURWIT.
v. Our knavery is for all the world like a shifting
rupt; it breaks in one place, and sets up in another:
es all trades, from a goldsmith to a tobacco-seller;
y all shifts, from an outlaw to a flatterer: he cozens
usband, and compounds with the widow; we cozen
aster, and compound with my mistress: only here
n o' the right hand from him,—he is known to live

Mis. Low. Let me but have warning,
I shall make pretty shift with them.
Low. That thou shalt, wench. [*Exit.*

Enter Servant.

Ser. My lady, sir, commends her kindly to you,
And for the third part of an hour, sir,
Desires your patience;
Two or three of her tenants out of Kent
Will hold her so long busied.
Mis. Low. Thank you, sir;
'Tis fit I should attend her time and leisure. 10
[*Exit* Servant.
Those were my tenants once; but what relief
Is there in what hath been, or what I was?
'Tis now that makes the man: a last-year's feast
Yields little comfort for the present humour;
He starves that feeds his hopes with what is past.—

Re-enter LOW-WATER.

How now?
Low. They're come, newly alighted.
Mis. Low. Peace, peace!
I'll have a trick for 'em; look you second me well now.
Low. I warrant thee.
Mis. Low. I must seem very imperious, I can tell you; therefore, if I should chance to use you roughly, pray, forgive me beforehand. 21
Low. With all my heart, Kate.

is. Low. You must look for no obedience in these[1]
es; that lies in the pocket of my gown.
w. Well, well, I will not, then.
is. Low. I hear 'em coming, step back a little, sir.
-WATER *retires.*]—Where be those fellows?

nter WEATHERWISE, PEPPERTON, *and* OVERDONE.

looks out there? is there ne'er a knave i' th' house
ke those gentlemen's horses? where wait you to-
how stand you, like a dreaming goose in a corner?
entlemen's horses, forsooth! 31
w. Yes, an't like[2] your worship. [*Exit.*
p. What's here? a strange alteration!
ea. A new lord! would I were upon my mare's
again then!
is. Low. Pray, gentlemen, pardon the rudeness of
these grooms,

Pep. No, no, no, we'll away.

Wea. We'll away.

Mis. Low. How! by my faith, but you shall not yet, by your leave.—Where's Bess?—Call your mistress, sir, to welcome these kind gentlemen, my friends. 50

[*Exit* LOW-WATER.

Pep. How! Bess?

Over. Peg?

Wea. Plain Bess? I know how the world goes then; he has been a-bed with Bess: i'faith, there's no trust to these widows; a young horsing gentleman carries 'em away clear.

Re-enter LOW-WATER.

Mis. Low. Now, where's your mistress, sir? how chance she comes not?

Low. Sir, she requests you to excuse her for a while; she's busy with a milliner about gloves.

Mis. Low. Gloves! 60

Wea. Hoyday! gloves too!

Mis. Low. Could she find no other time to choose gloves but now, when my friends are here?

Pep. No, sir, 'tis no matter; we thank you for your good will, sir: to say truth, we have no business with her at all at this time, i'faith, sir.

Mis. Low. O, that's another matter; yet stay, stay, gentlemen, and taste a cup of wine ere you go.

Over. No, thank you, sir.

Mis. Low. Master Pepperton—master Weatherwise, will you, sir? 71

Vea. I'll see the wine in a drunkard's shoes first, and
k't after he has brewed it. But let her go; she's
d, i'faith; a proud, surly sir here, he domineers
ady; one that will shake her bones, and go to dice
her money, or I have no skill in a calendar: life,
that can be so saucy to call her Bess already, will
her prating quean a month hence.

[*Exeunt* WEATHERWISE, PEPPERTON, *and* OVERDONE.

Low. They've given thee all the slip.

Mis. Low. So, a fair riddance!
ere's three rubs gone, I've a clear way to the
mistress.[1] 80

Low. You'd need have a clear way, because you're a
bad pricker.

Mis. Low. Yet if my bowl take bank, I shall go nigh
make myself a saver,

And a fish-market face, he shall ne'er speed;
I would not have himself left a poor widower.

Low. Faith, I'm glad I'm alive to commend thee, Kate; I shall be sure now to see my commendations delivered.

Mis. Low. I'll put her to't, i'faith.

Low. But soft ye, Kate;
How and she should accept of your bold kindness?

Mis. Low. A chief point to be thought on, by my faith! 100
Marry, therefore, sir, be you sure to step in,
For fear I should shame myself and spoil all.

Low. Well, I'll save your credit then for once; but look you come there no more.

Mis. Low. Away! I hear her coming.

Low. I am vanish'd. [*Exit.*

Enter LADY GOLDENFLEECE.

Mis. Low. How does my life, my soul, my dear sweet madam?

L. Gold. I've wrong'd your patience, made you stand too long here.

Mis. Low. There's no such thing, i'faith, madam, you're pleas'd to say so.

L. Gold. Yes, I confess I was too slow, sir. 110

Mis. Low. Why, you shall make me amends for that, then, with a quickness in your bed.

L. Gold. That were a speedy mends, sir.

Mis. Low. Why, then, you are out of my debt; I'll cross the book, and turn over a new leaf with you.

. *Gold.* So, with paying a small debt, I may chance
into a greater.

Mis. Low. My faith, your credit will be the better
; there's many a brave gallant would be glad of
fortune, and pay use for't. 120

. *Gold.* Some of them have nothing else to do; they
ld be idle and 'twere not for interest.

Mis. Low. I promise you, widow, were I a setter up,
is my opinion of your payment, I durst trust you
all the ware in my shop.

. *Gold.* I thank you for your good will, I can have
nore.

Mis. Low. Not of me, i'faith; nor that neither, and
knew[1] all. [*Aside.*]—Come, make but short ser-
widow, a kiss and to bed; I'm very hungry, i'faith,
ch. 131

Gold. What, are you, sir?

ounces; I, boys of war, brave commanders, that shall bear a breadth in their shoulders and a weight in their hips, and run over a whole country with a pound a' beef and a biscuit in their belly. Ho, widow, my kisses are virgins, my embraces perfect, my strength solid, my love constant, my heat comfortable; but, to come to the point, inutterable—— 150

L. Gold. But soft ye, soft ye; because you stand so strictly
Upon your purity, I'll put you to't, sir;
Will you swear here you never yet knew woman?

Mis. Low. Never, as man e'er knew her, by this light, widow!

L. Gold. What, what, sir?—'Shrew my heart, he moves me much. [*Aside.*

Mis. Low. Nay, since you love to bring a man on's knees,
I take into the same oath thus much more,
That you are the first widow, or maid, or wife,
That ever I in suit of love did court,
Or honestly did woo: how say you to that, widow? 160

L. Gold. Marry, I say, sir, you had a good portion of chastity left you, though ill-fortune run away with the rest.

Mis. Low. That I kept for thee, widow; she's of fortune, and all her strait-bodied daughters; thou shalt have't, widow. [*Kissing her.*

L. Gold. Push, what do you mean?

Mis. Low. I cannot bestow't better.

L. Gold. I'll call my servants.

Mis. Low. By my troth, you shall not, madam.

Re-enter LOW-WATER.

w. Does your worship call, sir?

is. Low. Ha, pox! are you peeping?—

[*Throws*[1] *something at* LOW-WATER, *who goes out.*

ame in a good time, I thank him for't. [*Aside.*

Gold. What do you think of me? you're very forward, sir! 170

is. Low. Extremity of love.

Gold. You say you're ignorant;

ould not seem so surely by your play,

aught I see, you may make one yourself,

need not hold the cards to any gamester.[2]

is. Low. That love should teach men ways to wrong itself!

Gold. Are these the first-fruits of your boldness, sir?

take after these, you may boast on 'em,

Mis. Low. O, here they are all again too! [*Aside.*

L. Gold. Are you come, gentlemen?
I wish no better men.

Wea. O, the moon's chang'd now!

L. Gold. See you that gentleman yonder?

Pep. Yes, sweet madam.

L. Gold. Then, pray, be witness all of you, with this kiss [*Kisses* MISTRESS LOW-WATER.
I choose him for my husband——

Wea.
Pep. } A pox on't!
Over.

L. Gold. And with this parted gold, that two hearts join. 189
[*Breaks*[1] *gold into two pieces, and gives one to* MISTRESS LOW-WATER.

Mis. Low. Never with chaster love than this of mine!

L. Gold. And those that have the hearts to come to the wedding,
They shall be welcome for their former loves. [*Exit.*

Pep. No, I thank you; you've choked me already.

Wea. I never suspected mine almanac till now; I believe he plays cogging[2] John with me, I bought it at his shop; it may learn the more knavery by that.

Mis. Low. Now indeed, gentlemen, I can bid you welcome;
Before 'twas but a flourish.

[1] As a token of constancy. Cf. *The Widow*, ii. 1:—"You broke no gold between you?" See the chapter on Nuptial Usages in Brand's *Popular Antiquities.*

[2] Cheating, cozening.

ea. Nay, so my almanac told me there should be
lipse, but not visible in our horizon, but about the
rn inhabitants of Mexicana and California. 201
is. Low. Well, we have no business there, sir.
ea. Nor we have none here, sir; and so fare you

is. Low. You save the house a good labour, gentle-
[*Exeunt* WEATHERWISE, PEPPERTON, *and* OVER-
.]—The fool carries them away in a voider.[1]
re be these fellows?

Re-enter Servant, PICKADILL, *and* LOW-WATER.

r. Sir?
ck. Here, sir! 210
r. What['s] your worship['s] pleasure?
is. Low. O, this is something like.—Take you your
ease, sir;

Pick. How? one o' the wits? I care not if I run on that account: are they in town, think you?

Mis. Low. Whither runnest thou now?

Pick. To an ordinary for one of the wits.

Mis. Low. Why to an ordinary above a tavern?

Pick. No, I hold your best wits to be at ordinary; nothing so good in a tavern.

Mis. Low. And why, I pray, sir? 229

Pick. Because those that go to an ordinary dine better for twelve pence than he that goes to a tavern for his five shillings; and I think those have the best wits that can save four shillings, and fare better too.

Mis. Low. So, sir, all your wit then runs upon victuals?

Pick. 'Tis a sign 'twill hold out the longer then.

Mis. Low. What were you saying to me?

Ser. Please your worship,
I heard there came a scholar over lately 239
With old Sir Oliver's lady.

Mis. Low. Is she come?— [*Aside.*
What is that lady?

Ser. A good gentlewoman,
Has been long prisoner with the enemy.

Mis. Low. I know't too well, and joy in her release.— [*Aside.*
Go to that house then straight, and in one labour
You may bid them, and entreat home that scholar.

Ser. It shall be done with speed, sir. [*Exit.*

Pick. I'll along with you, and see what face that

ar has brought over; a thin pair of parbreaking[1]
ater green chops, I warrant you. [*Exit.*
is. Low. Since wit has pleasur'd me, I'll pleasure
wit; 250
lars shall fare the better. O my blessing!
l a hand of mercy lift me up
of a world of waters, and now sets me
n a mountain, where the sun plays most,
heer my heart even as it dries my limbs.
t deeps I see beneath me, in whose falls
y a nimble mortal toils,
scarce can feed[2] himself! the streams of fortune,
ist which he tugs in vain, still beat him down,
will not suffer him—past hand to mouth— 260
ft his arm to his posterity's blessing:
a careful sweat run in a ring
it his temples, but all will not do;

Mis. Low. Sir, you're—my brother! joys come thick together.— [*Aside.*
Sir, when I see a scholar—pardon me— 270
I am so taken with affection [1] for him,
That I must run into his arms and clasp him.
[*Embracing him.*

Bev. Art stands in need, sir, of such cherishers;
I meet too few: 'twere a brave world for scholars,
If half a kingdom were but of your mind, sir;
Let ignorance and hell confound the rest.

Mis. Low. Let it suffice,[2] sweet sir, you cannot think
How dearly you're welcome.

Bev. May I live
To show you service for't!

Mis. Low. Your love, your love, sir;
We go no higher, nor shall you go lower. 280
Sir, I am bold to send for you, to request
A kindness from your wit, for some device
To grace our wedding; it shall be worth your pains,
And something more t' express my love to art;
You shall not receive all in bare embracements.

Bev. Your love I thank; but, pray, sir, pardon me,
I've a heart says I must not grant you that.

Mis. Low. No! what's your reason, sir?

Bev. I'm not at peace
With the lady of this house; now you'll excuse me;
Sh'as wrong'd my sister; and I may not do't. 290

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[1] Old ed. "affliction."
[2] Old ed. "suffer."

s. Low. The widow knows you not.
v. I never saw her face to my remembrance:
t my heart should feel her wrongs so much,
yet live ignorant of the injurer!
s. Low. Let me persuade thee, since she knows you not,
clear the weather, let not griefs betray you;
ll her you're a worthy friend of mine,
so I tell her true, thou art indeed.
ere she comes.

Re-enter LADY GOLDENFLEECE.

Gold. What, are you busy, sir?
s. Low. Nothing less, lady; here's a gentleman 300
ble parts, beside his friendship to me;
give him liberal welcome.
Gold. He's most welcome.

Break 'em in time, let 'em not master thee.
O, 'tis my sister's enemy! think of that: 310
Some speedy grief fall down upon the fire,
Before it take my heart; let it not rise
'Gainst brotherly nature, judgment, and these wrongs.
Make clear the weather!
O who could look upon her face in storms!
Yet pains may work it out; griefs do but strive
To kill this spark, I'll keep it still alive. [*Exit.*

It shall be all my study, care, and pains;
And we can lose no labour; all her foes
Will make such use on't, that they'll snatch it from us
Faster than we can forge it, though we keep
Four tongues at work upon't, and never cease.
Then for th' indifferent world, faith, they are apter
To bid a slander[1] welcome than a truth.
We have the odds of our side: this in time
May grow so general, as disgrace will spread,
That wild dissension may divide the bed. 50

Wea. } Excellent!
Pep. }

Over. A pure revenge! I see no dregs in't.

Sir G. Lamb. Let each man look to his part now, and not feed
Upon one dish all four on's, like plain maltmen;
For at this feast we must have several kickshaws
And delicate-made dishes, that the world
May see it is a banquet finely furnish'd.

Wea. Why, then, let me alone for one of your kickshaws,
I've thought on that already.

Sir G. Lamb. Prithee, how, sir?

Wea. Marry, sir, I'll give it out abroad that I have

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[1] Dyce's correction for old ed.'s "slave." In his *Addenda* he compares *The Travels of the Three English Brothers* (by Day, Dr. Rowley, and Wilkins), 1607, sig. C 4,—

"Revenge and Death
Like *slander* attend the slaves of Calymath,"

where *slander* is evidently a misprint for *slaves*. I have, of course, corrected the misprint in my edition of Day.

lain with the widow myself, as 'tis the fashion of many a gallant to disgrace his new mistress when he cannot have his will of her, and lie with her name in every tavern, though he ne'er came within a yard of her person; so I, being a gentleman, may say as much in that kind as a gallant; I am as free by my father's copy. 65

Sir G. Lamb. This will do excellent, sir.

Wea. And, moreover, I'll give the world thus much to understand beside, that if I had not lain with the widow in the wane of the moon, at one of my Seven Stars' houses, when Venus was about business of her own, and could give no attendance, she had been brought a-bed with two roaring boys by this time; and the Gemini being infants, I'd have made away with them like a step-mother, and put mine own boys in their places. 75

Sir G. Lamb. Why, this is beyond talk; you outrun your master.

Enter PICKADILL.

Pick. Whoop! draw home next time; here are all the old shooters that have lost the game at pricks! What a fair mark had sir Gilbert on't, if he had shot home before the last arrow came in! methinks these show to me now, for all the world, like so many lousy beggars turned out of my lady's barn, and have ne'er a hole to put their heads in. [*Aside.*

Wea. Mass, here's her ladyship's ass; he tells us anything. 84

Sir G. Lamb. Ho, Pickadill!

Pick. What, sir Gilbert Lambstone!
ntlemen, outlaws all, how do you do?
Sir G. Lamb. How! what dost call us? how goes the
world at home, lad?
at strange news?
Pick. This is the state of prodigals as right as can be;
en they have spent all their means on brave feasts,
y're glad to scrape to a serving-man for a meal's meat:
you that whilom, like four prodigal rivals, 92
ld goose or capon, crane or woodcock choose,
w're glad to make up a poor meal with news;
amentable hearing!
Wea. He's in passion[1]
to the eyebrows for us.
Pick. O master Weatherwise, I blame none but you!
u're a gentleman deeply read in Pond's[2] Almanac,
thinks you should not be such a shallow fellow;
u knew this day, the twelfth of June, would come

You might have gone to a tavern and made merry with 'em.

Wea. Has the best moral meaning of an ass that e'er I heard speak with tongue.—Look you here, gentlemen. [*Reads almanac.*] *Fifth day, neither fish nor flesh.*

Pick. No, nor good red herring, and you look again. 110

Wea. [*reads.*] *Sixth day, privily prevented.*

Pick. Marry, faugh!

Wea. [*reads.*] *Seventh day, shrunk in the wetting.*

Pick. Nay, so will the best ware bought for love or money.

Wea. [*reads.*] *The eighth day, over head and ears.*

Pick. By my faith, he come[s] home in a sweet pickle then!

Wea. [*reads.*] *The ninth day, scarce sound at heart.*

Pick. What a pox ailed it?

Wea. [*reads.*] *The tenth day, a courtier's welcome.*

Pick. That's a cup of beer, and you can get it. 120

Wea. [*reads.*] *The eleventh day, stones against the wind.*

Pick. Pox of an ass! he might have thrown 'em better.

Wea. Now the *twelfth day*, gentlemen, that was our day; [*Reads.*

Past all redemption.

Pick. Then the devil go with't!

Wea. Now you see plainly, gentlemen, how we're us'd;

The calendar will not lie for no man's pleasure.

Sir G. Lamb. Push, you're too confident in almanac-posies.

Pep. Faith, so said we.

Sir G. Lamb. They're mere delusions.

Wea. How!

u see how knavishly they happen, sir.

Sir G. Lamb. Ay, that's because they're foolishl
believ'd,[1] sir. 13

Wea. Well, take your courses, gentlemen, withou
, and see what will come on't: you may wande
masterless men, there's ne'er a planet will care
penny for you; if they look after you, I'll be hanged
en you scorn to bestow twopence to look afte
m.

Sir G. Lamb. How, a device at the wedding, sayest
u?

Pick. Why, have none of you heard of that, yet?

Sir G. Lamb. 'Tis the first news, i'faith, lad. 140

Pick. O, there's a brave travelling scholar entertained

Wea. He's shrewdly hurt, by my faith; if he catch an ague of that fashion, I'll be hanged.

Pick. He'll come abroad anon.

Sir G. Lamb. Art sure on't?

Pick. Why, he ne'er stays a quarter of an hour in the house together.

Sir G. Lamb. No? how can he study then?

Pick. Faugh, best of all; he talks as he goes, and writes as he runs; besides, you know 'tis death to a traveller to stand long in one place. 161

Sir G. Lamb. It may hit right, boys!—Honest Pickadill,
Thou wast wont to love me.

Pick. I'd good cause, sir, then.

Sir G. Lamb. Thou shalt have the same still; take that. [*Giving money.*

Pick. Will you believe me now? I ne'er loved you better in my life than I do at this present.

Sir G. Lamb. Tell me now truly; who are the presenters?
What parsons,[1] are employed in the device?

Pick. Parsons? not any, sir; my mistress will not be at the charge; she keeps none but an old Welsh vicar.

Sir G. Lamb. Prithee, I mean, who be the speakers?

Pick. Troth, I know none but those that open their mouths. Here he comes now himself, you may ask him. 175

[1] Old form of *persons.*

Enter BEVERIL.

ea. Is this he? by my faith, one may pick a gentle-
out of his calves and a scholar out on's cheeks;
may see by his looks what's in him: I warrant you
has ne'er a new almanac come out these dozen
, but he has studied it over and over. [*Aside.*
r G. Lamb. Do not reveal us now. 181
ck. Because you shall be sure on't, you have given
a ninepence here, and I'll give you the slip[1]

r G. Lamb. Well said. [*Exit* PICKADILL.]—Now
the fool's pleased, we may be bold.
v. Love is as great an enemy to wit
norance to art; I find my powers
uch employ'd in business of my heart,
all the time's too little to despatch
rs within me. Fortune, too remiss, 190

A quick invention, and a happy one, 200
Reward your study, sir!

Bev. Gentlemen, I thank you.

Sir G. Lamb. We understand your wits are in employment, sir,
In honour of this wedding.

Bev. Sir, the gentleman
To whom that worthy lady is betroth'd
Vouchsafes t' accept the power of my good will in't.

Sir G. Lamb. I pray, resolve us then, sir—for we're friends
That love and honour her—
Whether your number be yet full, or no,
Of those which you make choice of for presenters?

Bev. First, 'tis so brief, because the time is so, 210
We shall not trouble many; and for those
We shall employ, the house will yield in servants.

Sir G. Lamb. Nay, then, under your leave and favour, sir,
Since all your pains will be so weakly grac'd,
And, wanting due performance, lose their lustre,
Here are four of us gentlemen, her friends,
Both lovers of her honour and your art,
That would be glad so to express ourselves,
And think our service well and worthily plac'd.

Bev. My thanks do me no grace for this large kindness;
You make my labours proud of such presenters. 221

Sir G. Lamb. She shall not think, sir, she's so ill belov'd,
But friends can quickly make that number perfect.

. She's bound t' acknowledge it.
G. Lamb. Only thus much, sir,
will amaze her most; I'd have't so carried,
u can do't, that neither she nor none
d know what friends we were till all were done.
a. Ay, that would make the sport!
. I like it well, sir:
and and faith amongst you, gentlemen,
ll be so dispos'd of.
G. Lamb. We're the men then. 230
. Then look you, gentlemen; the device is single,
d, and plain, because the time's so short,
ives no freedom to a wealthier sport;
nly, gentlemen, the four elements
eliest forms, Earth, Water, Air, and Fire.
a. Mass, and here's four of us too.
. It fits well, sir:

Sir G. Lamb. Crost? I hope not so, sir.

Bev. I can employ but two of you.

Pep. How comes that, sir?

Bev. Air and the Fire should be by me[n] presented,
But the two other in the forms of women.

Wea. Nay, then, we're gone again; I think these women
Were made to vex and trouble us in all shapes. [*Aside.*

Sir G. Lamb. Faith, sir, you stand too nicely.[1]

Wea. So think I, sir. 251

Bev. Yet, when we tax ourselves, it may the better
Set off our errors, when the fine eyes judge 'em;
But Water certainly should be a woman.

Wea. By my faith, then, he is gelded since I saw him last; he was thought to be a man once, when he got his wife with child before he was married.

Bev. Fie, you are fishing in another stream, sir.

Wea. But now I come to yours, and you go to that, sir; I see no reason then but Fire and Water should change shapes and genders. 261

Bev. How prove you that, sir?

Wea. Why, there's no reason but Water should be a man, because Fire is commonly known to be a quean.

Bev. So, sir; you argue well.

Wea. Nay, more, sir; water will break in at a little crevice, so will a man, if he be not kept out; water will undermine, so will an informer; water will ebb and flow, so will a gentleman; water will search any place,

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[1] Scrupulously.

and so will a constable, as lately he did at my Seven Stars for a young wench that was stole; water will quench fire, and so will Wat the barber: *ergo*, let Water wear a codpiece-point. 273

Bev. Faith, gentlemen, I like your company well.

Wea. Let's see who'll dispute with me at the full o' the moon!

Bev. No, sir; and you be vain-glorious of your talent, I'll put you to't once more.

Wea. I'm for you, sir, as long as the moon keeps in this quarter.

Bev. Well, how answer you this then? earth and water are both bearers, therefore they should be women.

Wea. Why, so are porters and pedlars, and yet they are known to be men. 283

Bev. I'll give you over in time, sir; I shall repent the bestowing on't else.

Wea. If[1] I, that have proceeded[2] in five-and-twenty such books of astronomy, should not be able to put down a scholar now in one thousand six hundred thirty and eight, the dominical letter being G, I stood for a goose. 290

Sir G. Lamb. Then this will satisfy you; though that be a woman,
Oceanus the sea, that's chief of waters,
He wears the form of a man, and so may you.

Bev. Now I hear reason, and I may consent.

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[1] This passage was probably added by Shirley. See *Introduction*.
[2] *i.e.* taken a degree.

Sir G. Lamb. And so, though earth challenge a feminine face,
The matter of which earth consists, that's dust,
The general soul of earth is of both kinds.

Bev. Fit yourselves, gentlemen, I've enough for me;
Earth, Water, Air, and Fire, part 'em amongst you.

Wea. Let me play Air,[1] I was my father's eldest son. 300

Bev. Ay, but this Air never possess'd the lands.

Wea. I'm but disposed to jest with you, sir; 'tis the same my almanac speaks on, is't not?

Bev. That 'tis, sir.

Wea. Then leave it to my discretion, to fit both the part and the person.

Bev. You shall have your desire, sir.

Sir G. Lamb. We'll agree
Without your trouble now, sir; we're not factious,
Or envy one another for best parts,
Like quarrelling actors that have passionate fits; 310
We submit always to the writer's wits.

Bev. He that commends you may do't liberally,
For you deserve as much as praise can show.

Sir G. Lamb. We'll send to you privately.

Bev. I'll despatch you.

Sir G. Lamb. We'll poison your device.

[*Aside, and exit.*

Pep. She must have pleasures,
Shows, and conceits, and we disgraceful doom.

[*Aside, and exit.*

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[1] Old ed. "fair."

ea. We'll make your Elements come limping home.
[*Aside, and exit.*

v. How happy am I in this unlook'd-for grace,
voluntary kindness, from these gentlemen !

er behind MISTRESS LOW-WATER *and* LOW-WATER,
both disguised as before.

I set off all my labours far more pleasing 320
e the widow, whom my heart calls mistress,
ny tongue dares not second it.
w. How say you now, Kate ?
s. Low. I like this music well, sir.
v. O unfortunate !
hough a tree be guarded from my touch,
e's none can hinder me to love the fruit.
s. Low. Nay, now we know your mind, brother,
provide for you.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A Room in Sir OLIVER TWILIGHT'S *House.*

Enter Sir OLIVER TWILIGHT, LADY TWILIGHT, SUNSET, SANDFIELD, Dutch Merchant, PHILIP TWILIGHT, Servants, *and* SAVOURWIT *aloof off.*[1]

Sir O. Twi. O my reviving joy! thy quickening presence
Makes the sad night of threescore and ten years
Sit like a youthful spring upon my blood:
I cannot make thy welcome rich enough
With all the wealth of words!
L. Twi. It is exprest, sir,
With more than can be equall'd; the ill store
Lies only on my side, my thanks are poor.
Sir O. Twi. Blest be the goodness of his mind for ever
That did redeem thy life, may it return
Upon his fortunes double! that worthy gentleman, 10

[1] See note 2, p. 113.

d master Beveril! shower upon him, heaven,
e unexpected happiness to requite him
that my joy[1] unlook'd for! O, more kind,
juster far, is a mere stranger's goodness
n the sophistic faith of natural sons!
e's one could juggle with me, take up the ransom,
and his loose companion——
av. Say you me so, sir?
eat hard eggs for that trick. [*Aside.*
ir O. Twi. Spend the money,
bring me home false news and empty pockets!
hat young gallant's tongue there, you were dead 20
weeks before this day, had not this merchant
ught first the truth in words, yourself in substance.
. *Twi.* Pray, let me stay you here, ere you proceed, sir;
he report me dead, say you?

Sav. No, by my troth, is't not,
'Twould make shift to spend another ransom yet. [*Aside.*
Sir O. Twi. Well, sir, I must confess you've here dealt well with me,
And what is good in you I love again.
Sav. Now am I half-ways in, just to the girdle,
But the worst part's behind. [*Aside.*
Sir O. Twi. Marry, I fear me, sir,
This weather is too glorious to hold long.
L. Twi. I see no cloud to interpose it, sir, 40
If you place confidence in what I've told you.
Sir O. Twi. Nay, 'tis clear sky on that side; would 'twere so
All over his obedience! I see that,
And so does this good gentleman——
L. Twi. Do you, sir?
Sir O. Twi. That makes his honesty doubtful.
L. Twi. I pray, speak, sir;
The truth of your last kindness makes me bold with you.
D. Mer. The knight, your husband, madam, can best speak;
He trueliest can show griefs whose heart they break.
L. Twi. I'm sorry yet for more; pray, let me know't, sir,
That I may help to chide him, though 'twould grieve me. 50
Sir O. Twi. Why then prepare for't; you came over now
In the best time to do't you could pick out:

t only spent my money, but, to blind me,
and his wicked instrument——
Sav. Now he fiddles me ! [*Aside.*
Sir O. Twi. Brings home a minion here, by great chance known;
ld me she was his sister ; she proves none.
L. Twi. This was unkindly done, sir ; now I'm sorry
good opinion lost itself upon you ;
u are not the same son I left behind me,
re grace took him.—O, let me end in time, 60
r fear I should forget myself, and chide him !—
ere is [s]he, sir ? though he beguil'd your eyes,
cannot deceive mine, we're now too hard for him ;
since our first unfortunate separation
often seen the girl—would that were true !—
[*Aside.*
many a happy accident, many a one,

Now see me take a poison with great joy,
Which, but for thy sake, I should swoon to touch.

Enter GRACE.

Grace. What new affliction? am I set to sale,
For any one that bids most shame for me? [*Aside.*
Sir O. Twi. Look you! do you see what stuff they've brought me home here? 81
L. Twi. O bless her, eternal powers! my life, my comforts,
My nine years' grief, but everlasting joy now!
Thrice welcome to my heart! [*embracing* GRACE] 'tis she indeed.
Sir O. Twi. What, is it?
Phil. I'm unfit to carry a ransom!
Sav. [*aside to* GRACE, *who kneels.*] Down on your knees, to save your belly harmless;
Ask blessing, though you never mean to use it,
But give't away presently to a beggar-wench.
Phil. My faith is blemish'd, I'm no man of trust, sir!
L. Twi. [*raising* GRACE.] Rise with a mother's blessing!
Sav. All this while 90
Sh'as rise with a son's. [*Aside.*
Sir O. Twi. But soft ye, soft ye, wife!
I pray, take heed you place your blessing right now;
This honest Dutchman here told me he saw her
At Antwerp in an inn.
L. Twi. True, she was so, sir.
D. Mer. Sir, 'tis my quality, what I speak once,

firm ever; in that inn I saw her;
at lets[1] her not to be your daughter now.
Sir O. Twi. O, sir, is't come to that!
Sun. Here's joys ne'er dreamt on!
Sir O. Twi. O master Sunset, I am at the rising
my refulgent happiness!—Now, son Sandfield, 100
ce more and ever!
Sand. I am proud on't, sir.
Sir O. Twi. Pardon me, boy; I've wronged thy faith too much.
Sav. Now may I leave my shell, and peep my head forth. [*Aside, and advancing.*
Sir O. Twi. Where is this Savourwit, that honest whorson,
at I may take my curse from his knave's shoulders?
Sav. O, sir, I feel you at my very blade here!
ur curse is ten stone weight, and a pound over.
Sir O. Twi. Come, thou'rt a witty varlet and a trusty

I've more grace in me; I go out of England still
When I take such courses; that shows modesty, sir.
Sir O. Twi. Anything full of wit and void of harm,
I give thee pardon for; so was that now. 120
Sav. Faith, now I'm quit,[1] I find myself the nimbler
To serve you so again, and my will's good;
Like one that lately shook off his old irons,
And cuts a purse at bench to deserve new ones.
Sir O. Twi. Since it holds all the way so fortunate still,
And strikes so even with my first belief,
This is the gentleman, wife, young master Sandfield here,
A man of worthy parts, besides his lands,
Whom I make choice of for my daughter's bed.
Sav. But he'll make choice there of another bed-fellow. [*Aside.* 130
L. Twi. I wish 'em both the happiness of love, sir.
Sir O. Twi. 'Twas spoke like a good lady! And your memory
Can reach it, wife—but 'tis so long ago too—
Old master Sunset he had a young daughter
When you unluckily left England so,
And much about the age of our girl there,
For both were nurs'd together.
L. Twi. 'Tis so fresh
In my remembrance, now you've waken'd it,
As if twelve years were but a twelve hours' dream.

---

[1] Acquitted.

ir O. Twi. That girl is now a proper[1] gentlewoma
ine a body, wife, as e'er was measur'd
h an indenture cut in farthing steaks.
un. O say not so, sir Oliver; you shall pardon m
sir;
th, sir, you're to blame.
ir O. Twi. Sings, dances, plays,
ches an instrument with a motherly grace.
un. 'Tis your own daughter that you mean that by
av. There's open Dutch indeed, and he could tal
it. [*Asi*
ir O. Twi. This wench, under your leave——
un. You have my love in't.
ir O. Twi. Is my son's wife that shall be.
av. Thus, I'd hold with't,
our son's wife that should be master Sandfield's.
[*Asi*
Twi. I come in happy time to a feast of marriag

Sir O. Twi. You shall along, i'faith; you must not refuse me.

[*Exeunt all except* LADY TWILIGHT, GRACE, PHILIP TWILIGHT, *and* SAVOURWIT.

Phil. O mother, these new joys, that sets my soul up— 160

Which had no means, nor any hope of any—
Has brought me now so far in debt to you,
I know not which way to begin to thank you;
I am so lost in all, I cannot guess
Which of the two my service most constrains,
Your last kind goodness, or your first dear pains.

L. Twi. Love is a mother's duty to a son,
As a son's duty is both love and fear.

Sav. I owe you a poor life, madam, that's all;
Pray, call for't when you please, it shall be ready for you. 170

L. Twi. Make much on't, sir, till then.

Sav. If butter'd sack will. [*Aside.*

L. Twi. Methinks the more I look upon her, son,
The more thy sister's face runs in my mind.

Phil. Belike she's somewhat like her; it makes the better, madam.

L. Twi. Was Antwerp, say you, the first place you found her in?

Phil. Yes, madam: why do you ask?

L. Twi. Whose daughter were you?

Grace. I know not rightly whose, to speak truth, madam.

Sav. The mother of her was a good twigger[1] the whilst. [*Aside.*

L. Twi. No? with whom were you brought up then

Grace. With those, madam,
To whom, I've often heard, the enemy sold me. 180

L. Twi. What's that?

Grace. Too often have I heard this piteous story,
Of a distressèd mother I had once,
Whose comfortable sight I lost at sea;
But then the years of childhood took from me
Both the remembrance of her and the sorrows.

L. Twi. O, I begin to feel her in my blood!
My heart leaps to be at her. [*Aside.*]—What was that mother?

Grace. Some said, an English lady; but I know not.

L. Twi. What's thy name?

Grace. Grace.

L. Twi. May it be so in heaven, 190
For thou art mine on earth! welcome, dear child,
Unto thy father's house, thy mother's arms,
After thy foreign sorrows: [*Embracing* GRACE.

Sav. 'Twill prove gallant! [*Aside.*

L. Twi. What, son! such earnest-work! I bring thee joy now
Will make the rest show nothing, 'tis so glorious.

---

[1] A cant term for a wanton person of either sex. "Elle s-çait asses de la vieille dance. She knowes well enough what belongs to the game, she hath been a hackster, a *twigger*, a good one in her time."—*Cotgrave.*

Phil. Why, 'tis not possible, madam, that man's happiness
Should take a greater height than mine aspires.
L. Twi. No? now you shall confess it: this shall quit thee
From all fears present, or hereafter doubts,
About this business.
Phil. Give me that, sweet mother! 200
L. Twi. Here, take her then, and set thine arms a-work;
There needs no 'fection,[1] 'tis indeed thy sister.
Phil. My sister!
Sav. Cuds me, I feel the razor! [*Aside.*
L. Twi. Why, how now, son? how comes a change so soon?
Phil. O, I beseech you, mother, wound me anywhere
But where you pointed last! that's present death;
Devise some other miserable torment,
Though ne'er so pitiless, and I'll run and meet it;
Some way more merciful let your goodness think on, 210
May steal away my joys, but save my soul:
I'll willingly restore back every one,
Upon that mild condition; anything
But what you spake last will be comfortable.
L. Twi. You're troubled with strange fits in England here;
Your first suit to me did entreat me hardly
To say 'twas she, to have old[2] wrath appeas'd;

---

[1] Affection, *i.e.* affectation (as in *Hamlet*, ii. 2, &c.)
[2] *Old* is frequently used to emphasise the following word. See Dyce's *Shakespeare Glossary.*

And now 'tis known your sister, you're not pleased:
How should I show myself?
Phil. Say 'tis not she.
L. Twi. Shall I deny my daughter? 220
Phil. O, you kill me,
Beyond all tortures!
L. Twi. Why do you deal thus with me?
Phil. She is my wife, I married her at Antwerp;
I've known the way unto her bed these three months.
Sav. And that's too much by twelve weeks for a sister.
[*Aside.*
L. Twi. I understand you now, too soon, too plain!
Phil. O mother, if you love my peace for ever,
Examine her again, find me not guilty!
L. Twi. 'Tis now too late, her words make that too true.
Phil. Her words? shall bare words overthrow a soul?
A body is not cast away so lightly. 230
How can you know 'tis she—let sense decide it—
She then so young, and both so long divided?
L. Twi. She tells me the sad story.
Phil. Does that throw me?
Many a distress may have the face of yours,
That ne'er was kin to you.
L. Twi. But, however, sir,
I trust you are not married.
Phil. Here's the witness,
And all the wealth I had with her, this ring,
That join'd our hearts together. [*Gives ring.*
L. Twi. O, too clear now!

Thou'st brought in evidence to o'erthrow thyself;
Had no one word been spoke, only this shown, 240
'T'ad been enough to approv'd[1] her for mine own;
See here, two letters that begun my name
Before I knew thy father: this I gave her,
And, as a jewel, fasten'd to her ear.

Grace. Pardon me, mother, that you find it stray;
I kept it till I gave my heart away.

Phil. O, to what mountain shall I take my flight,
To hide the monster of my sin from sight!

Sav. I'll to Wales presently, there's the best hills
To hide a poor knave in. [*Aside.* 250

L. Twi. O heap not desperation upon guilt!
Repent yet, and all's sav'd; 'twas but hard chance:
Amongst all sins, heaven pities ignorance,
She's still the first that has her pardon sign'd;
All sins else see their faults, she's only blind:
Go to thy chamber, pray, leave off, and win;
One hour's repentance cures a twelvemonth's sin.

Grace. O my distressèd husband, my dear brother!
[*Exeunt* LADY TWILIGHT *and* GRACE.

Phil. O Savourwit, never came sorrow yet
To mankind like it! I'm so far distress'd, 260
I've no time left to give my heart attendance,
Too little all to wait upon my soul.
Before this tempest came, how well I stood,
Full in the beams of blessedness and joy!
The memory of man could never say

---

[1] To have proved.

ck a storm fell in so bright a day.
hat man that even life surfeits of;
to live, unworthy to be seen
[most] savage eye-sight: give's thy hand;
end me to thy prayers.
. Next time I say 'em. [*Aside.* 270
. Farewell, my honest breast, that crav'st no more
possible kindness! that I've found thee large in,
must ask no more; there wit must stay,
not pass where fate stops up the way:
rive with thee! I'll never see thee more. [*Going.*
. What's that, sir? pray, come back, and bring
those words with you,
hall not carry 'em so out of my company:
s no last refuge when your father knows it;
s no such need on't yet; stay but till then,
ake one with you that will imitate you 280

SCENE II.

A large Room in LADY GOLDENFLEECE'S *House.*

Several Servants *discovered placing things in order, and* PICKADILL *looking on.*

Pick. Bestir your bones nimbly, you ponderous beef-buttocked knaves; what a number of lazy hinds do I keep company withal! where's the flesh-colour velvet cushion now for my lady's pease-porridge-tawny-satin bum? You attendants upon revels!

First Ser. You can prate and domineer well, because you have a privilege[d] place; but I'd fain see you set your hand to't.

Pick. O base bone-pickers, I set my hand to't! when did you e'er see a gentleman set his hand to anything, unless it were to a sheep-skin,[1] and receive a hundred pound for his pains? 12

Sec. Ser. And afterward lie in the Counter for his pleasure.

Pick. Why, true, sir, 'tis for his pleasure indeed: for, spite of all their teeths, he may lie i' th' Hole[2] when he list.

First Ser. Marry, and should for me.

Pick. Ay, thou wouldst make as good a bawd as the best jailor of them all; I know that. 20

---

[1] A parchment bond.
[2] See note 3, vol. i. p. 192.

rst Ser. How, fool!
ck. Hark! I must call you knave within; 'tis but
ng somewhat the longer for't. [*Exeunt.*

music. Enter, arm in arm, LADY GOLDENFLEECE *richly dressed, and* MISTRESS LOW-WATER *richly attired as a man; after them* Sir OLIVER TWILIGHT, SUNSET, *and* Dutch Merchant; *after them* LADY TWILIGHT, GRACE, *and* JANE; *after them* PHILIP TWILIGHT, SANDFIELD, SAVOURWIT, *and* LOW-WATER, *disguised as before.*

is. Low. This fair assembly is most freely welcome.
r O. Twi., &c.[1] Thanks to you, good sir.
Gold. Come, my long-wish'd-for madam,
and this worthy stranger take best welcome;
freedom is a second feast to me.
Lov. How is't with my brother?

Good, seat yourselves: shall we be found unreadiest?
[*They sit.*
What is yon gentleman with the funeral-face, there?
Methinks that look does ill become a bride-house.

Sir O. Twi. Who does your worship mean, sir? my son Philip?

I'm sure he had ne'er less reason to be sad.— 40
Why are you sad, son Philip?

Phil. How, sir, sad?

You shall not find it so, sir.

Sav. Take heed he do not, then. You must beware how you carry your face in this company; as far as I can see, that young bridegroom has hawk's eyes, he'll go nigh to spell sister in your face; if your nose were but crooked enough to serve for an S, he'd find an eye presently, and then he has more light for the rest.

Phil. I'll learn then to dissemble. 49

Sav. Nay, and you be to learn that now, you'll ne'er sit in a branched [1] velvet gown as long as you live; you should have took that at nurse, before your mother weaned you; so do all those that prove great children and batten well. Peace, here comes a scholar indeed; he has learnt it, I warrant you.

Enter BEVERIL *with a pasteboard.*

L. Gold. Kind sir, you're welcome; you take all the pains, sir.

---

[1] Embroidered, figured. Gifford's assertion (Gifford and Dyce's *Ford*, iii. 231) that *branched* means "with tufts or tassels dependent from the shoulders" is clearly erroneous.

ev. I wish they were but worthy of the grace
our fair presence and this choice assembly:
e is an abstract, madam, of what's shown,
ch I commend to your favour. [*Giving pasteboard.*
. *Gold.* Thank you for't, sir. 60
ev. I would I durst present my love as boldly!
[*Aside.*
Mis. Low. My honest brother! [*Aside.*
. *Gold.* Look thee here, sweetheart.
Mis. Low. What's there, sweet madam?
ev. Music, and we're ready.

After loud music for a while, a thing like a globe opens on one side of the stage, and flashes out fire; then Sir G. LAMBSTONE, *in the character of Fire, issues from it, with yellow hair and beard intermingled with streaks like wild flames, a three-pointed fire in*

of a clay colour. BEVERIL *stands behind and gives* Sir G. LAMBSTONE *the first words of his speech.*

Bev. The flame of zeal——
Sir G. Lamb. The wicked fire of lust
Does now spread heat through water, air, and dust.
Bev. How! he's out in the beginning. [*Aside.*]—*The wheel of time——*
Wea. The devil set fire o' the distaff. [*Aside.*
Sir G. Lamb. I that was wont in elder times to pass
For a bright angel—so they call'd me then—
Now so corrupted with the upstart fires 70
Of avarice, luxury, and inconstant heats,
Struck from the bloods of cunning clap-faln daughters,
Night-walking wives, but, most, libidinous widows,
That I, that purify even gold itself,
Have the contemptible dross thrown in my face,
And my bright name walk common in disgrace.
How am I us'd a' late, that I'm so handled,—
Thrust into alleys, hospitals, and tubs!
I was once a name of comfort, warm'd great houses,
When charity was landlord; I've given welcome 80
To forty russet yeomen at a time,
In a fair Christmas hall. How am I chang'd!
The chimneys are swept up, the hearth as cold
As the forefathers' charity in the son;
All the good, hospitable heat now turns
To my young landlord's lust, and there it burns:
Rich widows, that were wont to choose by gravity
Their second husbands, not by tricks of blood,
Are now so taken with loose Aretine flames

nimble wantonness and high-fed pride, 90
y marry now but the third part of husbands,
s, smooth-fac'd catamites, to fulfil their bed,
if a woman should a woman wed.
se are the fires a' late my brightness darks,
l fills the world so full of beggarly sparks.

Bev. Hea[r]t, how am I disgrac'd! what rogue should this be?

L. Gold. By my faith, monsieur Fire, you're a hot whoreson!

Mis. Low. I fear my brother is beside his wits, would not be so senseless to rail thus else. [*Aside.*

Vea. After this heat, you madams fat and fair, 100
n your casements wide, and take in air;
not that air false women make up oaths with,
nor that air gallants perfume their clothes with;
n that air that keeps about the clouds,
s of my hindred eyes smelt out in crowds.

He that believes a widow's words shall fail,
When Venus' gown-skirts sweeps the Dragon's tail;
Fair weather the first day she makes to any, 120
The second cloudy, and the third day rainy;
The fourth day a great storm, lightning, and thunder;
A bolt strikes the suitor, a boy keeps her under.

Bev. 'Life, these are some counterfeit slaves crept in their rooms,
A' purpose for disgrace! they shall all share with me:
Heart, who the devil should these be? [*Exit.*

L. Gold. My faith, gentlemen,
Air has perfum'd the room well!

Sir O. Twi. So methinks, madam.

Sav. A man may smell her meaning two rooms off,
Though his nose wanted reparations,
And the bridge left at Shoreditch, as a pledge 130
For *rosa solis*,[1] in a bleaking-house.[2] [*Aside.*

Mis. Low. Life, what should be his meaning in't?

Low. I wonder.

Over. Methinks this room should yet retain such heat,
Struck out from the first ardour, and so glow yet,
You should desire my company, wish for water,
That offers here to serve your several pipes,
Without constraint of mill or death of water-house.
What if I sprinkled on the widow's cheeks
A few cool drops, to lay the guilty heat
That flashes from her conscience to her face; 140
Would't not refresh her shame? From such as she

---

[1] There is a recipe for this tipple in Halliwell's *Nares.*
[2] Bleaching-house (brothel).

st took weakness and inconstancy;
metimes swell above my banks and spread,
y're commonly with child before they're wed;
ne the Sirens sing before they play,
er more witchcraft, for her smiles betray;
ere I'm least seen, there my most danger lies,
n those parts hid most from a man's eyes,
heart, her love, or what may be more close;
ow no mercy, she thinks that no loss; 150
er poor gallants, pirates thrive in me;
lp to cast away, and so does she.

. *Gold.* Nay, and you can hold nothing, sweet sir Water,
wash my hands a' you ever hereafter.

ep. Earth stands for a full point, me you should hire
top the gaps of Water, Air, and Fire:
e muck well, but your first husband better

Sir G. Lamb. And now to vex, 'gainst nature, form, rule, place, 170
See once four warring[1] *elements all embrace!*
[*The Elements embrace.*

Re-enter, at several corners, BEVERIL *with three other persons, attired like the four Winds, with wings, &c., the South Wind having a great red face, the North Wind a pale, bleak one; the Western Wind one cheek red and another white, and so the Eastern Wind: they dance to the drum and fife, while the four Elements seem to give back and stand in amaze: at the end of the dance the Winds strip the Elements of their disguises, which seem to yield and almost fall off of themselves at the coming of the Winds. Exeunt all the Winds except that represented by* BEVERIL.

L. Gold. How! sir Gilbert Lambstone! master Overdone!
All our old suitors! you've took pains, my masters!
Sir G. Lamb. We made a vow we'd speak our minds to you.
Wea. And I think we're as good as our words, though it cost some of our purses; I owe money for the clouds yet, I care not who knows it; the planets are sufficient enough to pay the painter, and I were dead.
L. Gold. Who are you, sir?
Bev. Your most unworthy servant.
[*Discovering himself.*

---

[1] Old ed. "waiting."

L. Gold. Pardon me ; is't you, sir ? 180
Bev. My disgrace urg'd my wit to take some form,
erein I might both best and properliest
cover my abusers and your own,
d show you some content,—before y'had none.
L. Gold. Sir, I owe much both to your care and love,
d you shall find your full requital worthy.—
s this the plot now your poor envy works out?
o revenge myself with pitying on you.—
ke Fire into the buttery, he has most need on't;
e Water some small beer, too good for him ;— 190
, you may walk abroad like a fortune-teller ;—
t take down Earth, and make him drink i' the cellar.

[*Exeunt* Sir G. LAMBSTONE, WEATHERWISE, OVERDONE, *and* PEPPERTON, *with* LOW-WATER.

Mis. Low. The best revenge that could be !
L. Twi. I commend you, madam.

L. Gold. Good rest, lady.

Sir O. Twi. A most contentful night begin a health, madam,

To your long joys, and may the years go round with't!

L. Gold. As many thanks as you have wish'd 'em hours, sir,

Take to your lodging with you.

Mis. Low. A general rest to all.

[*Exeunt with* Servants *all the guests except* PHILIP TWILIGHT *and* SAVOURWIT.

Phil. I'm excepted.

Sav. Take in another to you then; there's room enough

In that exception, faith, to serve us both;

The dial of my sleep goes by your eyes.

[*Exeunt* PHILIP TWILIGHT *and* SAVOURWIT.

Scene closes.[1]

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[1] Old ed. "*Manent Widow and Mrs. Low-water;*" but "*Act* 5, *Scene* 1," is marked immediately afterwards.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

The same.

LADY GOLDENFLEECE *and* MISTRESS LOW-WATER, *disguised as before, are discovered.*

Gold. Now, like a greedy usurer alone,
n up all the wealth this day has brought me,
thus I hug it. [*Embracing her.*
Mis. Low. Prithee——

And fit but for one business, like a fool?
You shall not find it so.

L. Gold. You can talk strangely, sir:
Come, will you to bed?

Mis. Low. No, faith, will not I.

L. Gold. What, not to bed, sir?

Mis. Low. And I do, hang me; not to bed with you.

L. Gold. How, not to bed with me, sir? with whom else?

Mis. Low. Why, am not I enough to lie with myself?

L. Gold. Is that the end of marriage?

Mis. Low. No, by my faith,
'Tis but the beginning yet; death is the end on't, 20
Unless some trick come i' the middle and dash all.

L. Gold. Were you so forward lately, and so youthful,
That scarce my modest strength could save me from you,
And are you now so cold?

Mis. Low. I've thought on't since;
It was but a rude part in me, i'faith,
To offer such bold tricks to any woman,
And by degrees I shall well break myself from't;
I feel myself well chasten'd since that time,
And not the third part now so loosely minded.
O, when one sees their follies, 'tis a comfort! 30
My very thoughts take more staid years upon 'em.
O, marriage is such a serious, divine thing!
It makes youth grave, and sweetly nips the spring.

L. Gold. If I had chose a gentleman for care
And worldly business, I had ne'er took you;
I had the offers of enough more fit
For such employment; I chose you for love,

h, and content of heart, and not for troubles;
are not ripe for them; after you've spent
twenty years in dalliance, youth's affairs, 40
take a book in your hand, and sum up cares;
r wealth now, you know that's got to your hands.
s. Low. But had I known't had been so wrongfully
got,
heard since, you should have had free leave
ve made choice of another master for't.
Gold. Why, can that trouble you?
s. Low. It[1] may too soon: but go,
leeps are sound, I love not to be started
an ill conscience at the fall of midnight,
have mine eyes torn ope with poor men's curses;
not like the fate on't, 'tis still apt 50
reed unrest, dissension, wild debate,
I'm the worst at quarrels upon earth,
s a mighty injury should provoke me;

'Tis at your courtesy, and that's ill trusted:
You could not want a friend, beside a suitor,
To sit in your husband's gown, and look o'er your writings.

L. Gold. What's this?

Mis. Low. I say there is a time when women
Can do too much, and understand too little:
Once more, to bed; I'd willingly be a father
To no more noses than I got myself;
And so good night to you.

L. Gold. Now I see the infection;
A yellow[1] poison runs through the sweet spring 70
Of his fair youth already; 'tis distracted,
Jealous of that which thought yet never acted.— [*Aside.*
O dear sir, on my knees I swear to thee—— [*Kneels.*

Mis. Low. I prithee, use them in thy private chamber,
As a good lady should; spare 'em not there,
'Twill do thee good; faith, none 'twill do thee here.

L. Gold. [*rising.*] Have I yet married poverty, and miss'd[2] love?
What fortune has my heart! that's all I crav'd,
And that lies now a-dying; it has took
A speeding poison, and I'm ignorant how: 80
I never knew what beggary was till now.
My wealth yields me no comfort in this plight;
Had want but brought me love, I'd happened right.
[*Aside, and goes into her bed-chamber.*

---

[1] The colour of jealousy.
[2] Old ed. "must."

Mis. Low. So, this will serve now for a preparative
ope the powers[1] of some dislike at first;
physic will pay't home.—

Enter LOW-WATER, *disguised as before.*

How dost thou, sir?
w goes the work?
ow. Your brother has the letter.
Mis. Low. I find no stop in't then, it moves well hitherto;
you convey it closely?
ow. He ne'er set eye of me.

Enter above[2] BEVERIL *with a letter.*

ev. I cannot read too often.
Mis. Low. Peace; to your office.

world that, since the wedding-dinner, all my mirth was but dissembled, and seeming joys but counterfeit. The truth to you, sir, is, I find so little signs of content in the bargain I made i' the morning, that I began to repent before evening prayer; and to show some fruits of his wilful neglect and wild disposition, more than the day could bring forth to me, has now forsook my bed; I know no cause for't. 107

Mis. Low. But I'll be sworn I do. [*Aside.*

Bev. [*reads.*] *Being thus distressed, sir, I desire your comfortable presence and counsel, whom I know to be of worth and judgment, that a lady may safely impart her griefs to you, and commit 'em to the virtues of commiseration and secrecy.—Your unfortunate friend,* THE WIDOW-WIFE.

I have took order for your private admittance with a trusty servant of mine own, whom I have placed at my chamber-door to attend your coming.

He shall not wait too long, and curse my slowness.

Low. I would you'd come away then! [*Aside.*

Bev. How much am I beguil'd in that young gentleman! 120

I would have sworn had been the perfect abstract
Of honesty and mildness; 'tis not so.

Mis. Low. I pardon you, sweet brother; there's no hold
Of what you speak now, you're in Cupid's pound. [*Aside.*

Bev. Blest be the secret hand that brought thee hither
But the dear hand that writ it, ten times blest!

[*Exit above.*

Low. That's I still; has blest me now ten times at twice.

ay; I hear him coming.

Mis. Low. Strike it sure now.

Low. I warrant thee, sweet Kate; choose your best[1]—— [*Exit* MISTRESS LOW-WATER.

Enter BEVERIL.

Bev. Who's there?

Low. O, sir, is't you? you're welcome then; 130
lady still expects you, sir.

Bev. Who's with her?

Low. Not any creature living, sir.

Bev. Drink that; [*Giving money.*
made thee wait too long.

Low. It does not seem so

Re-enter MISTRESS LOW-WATER, *with* Sir O. TWILIGHT, LADY TWILIGHT, SUNSET, Dutch Merchant, GRACE, JANE, PHILIP TWILIGHT, SANDFIELD, SAVOURWIT, *and* Servants.

Mis. Low. Pardon my rude disturbance, my wrongs urge it; 140
I did but try the plainness of her mind,
Suspecting she dealt cunningly with my youth,
And told her the first night I would not know her;
But minding to return, I found the door
Warded suspiciously, and I heard a noise,
Such as fear makes and guiltiness at th' approaching
Of an unlook'd-for husband.

All. This is strange, sir.

Mis. Low. Behold, it's barr'd; I must not be kept out.

Sir O. Twi. There is no reason, sir.

Mis. Low. I'll be resolv'd[1] in't:
If you be sons of honour, follow me! 150

[*Rushes into the bed-chamber, followed by* Sir OLIVER TWILIGHT, SUNSET, *&c.*

Sav. Then must I stay behind; for I think I was begot i' the woodyard, and that makes everything go so hard with me.

Mis. Low. [*within.*] That's he; be sure on him.

---

[1] Assured, satisfied.

Re-enter confusedly MISTRESS LOW-WATER, Sir OLIVER TWILIGHT, SUNSET, *&c.*, LADY GOLDENFLEECE *and* BEVERIL.

Sir O. Twi. Be not so furious, sir.
Mis. Low. She whisper'd to him to slip into her closet.—
What, have I taken you? is not my dream true now?
Unmerciful adultress, the first night!
Sir O. Twi. Nay, good sir, patience.
Mis. Low. Give me the villain's heart,
That I may throw't into her bosom quick! 160
There let the lecher pant.
L. Twi. Nay, sweet sir——
Mis. Low. Pardon me,
His life's too little for me.
L. Gold. How am I wrongfully sham'd!—Speak your intent, sir,
Before this company; I pursue no pity.
Mis. Low. This is a fine thievish juggling, gentlemen,
She asks her mate that shares in guilt with her;
Too gross, too gross!
Bev. Rash mischief! [*Aside.*
Mis. Low. Treacherous sir,
Did I for this cast a friend's arm about thee,
Gave thee the welcome of a worthy spirit,
And lodg'd thee in my house, nay, entertain'd thee 170
More like a natural brother than a stranger?
And have I this reward? perhaps the pride
Of thy good parts did lift thee to this impudence;

Let her make much on 'em, she gets none of me:
Because thou'rt deeply read in most books else,
Thou wouldst be so in mine; there it stands for thee,
Turn o'er the leaves, and where you left, go forward;
To me it shall be like the book of fate,
Ever claspt up.

Sir O. Twi. O dear sir, say not so!

Mis. Low. Nay, I'll swear more; for ever I refuse[1] her; 180
I'll never set a foot into her bed,
Never perform the duty of man to her,
So long as I have breath.

Sir O. Twi. What an oath was there, sir!
Call it again.

Mis. Low. I knew, by amorous sparks struck from their eyes,
The fire would appear shortly in a blaze,
And now it flames indeed.—Out of my house,
And take your gentleman of good parts along with you!
That shall be all your substance; he can live
In any emperor's court in Christendom: 190
You knew[2] what you did, wench, when you chose him
To thrust out me; you have no[3] politic love!
You are to learn to make your market, you!
You can choose wit, a burden light and free,
And leave the grosser element with me,
Wealth, foolish trash; I thank you. Out of my doors!

---

[1] Renounce.
[2] Old ed. "know."
[3] Ironical.

Sir O. Twi. Nay, good sir, hear her.

L. Twi. } Sweet sir——
Sum. }

Mis. Low. Pray, to your chambers, gentlemen; I should be here
aster of what is mine.

Sir O. Twi. Hear her but speak, sir. 200

Mis. Low. What can she speak but woman's common language?
e's sorry and asham'd for't,—that helps nothing.

L. Gold. Sir, since it is the hard hap of my life
o receive injury where I plac'd my love——

Mis. Low. Why, la, I told you what escapes she'd have!

Sir O. Twi. Nay, pray, sir, hear her forward.

L. Gold. Let our parting
e full as charitable as our meeting was;

Amounts to some five thousand [pounds] a-piece ; 220
Exchange a charitable hand with me,
And take one casket freely,—fare thee well, sir.
Sir O. Twi. How say you to that now?
Mis. Low. Troth, I thank her, sir!
Are not both mine already? you shall wrong me,
And then make satisfaction with mine own!
I cannot blame you,—a good course for you!
L. Gold. I knew[1] 'twas not my luck to be so happy;
My miseries are no starters; when they come,
Stick longer by me.
Sir O. Twi. Nay, but give me leave, sir,
The wealth comes all by her.
Mis. Low. So does the shame, 230
Yet that's most mine; why should not that be too?
Sir O. Twi. Sweet sir, let us rule[2] so much with you;
Since you intend an obstinate separation,
Both from her bed and board, give your consent
To some agreement reasonable and honest.
Mis. Low. Must I deal honestly with her lust?
L. Twi. Nay, good sir——
Mis. Low. Why, I tell you, all the wealth her husband left her
Is not of power to purchase the dear peace

---

[1] Old ed. "know."

[2] "Used, perhaps, as a dissyllable; but qy. 'yet *rule?*'"—*Dyce.* I take it that the first word, *sweet*, is to be pronounced with such pleading emphasis as to be equivalent to a dissyllable.

y heart has lost in these adulterous seas;
et let her works be base, mine shall be noble. 240
Sir O. Twi. That's the best word of comfort I heard yet.
Mis. Low. Friends may do much.—Go, bring those
caskets forth.— [*Exeunt two* Servants.
nate her sight; I'll leave her, though I lose by't.
Sir O. Twi. Spoke like a noble gentleman, i'faith!
l honour thee for this.
Bev. O cursed man!
ust thy rash heat force this division? [*Aside.*
Mis. Low. You shall have free leave now, without all
fear;
ou shall not need oil'd hinges,[1] privy passages,
atchings and whisperings; take him boldly to you.
L. Gold. O that I had that freedom! since my shame
its by all other fortunes, and owns him 251
worthy gentleman: if this cloud were past him,
l marry him, were't but to spite thee only.

Mis. Low. Though nothing less she merit but a curse,
That might still hang upon her and consume her still,
As't has been many a better woman's fortune,
That has deserv'd less vengeance and felt more, 260
Yet my mind scorns to leave her shame so poor.

Sir O. Twi. Nobly spoke still!

Sir G. Lamb. This strikes me into music; ha, ha!

Pep. Parting of goods before the bodies join!

Wea. This 'tis to marry beardless domineering boys; I knew 'twould come to this pass: well fare a just almanac yet; for now is Mercury going into the second house near unto Ursa Major, that great hunks,[1] the Bear at the Bridge-foot in heaven,[2] which shows horrible bear-baitings in wedlock; and the Sun near entering into the Dog, sets 'em all together by the ears. 270

Sir O. Twi. You see what's in't.

Mis. Low. I think 'tis as I left it.

L. Gold. Then do but gage your faith to this assembly,
That you will ne'er return more to molest me,
But rest in all revenges full appeas'd
And amply satisfied with that half my wealth,
And take't as freely as life wishes health!

---

[1] "Harry Hunks" was the name of a bear at Paris Garden. See *Marlowe*, ed. Bullen, iii. 242.

[2] "If Steevens had recollected this passage, he would not have proposed to alter the following one in *The Puritan* by reading 'in *the even*' for 'in heaven,'—'Ay, by yon Bear at Bridge-foot *in heaven*, shall thou.'—Malone's *Supp. to Shakespeare*, vol. ii. p. 559. The Bear was a well-known tavern—according to Steevens (*ibid.*), 'at the foot of London bridge.' Gifford says, in a note on Shirley's *Lady of Pleasure*, where this expression occurs (*Works*, vol. iv. p. 72), that the '*bridge* meant was in Shirley's time called the Strand-bridge.'"—*Dyce.*

Sir O. Twi. La, you, sir! come, come, faith, you shall swear that.

Mis. Low. Nay, gentlemen,

r your sakes now I will deal fairly with her.

Sir O. Twi. I would we might see that, sir!

Mis. Low. I could set her free; 280

t now I think on't, she deserves it not.

Sun. Nay, do not check your goodness; pray, sir, on with't.

Mis. Low. I could release her ere I parted with her—

t 'twere a courtesy ill plac'd—and set her

as free liberty to marry again

you all know she was before I knew her.

Sir O. Twi. What, could'st thou, sir?

Mis. Low. But 'tis too good a blessing for her;—

with the casket, sirrah.

L. Gold. O, sir, stay!

Mis. Low. I've nothing to say to you.

But how shall I be sure of the honest use on't, 300
How you'll employ that liberty? perhaps sinfully,
In wantonness unlawful, and I answer for't;
So I may live a bawd to your loose works still,
In giving 'em first vent; not I, shall pardon me;
I'll see you honestly join'd ere I release you;
I will not trust you, for the last trick you play'd me:
Here's your old suitors.

Pep. Now we thank you, sir.

Wea. My almanac warns me from all cuckoldy conjunctions.

L. Gold. Be but commander of your word now, sir, 310
And before all these gentlemen, our friends,
I'll make a worthy choice.

Sun. Fly not ye back now.

Mis. Low. I'll try thee once: I'm married to another,
There's thy release.

Sir O. Twi. Hoyday! there's a release with a witness!
Thou'rt free, sweet wench.

L. Gold. Married to another! Then, in revenge to thee,
To vex thine eyes, 'cause thou hast mock'd my heart,
And with such treachery repaid my love,
This is the gentleman I embrace and choose.
[*Taking* BEVERIL *by the hand.*

Mis. Low. O torment to my blood, mine enemy! 320
None else to make thy choice of but the man
From whence my shame took head!

Gold. 'Tis done to quit[1] thee;
that wrong'st woman's love, her hate can fit thee.
O. Tan. Brave wench, i'faith! now thou'st an honest gentleman,
of a swaggering knave, and there's an end on't;
n of good parts, this t'other had nothing.
married to another!
G. Lamb. O, brave rascal, with two wives!
Tan. Nay, and our women be such subtle animals,
y wait at the carrier's for a country chamber-maid,
live still a bachelor. When wives are like almanacs,
may have every year a new one, then I'll bestow
money on 'em; in the meantime I'll give 'em over,
ne'er trouble my almanac about 'em. 334
G. Lamb. I come in a good time to see you hang'd, sir,
that's my comfort; now I'll tickle you, sir.

Sir O. Twi. Faith, but you'll find it so, sir, an't be follow'd.

Wea. So says my almanac, and he's a true man:
Look you; [*reads*] *The thirteenth day, work for the hangman.*

Mis. Low. The fourteenth day, make haste,—'tis time you were there then.

Wea. How! is the book so saucy to tell me so?

Bev. Sir, I must tell you now, but without gall,
The law would hang you, if married to another.

Mis. Low. You can but put me to my book, sweet brother, 350
And I've my neck-verse[1] perfect here and here:
Heaven give thee eternal joy, my dear, sweet brother!
[*Discovering herself and embracing* BEVERIL: LOW-WATER *also discovers himself.*

Sir O. Twi. / *L. Twi., &c.* } Who's here?

Sir G. Lamb. O devil! herself! did she betray me?
A pox of shame, nine coaches shall not stay me! [*Exit.*

Bev. I've two such deep healths in two joys to pledge,
Heaven keep me from a surfeit!

Sir O. Twi. Mistress Low-water!
Is she the jealous cuckold all this coil's about?—
And my right worshipful serving-man, is't you, sir?

---

[1] The verse (usually the beginning of 31st Psalm, *Miserere mei*, &c.) read by criminals to entitle them to "benefit of clergy." See some remarks on the custom in Harrison's *England*, ii. xi., and Cowell's *Interpreter*.

w. A poor, wrong'd gentleman, glad to serve for
his own, sir.
r O. Twi. By my faith, 360
ve serv'd the widow a fine trick between you.
is. Low. No more my enemy now, my brother's
wife
my kind sister.
r O. Twi. There's no starting now from't:
her own brother; did not you know that?
Gold. 'Twas never told me yet.
r O. Twi. I thought y'had known't.
is. Low. What matter is't? 'tis the same man was
chose still,
worse now than he was. I'm bound to love you;
ve exercis'd[1] in this a double charity,
ch, to your praise, shall to all times be known,
anc'd my brother, and restor'd mine own, 370

Keeps company with extortion and foul deeds,
And, like a wind which vengeance has in chase,
Drives back the wrongs into the injurer's face:
My punishment is gentle; and to show
My thankful mind for't, thus I'll revenge this,
With an embracement here, and here a kiss.

[*Embraces* MISTRESS LOW-WATER *and kisses* BEVERIL.

Sir O. Twi. Why, now the bells they go trim, they go trim.—
I wished thee, sir, some unexpected blessing.
For my wife's ransom, and 'tis faln upon thee. 389

Wea. A pox of this! my almanac ne'er gulled me till this hour: the thirteenth day, work for the hangman, and there's nothing toward it. I'd been a fine ass if I'd given twelvepence for a horse to have rid to Tyburn to-morrow. But now I see the error, 'tis false-figured; it should be, thirteen days and a half, work for the hangman, for he ne'er works under thirteenpence halfpenny;[1] beside, Venus being a spot in the sun's garment, shows there should be a woman found in hose and doublet.

Sir O. Twi. Nay, faith, sweet wife, we'll make no more hours on't now, 'tis as fine a contracting time as ever came amongst gentlefolks. — Son Philip, master Sandfield, come to the book here. 403

---

[1] "Thirteenpence halfpenny" was considered to be the hangman's fee. See *Tom Telltroth's New Year's Gift*, ed. Furnivall, p. 43, l. 14, and the note on that passage.

il. Now I'm waked
thousand miseries and their torments.
. And I come after you, sir, drawn with wild
; and there will be a brave show on's anon, if
eather continue.
O. Twi. Come, wenches, where be these young
gen[tle]men's hands now?
Twi. Poor gentleman, my son! [*Aside.*]—Some
other time, sir. 410
O. Twi. I'll have't now, i'faith, wife.
Gold. What are you making here?
O. Twi. I've sworn, sweet madam,
n shall marry master Sunset's daughter,
master Sandfield mine.
Gold. So you go well, sir;
hat make you this way then?
O. Twi. This? for my son.

L. Gold. Here, master Sandfield, then——

Sir O. Twi. Cuds bodkins!

L. Gold. Take you this maid.

[*Giving* JANE *to* SANDFIELD.

Sand. You could not please me better, madam.

Sir O. Twi. Hoyday! is this your hot love to my daughter, sir?

L. Gold. Come hither, Philip; here's a wife for you.

[*Giving* GRACE *to* PHILIP TWILIGHT.

Sir O. Twi. Zouns, he shall ne'er do that; marry his sister!

L. Gold. Had he been rul'd by you, he had married her,

But now he marries master Sunset's daughter,
And master Sandfield yours: I've sav'd your oath, sir. 430

Phil. O may this blessing hold!

Sav. Or else all the liquor runs out.

Sir O. Twi. What riddle's this, madam?

L. Gold. A riddle of some fourteen years of age now.—

You can remember, madam, that your daughter
Was put to nurse to master Sunset's wife.

L. Twi. True, that we talk'd on lately.

Sir O. Twi. I grant that, madam.

L. Gold. Then you shall grant what follows: at that time,

You likewise know, old master Sunset here
Grew backward in the world, till his last fortunes 440
Rais'd him to this estate.

Sir O. Twi. Still this we know too.

. *Gold.* His wife, then nurse both to her own and yours,
l both so young, of equal years, and daughters,
ring the extremity of her fortunes then
uld fall upon her infant, to prevent it,
chang'd the children, kept your daughter with her,
l sent her own to you for better fortunes.
ong, enjoin'd by solemn oath unto't
on her deathbed, I have conceal'd this;
now so urg'd, here's yours, and this is his. 450
ar. Whoop, the joy is come of our side!
Vea. Hey! I'll cast mine almanac to the moon, too,
strike out a new one for next year.
Phil. It wants expression, this miraculous blessing!
ar. Methinks I could spring up and knock my head
inst yon silver ceiling now for joy!
Vea. By my faith, but I do not mean to follow you

Phil. How art thou blest from shame, and I from ruin! [*To* GRACE.

Sav. I from the baker's[1] ditch, if I'd seen you in.

Phil. Not possible the whole world to match again
Such grief, such joy, in minutes lost and won! 470

Bev. Who ever knew more happiness in less compass?
Ne'er was poor gentleman so bound to a sister
As I am, for the weakness[2] of thy mind;
Not only that thy due, but all our wealth
Shall lie as open as the sun to man,
For thy employments; so the charity
Of this dear bosom bids me tell thee now.

Mis. Low. I am her servant for't.

L. Gold. Hah, worthy sister!
The government of all I bless thee with. 480

Bev. Come, gentlemen, on all perpetual friendship.
Heaven still relieves what misery would destroy;
Never was night yet of more general joy.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

---

[1] "So in Brome's *Sparagus Garden*, 1640:—'Sheart, Coulten, we be vallen into *the Baker's ditch*.'—Sig. K 3. The ancient way of punishing bakers who did not give full weight was by the cucking-stool (see Grey's note on *Hudibras*, p. iii. l. III. v. 609); qy. is that punishment alluded to in the above passages?"—*Dyce.*

[2] An evident misprint. Dyce suggests "wittiness." Perhaps "the *workings* of thy mind" may be the true reading.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by WEATHERWISE.

Now, let me see, what weather shall we have now?
Hold fair now, and I care not [*looking at almanac*]:
mass, full moon too
Just between five and six this afternoon!
This happens right; [*reads*] *The sky for the best part clear,*
Save here and there a cloud or two dispers'd,—
That's some dozen of panders and half a score
Pickpockets, you may know them by their whistle;
And they do well to use that while they may,
For Tyburn cracks the pipe and spoils the music.
What says the destiny of the hour this evening? 10
Hah, [*reads*] *Fear no colours!*[1] by my troth, agreed then;
The red and white looks cheerfully; for, know ye all,
The planet's Jupiter, you should be jovial;
There's nothing lets[2] it but the Sun i' the Dog:
Some bark in corners that will fawn and cog,[3]
Glad of my fragments for their ember-week;

---

[1] "Fear no colours" was originally a military expression, meaning "Fear no enemies." See Dyce's *Shakespeare Glossary*.
[2] Hinders. [3] Cozen.

The sign's in Gemini too, both hands should meet,
There should be noise i' th' air, if all things hap,
Though I love thunder when you make the clap.
Some faults perhaps have slipt, I am to answer:[1] 20
And if in anything your revenge appears,
Send me in with all your fists about mine ears.

---

[1] "Here a line (ending with the word 'Cancer') has dropt out."—*Dyce.*

END OF VOL. IV.

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